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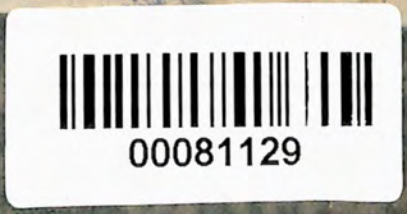

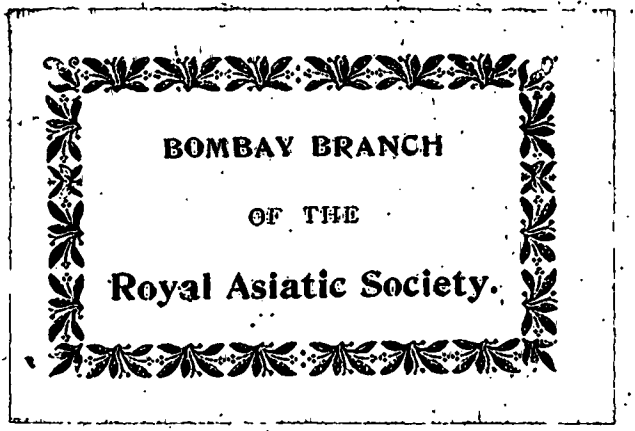

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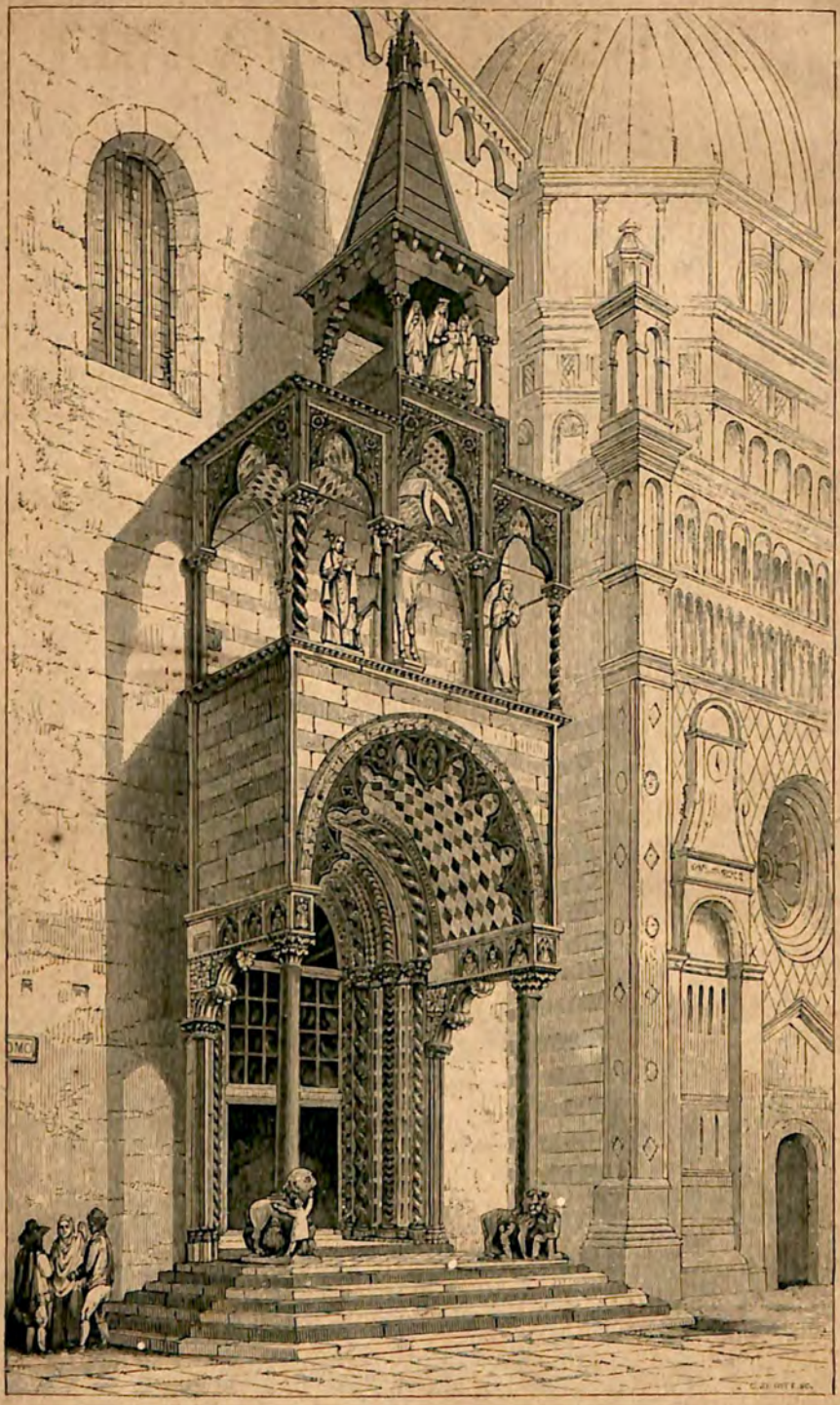

I.—NORTH PORCH, STA. MARIA MAGGIORE, BERGAMO.

BRICK AND MARBLE

IN

THE MIDDLE AGES:

NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE NORTH OF ITALY.

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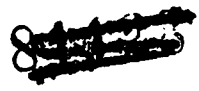

BY

GEORGE EDMUND STREET, ARCHT., F.S.A.

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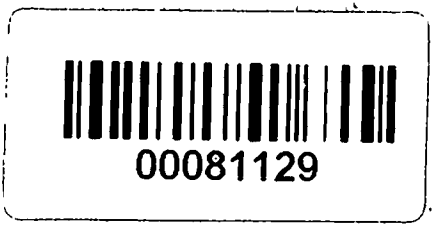

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,

ETC. ETC.,

IN TOKEN

OF SINCERE AFFECTION TO HIMSELF,

AND

DEEP REVERENCE FOR HIS HOLY OFFICE,

THIS VOLUME

IS,

BY HIS PERMISSION,

INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

In these days of railways and rapid travelling there is scarcely any excuse for stopping quietly at home. The most busy man finds some short holiday in the course of the year, and, if wise as well as busy, spends it not in quiet sojourn at some watering-place, but in active search of the picturesque, the beautiful, or the old, in nature or in art, either at home or abroad.

And as the holidays of busy men are short, and therefore to be made as much of as possible, I conceive that I shall be rendering some service, and providing myself with a fair excuse for my presumption, if I venture to show, by a simple narrative of a tour undertaken in the course of the year before last, how much it is possible to accomplish with pleasure, and, when one has some definite object in view, with profit of no common kind, even in a short holiday.

There are many classes of travellers, and each doubtless flatters itself that its own is the very best of all modes of travelling; and sorry should I be to attempt to disabuse any one of so pleasant a self-deceit. But the more I think of it, the more certain it appears that the reasons and objects which always take me away from home are precisely such as make up the sum of happiness and pleasure to a traveller.

Indeed, without some definite object before him, beyond the mere desire of relaxation and pleasure, I can scarcely understand that thorough joy of heart being felt which an architect feels as he seats himself in the railway carriage which bears him away from home on some ecclesiological or architectural ramble.

Such an one, hard worked for more than five-sixths of the year, may, if he will, press into the short remainder left to him for a holiday as much both of profit and of pleasure as it is possible to conceive. He goes, sketch-book in hand, with some ancient town or thrice noble cathedral set before him as his goal; and, passing along smiling valleys, or over noble mountains, drinks in all that he sees, not the less gratefully or delightedly in that he views it as the preface only to his more intense enjoyment in the study and pursuit of his own well-beloved art.

If such be my case—and such it is—wonder not, gentle reader, that I desire to show how much enjoyment may be snatched from time in little more than one short month, nor that I am anxious to put on paper the thoughts that have been uppermost in my mind as I travelled, and looked at and drew the old builders' works in the north of Italy, the more as they seem to bear with much force upon questions debated with more and more eagerness and anxiety every day, by very many of those who take the most lively interest in the progress of Christian art.

In past years I had travelled—rapidly it is true, but not without learning much, very much, of what was useful—by the noble cities of Belgium, up the church-besprinkled banks of the fair Rhine, over the

plains of Bavaria, and through much that was most noble and interesting in different parts of France and Germany; I had dreamt of old times and old men in the antique streets of Bruges and Nuremberg, and under the shade of the still more ancient walls of Ratisbon, in the solemn naves of Amiens, of Cologne, of Freiburg, of Strasburg and Chartres, and of many more most noble piles; I had paced the ruins of old abbeys, and studied, so far as I could, in all of them the science and the art of our forefathers; but so far all my time had been devoted to the study of northern art, and I had found no time and no opportunity for the study of that modification of the pointed style which distinguishes the cities and the churches of the north of Italy. No wonder then that, with a prospect at last of a sight of Italy and Italian architecture before me, I looked forward long and anxiously for the end of summer, for that happy autumn which brings ease and relaxation to so many a wearied heart, and that when, at last, at the latter end of August, I found myself absolutely on my way, I was in no common degree disposed for the thorough enjoyment of all that I met with.

It is well here to observe, by the way, that there is much in the present position of architects and the world which may give to these few remarks upon the pointed architecture of the north of Italy—slight and sketchy though they may be—a degree of value beyond what they would have had only a short time since.

It is impossible not to feel that the great and general interest in art, created by the revival of true

principles within the last few years, is a subject of the greatest congratulation to all true artists. It is not only in architecture, but happily in painting also, that first principles are now studied with some determination by men who command the respect of a world educated hitherto to admire and believe in the falsest and weakest schools of art. It was, therefore, with the desire to see how far these first principles were worked out by the architects of the middle ages in Italy, how far moreover they were developed in directions unattempted by their brethren in the North, and how far they have succeeded in leaving us really noble works for our study and admiration, that I undertook my journey.

Let me say, too, at the same time, that I started without either the intention or the desire to examine at all carefully the works of the Renaissance architects. For this there were many reasons—among others my own unfitness by predilection and education for the task, the shortness of my time, and the fact that, as it appears to me, their works have already received as much both in the way of illustration and of description as they deserve.

I should wish also, I must confess, in all my studies of foreign architecture, to confine myself to those buildings in which there appear to me to be the germs at least of an art true and beautiful in itself, and of service to us in our attempts to improve our own work. It does not appear to me that the works of the Italian Renaissance architects really contain this. I see no reason whatever for doubting that if we wish for a purer school of art we must either

entirely forget their works, or remember them so far only as to take warning by their faults and failures. I see no reason for allowing that they have succeeded in carrying out true principles, either of construction or ornamentation, to any greater extent than their imitators in England. The same falseness of construction, and heaviness, coarseness, and bad grotesqueness of ornamentation, seem ever to attend their works, together with the same contempt of simplicity, repose, and delicacy which we are so accustomed to connect with them. In short, I see but little reason to differ from the estimate which Mr. Ruskin has given of their merits in the 'Stones of Venice,' and what he has so well said I need not attempt to enlarge upon.

My own feeling is, that, as in the pointed arch we have not only the most beautiful, but at the same time incomparably the most convenient feature in construction which has ever been, or which, I firmly believe, ever can be invented, we should not be true artists if we neglected to use it.

I hold firmly the doctrine that no architect has any right whatever to neglect to avail himself of every improvement in construction which the growing intelligence of this mechanical age can afford him; but this doctrine in no way hinders the constant employment of the pointed arch; on the contrary, it makes it necessary, because it is at once the most beautiful and the most economical way of doing the work we have to be done.

There are, I well know, advocates for the round arch, whose theory appears to be that we ought to go

back for some ages, to throw ourselves as it were into the position of men who knew only the round arch, and from this to attempt to develop in some new direction; this is Mr. Petit's theory, and it is, as appears to me, one which it is not difficult to meet.

Its supporters assert that pointed architecture is so essentially the effort of a particular age, and marked by certain peculiarities so decided, as to be filled, even in its most noble works, with a kind of spirit which in this age it is vain to attempt again to evoke. The old Gothic spirit is, they say, dead, and, glorious as it was, its flight was but meteor-like, and, having passed across the horizon of the world in its rapid flight, it has sunk beyond all possibility of revival.

It appears to me that those who so argue confound the accidents with the elements of the true Gothic architecture of the middle ages, and mistake altogether the object which, I trust, most architects would propose to themselves in striving for its revival. The elements are the adoption of the best principles of construction, and the ornamentation naturally and properly, and without concealment, of the construction; the accidents are, as it appears to me, the particular character which individual minds may have given to their work, the savageness, or the grotesqueness as it has been called, which is mainly to be discovered in the elaboration of particular features by some particular sculptor or architect, and which in the noblest works—and, indeed, I might say, in most works—one sees no trace of. The true Gothic architects of the middle ages had, in short, an intense love of nature grafted on an equally intense love of reality and truth, and to this it

is that we owe the true nobility and abiding beauty of their works; nor need we in this age despond, for, if we be really earnest in our work, there is nothing in this which we need fear to miss, nothing which we may not ourselves possess if we will, and nothing therefore to prevent our working in the same spirit, and with the same results, as our forefathers.

The mediæval architecture of Italy presents, however, one further practical argument against this theory of the lovers of the round arch which they cannot, I think, meet.

It will be found in the following pages that in Italy there did not exist that distinction between the use of round and pointed arches which did exist for three centuries north of the Alps. They were content there to use whichever was most convenient, and whichever appeared to them to be most effective in its intended position. We therefore find, I might almost say invariably, round and pointed arches perpetually used in the same work, the former generally for ornament, the latter for construction; and the effect of this is in some degree to make us lessen the rigidity with which a study of northern art might otherwise affect our views on this point. But I think no argument can be used by the lovers of the round arch which would ever go farther than to leave us open to the choice of both round and pointed arches, just as in these old Italian buildings: they have no right to say "You may not use the pointed arch at all," but they perhaps may be allowed to ask "Why exclude for ever the round arch?" and then I should refer them to Italy for a proof that as a rule the

mixture of the two is neither harmonious nor satisfactory; at the same time I should show them that, when they talk of the virtues of Roman and Romanesque architecture, of the repose and the simplicity which distinguish them, of their grandeur and their general breadth and nobility of effect,—in all these things they do but sing the praises of the best Italian architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and that we therefore in selecting a style may well be guided by it in all we do, not to the forgetfulness of the glories of our own land, but to the development in a forward direction of what we inherit from our forefathers of that architecture which, after a lapse of three centuries, we now see on all sides reviving with fresh vigour from its temporary grave, and which requires only prudence and skill on the part of its professors to make even more perfect than before.

My object therefore in the following pages will be mainly, to show the peculiarities of the development of pointed architecture in Italy, and specially to show in what way the materials so commonly used there—brick and marble—were introduced both in decoration and in construction. All these points are of the very greatest importance to us, for I am persuaded that not only will some reference to Italian models do somewhat towards the improvement of our art, but that in no matter is information more needed, and improvement more easy, than in the use of brick in architecture; whilst working in marble has been as yet so little practised among us, that we may almost regard it as at present unattempted, though, as I hope to show, there is no longer any reason why this should be the case.

It is impossible to conclude this preface without mention of the obligations which not only all who travel in Italy, but all who are interested in good architecture, owe to Mr. Ruskin. No man need or can profess his acquiescence in every one of the opinions which he has propounded, but as an architect I feel strongly that a great debt of gratitude is owing to him for his brilliant advocacy of many laws and truths in which every honest architect ought gladly to acquiesce. He may be well content to bear the opposition which he has evoked, satisfied that all that he has written is in the main most certainly for the benefit and exaltation of art of all kinds.

Nor less is a debt of gratitude to be acknowledged by every traveller to my friend Mr. Webb for his most excellent and trusty work on Continental Ecclesiology: it is certainly the most absolutely correct guide-book ever drawn up for ecclesiologists anywhere; and in travelling over the same ground, as I have done in this tour, my excuse for giving what I have in the way of descriptions of the same buildings is, that what I have written has been all with a view, beyond that of merely describing the churches, of showing the principles upon which their builders worked, and giving, so far as the limits of such a work will allow, drawings of the buildings I have described.

It will depend on circumstances whether I am able at some future day to continue my inquiries among the churches and domestic buildings of Central Italy, a tract at least as rich as that over which the tour described in the following pages took me.

It remains only to say that all the illustrations

which I have given are engraved from my own drawings on the wood from my sketches made on the spot,[1] and that I have endeavoured as much as possible to avoid giving subjects which have been before published. It would have been easy to add largely to them, especially from my sketches in Venice, but it seemed to me that, as this could only be accomplished by adding also to the cost of the book, it was much better to omit them. I have avoided therefore giving drawings of any buildings already drawn by Mr. Gally Knight, to whose work I must refer my readers for representations of several of the buildings described, and for illustrations of Venice I must refer to Mr. Ruskin's engravings and to the photographs which have rendered her features so well known to almost all students of architecture.

In conclusion, I cannot speak too highly of the assistance afforded to the architectural student by Murray's Handbook of Northern Italy: it is almost invariably correct, and gives just what one wants to know of nearly all buildings of any interest or importance.

[1] With one exception—the drawing, namely, of the curious cloister at Zurich, borrowed from Mr. Fergusson's 'Handbook of Architecture.'

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BRICK AND MARBLE

IN THE

MIDDLE AGES.

CHAPTER I.

"Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South."—*Tennyson.*

South-Eastern Railway Company's handbills — Crossing the Channel — Novelties of the French coast — Journey to Paris — The Madeleine — The Invalides — S. Clothilde — Unreality of modern sculpture — S. Geneviève — Notre Dame — The Sainte Chapelle — Parisian art — Strasburg Railway — Bâle — The Rhine.

No doubt all that portion of the world which does not always stop at home remembers the alluring views of Swiss mountains heading the South-Eastern Railway Company's announcements of the fact that Switzerland was to be reached in twenty-six hours from London! And no doubt many, without stopping to think much of the degree of art which characterized the views so generously published to the world, had their attention caught by the announcement, and made up their minds, *faute de mieux*, to try for themselves the amount of truth contained in the advertisement; much as the foolish mechanic who, captivated with the dashing portrait of some imaginary trooper cutting down imaginary foes, goes into a recruiting depôt and binds himself on a voyage, in the service of the "Honourable Company," to the Indies, where, perhaps, he

finds that, though he never looks exactly like the much-admired cavalier, he is nevertheless dressed in a uniform, and has some real foes to encounter. So he who sanguinely anticipated that in twenty-six hours he might find himself in Switzerland would have been disappointed, but nevertheless would, in as short a time as he could reasonably expect, have been discharged on the borders of that most pleasant land.

Attracted by the aforesaid artistic handbills, I, like many others, was bold enough to take return tickets from London to Bâle and back; nor had I any reason whatever for regretting that I had done so. They allowed me to be absent for six weeks, to travel by any train I chose, and they saved me the trouble—and this is no slight saving—which one always has on foreign railways of getting fresh tickets for every journey. Besides all which recommendations came the weightiest of all—their economy. Our journey to Paris was like most other journeys on that much-travelled road. There was the confidence between London Bridge and Folkestone that "there would be no sea to-day," with which the nervous always attempt in vain to cheer up their drooping spirits; there was the bustle of embarking, and some doubt as to the intentions of that enemy the sea; then there was a marvellous packing up of everybody by everybody else, with plaids, shawls, comforters, and the like; then the word of command; and in a minute, as the little steamer clears the harbour-gates, there comes a squall which throws her over on one side, discharges all the carefully packed-up ladies and gentlemen in a confused sprawl upon the deck, and confirms so decidedly the worst forebodings of the most nervous of the passengers, that perhaps it is best to draw a veil over the remainder of the passage, and to imagine ourselves

quietly seated in a railway-carriage—comfortable to excess—on our way from Boulogne to Paris.

Perhaps there are no two places on the whole Continent which in every way are worse specimens of continental towns than those two in which Englishmen on their travels generally first set foot—Ostend and Boulogne.

It is difficult to say which is worst, but I incline to give the palm to Boulogne, as being a degree in advance of Ostend in the assertion of a respectability which neither of them in any sense really has.

There is something very novel, and it strikes you as much every time it is seen, in the aspect of everything directly you have crossed the Channel; indeed, I am inclined to think that there is no country in Europe so much as France, and no city, perhaps, so much as Paris, so thoroughly foreign in its aspect and so thoroughly new in all its customs and proceedings. So the dress of every one, not omitting the remarkable development of their trowsers, the female police*men* presenting arms as the train flies by, the *buffets* so common and generally so good, are all quite new. Nor less so the aspect of the country: fields cut up into small strips of a dozen kinds of crops; unprosperous-looking cows, each feeding discontentedly and drearily, tethered to a man or woman on a small patch of grass; corn cut and then stacked in small cocks for a month or two of exposure to the pleasant changes of the atmosphere; and the entire absence of hedge-rows and other trees than poplars, all go to make up a thoroughly un-English picture.

After skirting the coast and its dreary expanse of sand-hills, reminding one very much of those singular sands on the north coast of Cornwall, which are so often shifting about, covering up new churches, or un-

covering the old oratory of some early British saint, we reach the banks of the Somme, and then travel along a miserably peaty tract of country until the famous west front and short but lofty nave of Abbeville come in view. Thence by a valley (rather more rich than is common in good churches) we continue our race for Amiens. Among these churches I may instance the hipped saddle-back roofed steeples of Picquigny, Hangest, and Pont Rémy, as very valuable examples of their order; that of Picquigny, indeed, surmounting a noble early central steeple, and finished at the top with some delicate open ironwork, is about as graceful a specimen as I know.

At Longpré is another church with a steeple of some pretension, but not satisfactory. It has a perforated spire of stone much too small for the size of the tower, and ungraceful in the extreme.

At Amiens one always longs to stop again to feast ones eyes upon its glorious cathedral, perhaps the noblest and most masculine piece of architecture in the world. But with us this was impossible; our destiny was—come what might—to endeavour at any rate to discharge ourselves in Paris within the promised twelve hours from London: and the dusk of the early autumn evening prevented our having more than the very slightest glimpse of the Minster.

The refreshment-room at Amiens is one of the best I have ever been in—reasonable, clean, and good—and placed just at that happy distance from the sea at which the poor wretches who have been in the depths of woe on the passage begin to recover their presence of mind, and with it of course—as good Englishmen—their appetites; what wonder then if the Buffet at Amiens prospers!

The rest of our journey to Paris was all performed

in the dark, relieved only by the sight of the then long-expected comet, and it was almost midnight ere we found ourselves settled—how comfortably I say not—at the Hôtel des Princes.

A day in Paris may always be spent pleasantly and profitably; and under the new régime there is certainly no lack of change and improvement in the architectural condition of the city.

It is always pleasant, too, to be able to walk down the Boulevard des Italiens to the Madeleine, and for a few minutes to gaze at a church which certainly presents one very grand idea—that of space—clothed in very gorgeous dress. Moreover, one always feels a certain kind of sympathy for a church in which so many people are ever praying; and I have never yet been into this church without being able to count them by scores. The last time I was at Paris I remember, by the way, being struck here by seeing for the first time a peripteral building made use of. The walls within the columns were hung with rich draperies, and a long procession coming out marched round the circuit of the church between the columns and the walls, and in again at the west door; the effect was, as may be imagined, very striking.

From the Madeleine we went to the Invalides, hoping to see something of the tomb of Napoleon, which is, I believe, just completed; but the church was partially closed, so we were fain to satisfy ourselves with the examination of an altar recently erected in a small apsidal projection from one of the side walls of the nave. The back of the apse was painted light blue as a relief to a kind of apotheosis of some saint, executed in the whitest-looking plaster; the figure, in the worst possible taste, with the light admitted from above, completed the thoroughly thea-

trical effect of the altar; and the name of the artist, not illegibly written, and in full view, entirely settled all question as to the amount of his self-sacrifice in his pursuit of religious art.

I fear it is too often the case that French arrangements of altars are more likely to remind one of a scene from the Prophète, or some such representation in an opera-house, than of the real dignity of the Christian altar.

From the Invalides we found our way to the new church of S. Clothilde, a large cruciform church now in progress, but approaching completion. Its design is intended to be of early character, but in reality is quite late in its effect; nor do I know when I have seen anything much less successful than the two western steeples rising but a short distance above the nave roof, and looking mean and wasted to a degree. In plan the church is not badly arranged; there is just such a choir as might easily be properly used, and a large space for congregational purposes.

How much we want churches, in this respect at least, somewhat like S. Clothilde, in our large cities in England!

The clerestory of the choir was being filled with stained glass, executed, as I understood, by a Mons. de Marischal. His windows were illustrations of a truth which men are very slow to receive and act upon, viz. that in decorating a transparent material, one whose transparency moreover is the sole cause of its use, we have no right to shade it with dark colours so far as to destroy its brilliancy. These windows were elaborately shaded, and, as a necessary consequence, were heavy and dismal in their effect; besides which, there were most unpleasant mixtures of green, yellow, and ruby, and of ruby and blue, very glaring and very bad.

The carving of the capitals was, very sensibly, all derived from natural types of foliage, and looked well: but the carving of rather elaborate sculptures of the "Stations" did not please me, having none of the severity of ancient examples. When shall we see a school of sculptors rise able really to satisfy the requirements of the times? I confess I despair more on this point than on any other; for I have as yet seen no fair attempt made to recover the style, or work upon the principles, of the best mediæval sculptors. The work of our modern sculptors is all foreign and unreal, and almost always involves the assumption that they are representing the proceedings of the Greeks or Romans, and not of the English: it is impossible therefore that such a school can be healthy, strong, or successful. It has not been enough considered how much the draperies of different countries always must and will affect the style of sculpture suitable for them. In the north, with our thick woollen garments and warm clothing, no figure, either nude or clothed in muslin, can hope to appeal to the mind of the world at large, except as an unreal representation, which, as unreal, is wondered at and passed by without a thought of love or gratitude.

And if I am told that the art of sculpture in the middle ages was unknown or rude in comparison with its state now, let me refer to some of the modern attempts at its imitation for a proof that this was not the case, as *e. g.* to the recumbent effigy of Archbishop Howley at Canterbury, or to another, of some more humble individual, in the south transept of Chichester Cathedral; a glance at which only, and a comparison with some of the noble mediæval effigies lying in all the stateliness of their repose by their sides, will at once show any one that it is not merely

necessary to put an effigy upon its back with its hands in prayer in order to vie with the effigies of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The position is much, but not all, and requires very much more skill in its treatment than of late years we have had to bestow.

From S. Clothilde we went first to the pleasant gardens of the Luxembourg—gardens which always make one envious for London—and thence to the recently recovered church of Ste. Geneviève. It has been arranged for service since I was in Paris last year, and is quite worth describing as an illustration of the way in which these things, sometimes at all events, are managed there.

The choir has an altar raised under a baldachin, and there is another, though smaller, in the transept. The choir has stalls, and each angle of the dome is fitted up, one with a pulpit, the rest with seats. All these fittings are of the most trumpery kind; the stalls, pulpit, &c., are mainly composed of canvas painted to imitate wood panelling, whilst the great altar itself is an entire sham, composed of paintings of curtains, marbles, and the like, which vie with each other in the attempt to deceive. To complete the picture, the church is lighted with common moderateur lamps; and one cannot help feeling that, as the Pantheon has been so economically converted into the church of S. Geneviève, so, with equal ease and at small sacrifice, might it again return to its Pagan name and use. One cannot but hope that this may not be, for the scheme for the establishment of clergy, and for their work in connection with this church, was conceived, as I thought at the time, in a fine old missionary spirit.[1]

[1] It is only fair to say that I have since heard that these fittings are said to be temporary, and that a sum has already been granted for the execution of more permanent substitutes. May they be more worthy of their purpose!

From S. Geneviève we went to Notre Dame, and were amazed to find that the painted imitations of statues still desecrate the long row of niches in the west front. In the interior still more miserable is the taste displayed in the papering of the vaulting of the aisles with blue paper powdered with gold bees. If the effect of the inauguration of Louis Napoleon's reign is not to be more longlived than the papering of Notre Dame, I shall enrol myself in the number of those who trust in a speedy change!

In Notre Dame I always feel more pleasure in looking at the beautiful sculptures behind the stalls of the choir than in anything else. They are a most valuable series, treated in a bold and simple manner; and I am not a little glad that some casts of them grace the prodigious architectural collection which has been gathered with so much zeal and industry to astonish the world at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.[1]

From Notre Dame all the world goes of course to the Sainte Chapelle, and could we do otherwise than follow so good an example? The turret was just being placed upon the roof, and certainly looked overlofty and attenuated, and, as far as I could judge through the scaffolding, of latish detail; when seen from the Tuileries it considerably overtops the towers of the cathedral.

One never seems to see any progress inside the chapel; the same porters, above and below, always protest that they cannot admit any one without an order from some distant board of works, but nevertheless always relent conveniently upon the slightest prospect of a fee, so that it is not a very difficult matter to

[1] The architectural museum in Cannon Row has also some casts from these magnificent works.

gain admission to see what is being done. During the last year the works about the wonderfully delicate baldachin seem to have progressed, but still it is far from being complete; the same man appears to be always busy stencilling in the same place as before, and, except that one or two more windows were finished, and another statue in its place, there really seemed to be no progress since I was last there. When is the chapel to be used at the present rate of going on? and when used, by whom is it to be used? At present it looks as though it were always to be a mere hall, with an altar in its eastern apse, as there is no sign of an intention to have any kind of permanent fittings, and one scarcely sees how they could be introduced.

Altogether I cannot help thinking that the effect upon the mind of what one sees in Paris is very unsatisfactory; the revival of Christian art seems, as it were, to be only skin-deep; and beyond all doubt, were it otherwise, such abominations as the papering of the vaulting of Notre Dame, and of painted statues in its west front, if tolerated at all, would be so for a momentary purpose only, and as an experiment, and would be taken away again directly. The scaffolding, which was just being removed from the avenue leading from the Tuileries to the Barrière de l'Etoile, after having assisted at the fête of Napoleon, was an illustration sufficiently apt of the work which seems to engage the artists of Paris; Parisian fête composers and decorators really appear to be the architects of the day, and of course this fact must militate very much against real art in every branch, as its tendency is to make people accustomed to temporary exhibitions, whose shortcomings are pardoned on the score of their temporary character, and so the artist is lowered in his tone by assisting in the production of works which are not intended—

as all great works ought to be intended—to last for ages.

A day in Paris is generally a long day and a tiring day; and so we found it; but nevertheless we boldly determined to push on without delay, and so, leaving our hotel before the table-d'hôte was much more than half over, we drove to the station of the Strasburg Railway, and in a few minutes were en route. If any one doubts the possibility of really resting one's body in a railway carriage, let him take the same precaution that we took, and he need not despair: a day of sight-seeing in Paris is certainly the best possible recipe for sound sleep in a railway carriage, and I believe that when we arrived at Strasburg, at about eight the next morning, we were very fairly rested. I confess, however, that I did feel a twinge of horror when I found that the train by which we were anxious to reach Bâle left again in about half an hour—too long to wait, but not long enough for either breakfast or dressing. There seemed, however, to be no alternative, and so on we went, comforting ourselves as best we might with some sour grapes and bad dry bread—the sole edibles procurable at the Strasburg Buffet!

The railway from Strasburg to Bâle is much more enjoyable than iron-ways generally are. There is scarce a cutting during the whole extent of the journey, and the views of the chain of the Vosges are—before one has gazed on real mountains in Switzerland—very delightful.

The railway runs up the broad valley of the Rhine, and within a few miles of Strasburg approaches very near to the mountainous district. The outlines of the hills are bold, picturesque, and well varied; and, as they rise rather precipitously from the valley, are often

crowned with ruined castles, and have on their lower slopes large and populous-looking villages, they are at any rate very pleasing neighbours for a railway journey.

A few architectural notes of such churches as are passed on this route (which I travelled not for the first time) will not be out of place, though, with one exception, there is not anything of great value.

At Schlestadt there is a large tower of late date to the principal church, which is rather fine in its effect. It has its two upper stages nearly similar, which is rarer at home than abroad. Another church has an early spire; and there is a smaller church with a good open turret.

Opposite Schlestadt the chain of the Vosges is very striking, and some of the picturesque outlines of hills capped with ruined castles remind one of the more famous banks of the lower portion of the Rhine.

Beyond Schlestadt we reached Colmar, whose cathedral is large, and has a late tower capped with an ugly bulbous roof. Another church in Colmar has a good open-work and very light turret rising from the middle of the length of its roof. The effect of this kind of turret, which is peculiar to the Continent, is always very satisfactory.

But the best church in the whole extent of this journey is that of Rouffach, one on whose merits "Murray"—whose services all travellers must gratefully acknowledge—is silent. It is of early date, cruciform in its plan, and the crossing surmounted by a noble early tower and spire of octangular form. Each side of the tower has a good window, above which a string-course forms the base to a gable on each side. The angles of the spire spring from the base of these gables, and the whole design reminded me strongly of

the only example of the same type in England—the beautiful steeple of Lostwithiel. Rouffach has a good choir terminating in an apse, and a south-western steeple, surmounted by a slender spire too small for the tower. Altogether, the general effect of the church is very fine. Beyond this point there are no features of interest; the Vosges retreat into the distance, and nothing is to be seen but a dead flat of field and wood, relieved occasionally by a village or town, remarkable mainly for the ugliness of its church. The busy manufacturing town of Mulhausen is passed, the number of stations is carefully reckoned, and long before you catch the first view of Bâle you are heartily sick of the slow pace at which the Strasburg and Bâle Railway Company always arrange to carry their passengers.

Those who know the Hôtel des Trois Rois at Bâle will understand how grateful was the information given to us, as we mounted its steps, that the table-d'hôte was to be ready in half an hour. Refreshing enough at any time, such an announcement was doubly so to travellers just arrived from a journey from Paris without a stoppage; and in no bad spirit did we enter the salle-à-manger, whose windows, opening into balconies which absolutely overhang the green and glorious Rhine flowing strong and rapidly for ever in the same unceasing current, make it about the pleasantest room of the kind that I know.

There are few things in the world so fine as a mighty river, few rivers so fine as the Rhine, and few spots so favourable for its contemplation as the balcony at Bâle. As you look at the deep colour of the water, you think of all the wonders which on its way it has seen. You remember your own exploits and pleasant walks in past times along the lovely valley of

the Aar, and over the barren and stony waste of the Grimsel, to the source of this beautiful feeder of the Rhine; or you think of Lake Constance and Schaffhausen, and of the beautiful valley of the Upper Rhine, and of the lakes of Wallenstadt, Lucerne, Brienz, and Thun—every one of which seems to the mind's eye to be represented and brought near by each wave that dashes madly along before your gaze. And then, whither do they all so swiftly wend their way? Down by minsters and by castles, along broad plains, through narrow water-worn chasms, and again through great, dreary, but many-peopled flats, into the sea, there to mix themselves and all their recollections in the great, glorious, but tradition-despising depth of Old Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

"For pallid autumn once again
Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill;
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still."—*Campbell.*

Churches of Bâle — Storks — Rheinfelden — Frick — Baden — Zurich: the cathedral — Fondness of the Swiss for bright colours — Lake of Zurich — English tourists — Rapperschwyl — Linth canal — A wayside inn — Wesen.

AT Bâle we engaged a voiturier to take us to Baden, whence the only Swiss railway was to have the privilege of conveying us to Zurich. Our scheme for reaching Italy was to pass by the lakes of Zurich and Wallenstadt, and then, following the valley of the Rhine, to cross over the pass of the Splügen to Chiavenna, and so to reach Lake Como.

We left Bâle at two o'clock in the afternoon, hoping to reach Baden by about nine; the weather looked threatening, but we took a cheerful view of this, as of everything else, as all good travellers should, and comforted ourselves with the thought that at any rate we could better afford to have a wet day between Bâle and Baden than between Zurich and the Splügen.

The view of Bâle as you leave it is certainly very striking; the cathedral spires are picturesque in their outline, and the number of churches with turrets and steep roofs combine with them to produce a most ecclesiastical-looking town. Nor need any one interested in architecture despair of finding much pleasure

in a more careful inspection of its buildings. They are full of interest, though generally passed too rapidly by people in a hurry to get on to enjoy the pleasures which await them beyond.

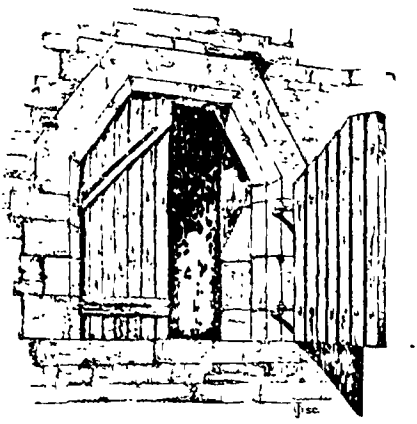
The roofing of the cathedral is worthy of notice as being composed of variously coloured tiles, arranged in diamond patterns over the surface of the roof, and giving a degree of animation to the effect of this generally heavy part of the building which is very commendable.

There is another church of the early part of the fourteenth century which is very fine; and here I remember being amused to see how quietly the storks possess themselves of all kinds of places for their nests, and think even the ridge of the steep roof of a church a proper place for their abode. The good people at Bâle build their chimneys with flat tops for the express benefit of their long-legged friends; who, from their elevated and well-warmed abodes, look down sedately and with a well-satisfied air upon their unfledged brethren below.

Why the people of Bâle love storks, the people of Venice pigeons, and the people of Berne bears, I leave to more industrious inquirers into local peculiarities to decide, satisfied myself to notice the fact that it is so, as each of these fancies adds one to the list of local peculiarities so valuable in the recollections of a journey.

The road from Bâle to Baden is for the first half of the way very pretty; we came in unfortunately for rather drenching rain, and so lost all beyond the suggestion of some striking views. The towns through which we passed were not of much interest, though there were many picturesque and pleasant-looking subjects for the pencil. The most striking place on the road

was Rheinfelden, a largish village (or perhaps I ought to say small town, as it rejoices in a Rath-haus of some pretension), surrounded by very high walls, and entered by tall stone gate towers, pierced with pointed arches, and surmounted by upper stages of timber, with tiled roofs of quaint and effective character; and here and at Stein and Baden I noticed that almost all the houses were old and very little altered. I observed particularly the old shop-windows of very simple design, closed with folding shutters, and taking one back to old times most decidedly in their design.



Shop-window, Rheinfelden.

Beyond Rheinfelden the road, which so far has skirted the Rhine rather closely, leaves it again for a few miles until it touches it for the last time at the small town of Stein.

From Stein we saw an imposing-looking church on the other side of the river at Sekingen. It has a great western front with two bulbous-topped steeples, and is of very considerable length. The division between choir and nave is marked by a delicate turret, and the whole church, as far as one can judge by a distant view, looks as though it would well repay a visit. There are six bays in the nave, five and an apse in the choir. The former has very simple windows, whilst in the latter they are rather elaborate. There is no aisle to the choir and no transept.

The rain continued incessantly until we reached the long straggling village of Frick, a quaint and antique-looking place, where our voiturier stopped for an hour to bait his horses, who however at Rheinfelden had enjoyed a treat in the shape of a loaf of very brown-looking bread, a kind of food quite appreciated by our four-footed friends, and second only in their estimation apparently to the precious *morceaux* of lump sugar with which Swiss voituriers are so fond of encouraging and petting them.

We were nothing loth to stretch our legs; and finding that the church was worthless—one of those unhappy bulbous-spired and bulbous-roofed erections so common in some parts of the Continent, and the roof of whose eastern apse even was twisted into a most ingenious and ugly compound curve—we took up our quarters in the respectable hostelry and "Bierbrauerei" of the Angel, and devoted ourselves to the consumption of coffee and beer of no bad quality. Our host wished sadly to see us located under his roof for the night, but we were resolute in our determination to reach Baden that night, and so persisted in going, though to our subsequent regret.

It was soon dark, and the new moon, which shone cheerfully upon us, gave us just a glimpse occasionally of good scenery. About Brugg, where we crossed the Aar, and again at Königsfelden, it seemed to be remarkably good.

At last, at about half-past ten o'clock, we reached what we fondly hoped was to be our resting-place. But Baden chose not to take us in, and to our horror, as we drove up to the chief and only available inn, we were met with the dismal words "keine Plätze" from the mouth of the civil landlord.

However, we dismounted, and found that there was

no other inn in Baden Proper, but that at the Baths there were several; at them our landlord assured us that he knew we should find no room, and so we thought it useless to return and try. Our only course seemed to be to feed our horses again and then go on to Zurich; and as Swiss drivers and Swiss horses never seem to tire of trotting on slowly and drowsily along the road, there was no difficulty in at once coming to an arrangement with our driver.

Accordingly, at midnight we started again, hoping at some early hour in the morning to reach Zurich. It was sufficiently provoking to be toiling on slowly and sleepily for nearly four hours alongside almost of a railroad which would have taken us early the next morning in three-quarters of an hour; but there was no help for it, and so we did the best we could, by sleeping whenever we could, to pass the weary hours away.

At last, just as the day began to dawn, we came in sight of Zurich and its lake, and last, not least, we reached the great hotel. Here we pulled up, knocked desperately, awoke the slumbering porter—but, alas! only to hear again the unwelcome sounds which had greeted our ears at Baden! Our friend, however, suggested that at the Hôtel Belle Vue we should probably find beds, and so on we drove, rather in despair at our prospects, though happily unnecessarily so, for the Belle Vue gladly opened its arms for our reception, and ere long we were, oblivious of all our toil, comfortably ensconced in bed. From our windows we had had a pleasant view of our quarters; it was broad daylight, and the prospect was—as from such a position, looking up a lake, it always is — very fair and charming.

We were up again soon after eight, and were glad

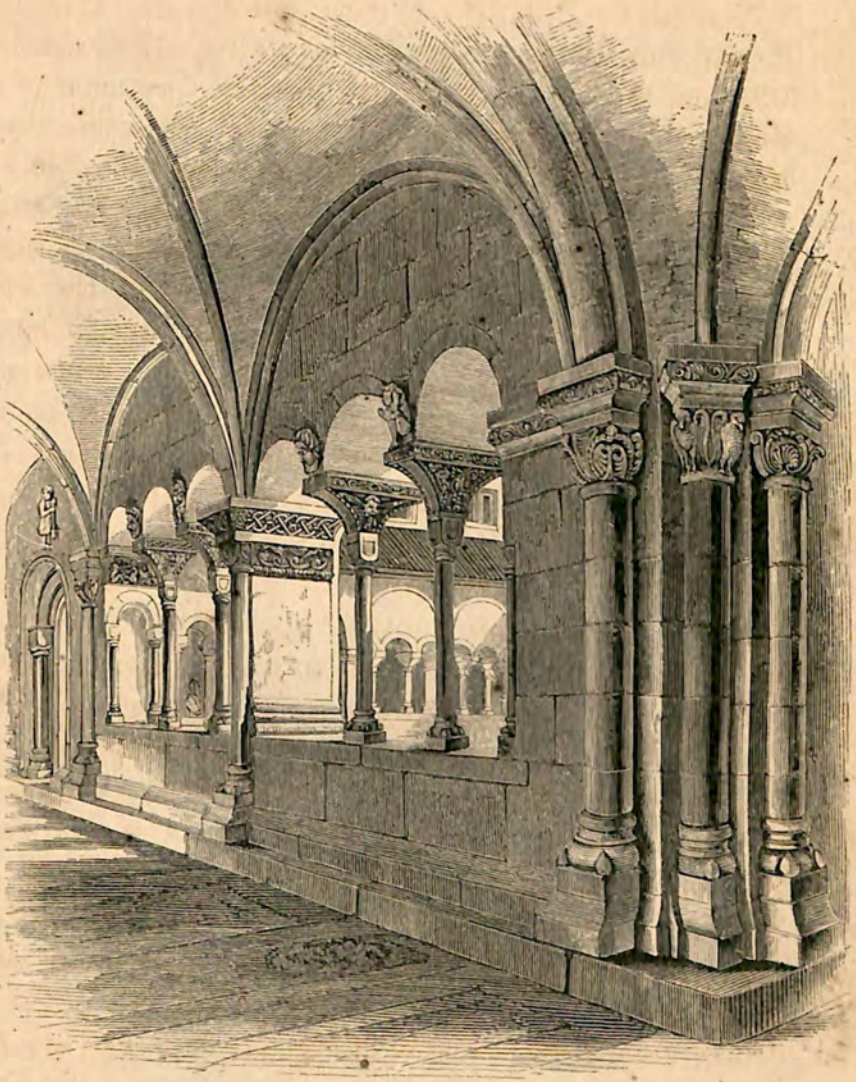
to find the morning fine, though the clouds were low, and we saw, consequently, nothing of the mountains which lend to Zurich its greatest charm.

The town is, however, very pretty and striking. The picturesque houses of the town, with wooded hills on all sides beyond them, and very charming views of the lake, if they do not make its attractions first-rate, at any rate make them very considerable.

The main feature of interest for me was the cathedral, a fine Romanesque church, very fairly perfect, but mutilated in its interior arrangements by the Protestants, in whose hands it now is. In plan, it has a nave with aisles of six bays, a choir, and a constructional sanctuary. In the nave two of the side arches make one groining bay. The transverse groining ribs are of a simple square section, the diagonal ribs having in addition a large round member. The triforium is very large and fine, and is made use of for congregational purposes, being fitted up with seats, which, curiously enough, are all made to turn up as misereres. There are no transepts. The sanctuary arch is loftier than the choir arch, and seems to have been intended to be very distinctly marked. In the clerestory there are two simple round-headed lights in each bay; the choir is arcaded all round internally, and for frigidity of effect could not be surpassed; the internal fittings comprise an immense pulpit, but, so far as I could see, no apology for an altar.

The exterior has two western steeples,[1] and a noble north doorway, each jamb of which has three detached shafts, standing considerably in advance of the wall,

[1] In a view of Zurich, published A.D. 1654, these steeples are shown with octagonal spires rising above the gabled sides of the towers; the belfry stages and cupolas now existing must therefore be of a date subsequent to the publication of this view.



2.—CLOISTER, ZURICH CATHEDRAL. Page 20.

which is entirely covered with diapers. The arch itself is semicircular, and very simple in its moulding; but this simplicity rather adds to than detracts from its general grandeur of effect. The whole is inserted in an additional thickness of wall, set on, as it were, against the original wall, and the extreme width of the doorway itself is no less than eighteen feet nine inches. The cloisters are remarkable, and very good of their kind; the arches rest on detached shafts, whose capitals are elaborately carved in a very peculiar manner, but very effectively. The whole design is unlike any Northern Romanesque, and bears much more similarity to the best Lombard work. The choir has a square east end, with a crypt below it, but its aisles are apsidal, and round these, and indeed round most of the exterior, there are good arcaded corbel-tables under the eaves. It will be seen that this is, therefore, a very fine church of a very early type, and peculiarly valuable in a country which, like Switzerland, has so little that is really good in the way of architectural remains.

There are other churches in Zurich, but I believe not old, and at any rate I had no time to examine them. One of them is appropriated to the use of the Roman Catholics; and there is one desecrated, rising from the edge of the lake, and forming a prominent object in the general view of the town as you leave by the steamer; this is of good outline, but has no details remaining of any value. The point chiefly to be noticed in the churches of Zurich appears to be the way in which their spires are all painted red, looking in the full sunshine very bright and picturesque.

The Swiss have a great feeling for bright colour, and on our way from Bâle to Baden we noticed one of the many instances of this in several turrets covered with brightly-coloured glazed tiles. A light green

seems to be the favourite colour, and is commonly used without mixture with other colours. They look best with their lower side rounded, and when of small size; and are constantly used in turrets rising out of roofs which are entirely covered with plain tiles. I remember, two years before, noticing with extreme pleasure the beauty of some dark green tiles used at Schaffhausen; and I have already had occasion to mention those on the cathedral at Bâle with equal commendation. Unhappily, we have to lament that English people, in their insane hatred of bright colours, if they saw such tiles used in England, would be horrified at such a violation of the correct simplicity and uniformity of colour to which the cheapness of slate has made them accustomed. Some modern attempts, however, at introducing coloured tiles have not been so successful as could be wished, and of all, perhaps, the least so is the roof of the new church of St. Maria Hilf at Munich, on which tiles of light blue colour are used in such large masses, that at first sight it seems that half the roof is stripped, and that the pale blue sky is seen instead of roof.

Would, however, that we had less of that puritanical love of black than we have, and then there would be some hope for the introduction of colour, not only outside but inside our churches, much more generally than we see it attempted at present!

At ten o'clock we left our hotel by the steamer for Schmerikon at the head of the Lake of Zurich. The weather still looked doubtful, though much better than on the previous day, and our host of the Belle Vue, taking a good view of this as of other matters, conducted us to the boat with smiling anticipations of fine days to come.

The shores of the lake are, for the greater part

of its length, literally covered with houses all painted white, and contrasting decidedly enough with the trees, vineyards, and green hills by which they are backed. On the north the shore is low and gradually shelving down to the water; on the south it is more precipitous, but after all not very decidedly so. At the head of the lake heavy dark round clouds hung upon the hills, and left us in pleasant doubt as to whether or no we had fine mountains to discover when they cleared away; a doubt as it happened not settled as far as we were concerned, save by certain lively representations which we afterwards met with, in the shape of advertisements of the Zurich hotels, and which showed a line of snowy-peaked mountains as the ordinary horizon of their visitors.

The churches on the lake are very numerous and very similar. The steeples are almost always gabled, and from these gables rise spires painted red, and very thin and taper in their form. The gabled sides of the towers are generally made useful as well as ornamental by the introduction of enormous clock-dials. The single decidedly mediæval church which I saw between Zurich and Rapperschwyl was at one of the villages on the north shore of the lake, I think at Meilen, but I am rather uncertain as to the name. Its design is both novel and very good; the pinnacles on the gable being unusual in saddle-backed steeples, and giving considerable picturesqueness of outline. The accompanying woodcut will show the general character of the design, and it will be seen that the tower is on the north side of the choir. The steeple roof is covered with greyish-red tiles, with a pattern marked on them with yellow tiles.

The steamers on this lake are very troublesome to those who have not much time to spare, as they make

Church on the Lake of Zurich.

a most zigzag path of their journey, first calling on one side and then on the other, until one doubts whether one will ever reach one's destination. At Horgen of course we discharged a large proportion of our English passengers, who were all bound for the Rigi, but their places were soon occupied by the umbrella-loving natives, who flocked in and out of the boat in great numbers at every station, and by the time we reached Rapperschwyl we had no more fellow-countrymen in the boat, and perhaps, like many Englishmen, to say the truth, we then first felt ourselves thoroughly abroad and thoroughly at our ease. Much as one loves England and the English, surely one

source of pleasure when abroad is the not hearing too much English spoken or seeing too many English faces. I confess that at a table-d'hôte I hate to have a smart specimen of a John Bull opposite me, got up in the most killing style, and by his cold formality appearing, like a large lump of ice, to freeze everything in his neighbourhood. An intelligent traveller of any nation is always the most agreeable of companions, but nobody can see much of the English who haunt Zurich, Lucerne, Thun, Interlaken, and Geneva, without feeling glad to escape being personally obliged to find out whether any of them are really intelligent travellers, or whether they are not, on the contrary, lazy fellows idling away their time, dressing smartly, and seeing nothing which requires any exertion of mind or body.

At Rapperschwyl, famous for having the longest bridge in the world, there is a most conspicuous group of buildings on rising ground above the lake very picturesquely thrown together; they consist of a church and what appears to be a castle; the latter has several towers capped with pyramidal and saddle-backed roofs, and the former has two towers in the position of transepts, with saddle-back roofs gabled north and south, the southern tower being considerably the larger of the two. Altogether the group is one of uncommon variety and picturesqueness of outline. Below, in the town, is a small church with a most happily-conceived though very simple bell-turret rising out of the roof, square in its plan, but capped with an octagonal spirelet. This is a not uncommon plan in this part of Switzerland, and is always most satisfactory in its effect.

Passing under, or rather through, the bridge, we found that it was very narrow and had no side railing

of any kind, so that it appears to be far from a pleasant contrivance for crossing the mile or two of shallow water which here scarce serves to keep up the appearance even of a lake; and perhaps it is upon the score of the absence of real danger of drowning if one fell over that they dispense with any side railings. At Schmerikon, which we reached in four hours from Zurich, we left our steamer, and immediately embarked on a barge in order to go by the Linth canal to Wesen; but we found that, however expeditious this might be in descending, it was a kind of conveyance not to be recommended highly to any one wishing to ascend the canal, inasmuch as—unlike ordinary canals—this is nothing more nor less than the glacier-torrent of the Linth bringing down the melting snow from the Glärnitsch and Todi glaciers, and rushing along at a really tremendous pace; to those, however, who have time, it may be commended as affording magnificent views of the mountains of Glarus and of those which rise so grandly above the Lake of Wallenstadt.

As we entered the canal from the lake we were amused by the unsuccessful attempts of our crew to secure some wild-fowl, two of which they succeeded in shooting, and then, without any kind of regard for the feelings of passengers panting to arrive at Wesen in the promised two hours and a half, they deliberately proceeded—of course in vain—to chase the unhappy birds, who, though wounded, were quite able to dive much deeper than our friends could reach, and so the only consequence of the chace was a hearty laugh at the expense of the baffled sportsmen, half an hour's delay, and lost ground to be made up.

The entrance to the canal was very striking; a low hill covered with larch and birch rose from the water's

edge, and above this the mountains gradually shelving upwards were terminated in a line of rocky ridges of very grand and rugged character. Whilst we were admiring the view a slight shower passed over us, and the sun suddenly breaking out produced one of the most lovely effects of colour I ever saw; a rainbow seemed exactly to fill up one of the great basins formed by the undulations of the mountains, and, after bathing a great sweep of mountain side in the richest and most distinctly marked colours, gradually died away.

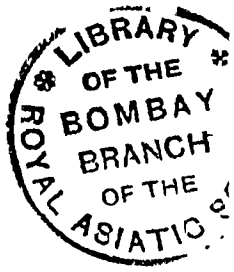
The canal, which at first looks more like a river, soon takes a bend to the S.W., and then, passing under a quaint wooden bridge, over which passes the road to Uznach, we found ourselves in what certainly looked sufficiently canal-like. The stream is so rapid that the walls built up on either side are preserved from being washed away by stone groins running out into the stream, and acting as so many breakwaters to keep the water in the centre; slowly and steadily our horses pulled us up, whilst we, mounted on the top of the cabin, were able to see over the walled sides of the canal, and to enjoy the glorious prospect before us.

Before long our captain blandly informed us that he was going to stop for dinner at a way-side house, so we, anxious to make the same good use of our time, attempted to follow his example; unfortunately the landlord, though very jolly-looking, had a very badly stocked larder, and we had to satisfy ourselves with bread, honey, and wine; it is true, indeed, that our host did produce some cold meat—portion, as I imagined, of a goat dressed some ten days back—but this was not eatable, and was valuable only as furnishing an opportunity to him of showing his perfect power of making the best of a bad thing; to season the goat he

brought in vinegar and oil, and, putting them upon the table, exclaimed with some *empressement*, "Voilà, monsieur; mais le vinaigre ce n'est pas bon!" just as if this was the strongest recommendation he could give us! We laughed heartily, avoided the vinegar, and parted good friends with our host, thanking him from our hearts for having saved us the painful operation of making the discovery about the vinegar for ourselves!

Our not very satisfying repast finished, we embarked again upon our barge, and in the occasional intervals, when sudden and heavy storms of rain obliged us to seek shelter in the cabin, we were much amused in watching the proceedings of some men belonging to the boat, who spent the whole of the five hours consumed in the journey in an unceasing game of cards; I must do them the justice to say that they played very good-humouredly, and laughed without ceasing. Under no circumstances could we have seen the scenery more gloriously; occasional bright gleams of sunshine broke in upon and followed clouds of the most inky hue, and then came pelting down heavy showers, accompanied by howling wind and darkness; and as we reached the opening of the valley, looking up beyond Glarus to the great mountains which close in its upper end, I think the effect was really more grand and terrific than anything I have ever seen. The mountains are of very fine outline, and of great height, as we saw by the more than occasional glimpses which we had of snow about their summits. By the time we reached Wesen the wind was so violent that we found it difficult to keep our places upon the top of the cabin, and we disembarked just before dark, in time to see the fine mountains on each side of the Lake of Wallenstadt here and there

through the storm-clouds, and its waters beaten by the wind into not insignificant waves: we had to walk through the entire length of the village, a picturesque quaint little place, sheltered under the almost overhanging rocks at the side of the water, and arrived at last at the capital and thoroughly Swiss inn, the Hôtel de l'Epée, where we were to sleep.


LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

CHAPTER III.

"Where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits."
Evangeline.

Wallenstadt — Sargans — Gorge of the Tamina — Ragatz — Coire — Ems — Reichenau — Thusis — Zillis—Andeer — Splügen — The Splügen route — The custom-house — Cascade of the Medessimo — Campo Dolcino — A storm.

THE storm of the evening gave no kind augury of sunshine on the morrow, and with rather anxious thoughts we listened as it roared among the mountains which overhung our hostelry.

But it seemed that we had suffered enough, and when we woke we found that, though the clouds had not yet cleared off from the sides of the mountains, there was nevertheless every prospect of a fine day.

We were obliged to leave by an inexorably early steamer at half-past five for Wallenstadt, and so lost all but the suggestion only of the magnificence of the mountains which tower up so grandly over the north shore of the lake. Like Goethe on his way into Italy we might exclaim, "What do we not pass over, both on the right hand and on the left, in order to carry out the one thought which has become almost too old for the soul!" but our time was limited, and our chief anxiety to spend as much of our short holiday as we could in Italy; and so, sad though we were to miss what was doubtless so well worthy of being seen, on we were bound to go without delay.

Before we started I had secured a voiturier whose carriage was at Wallenstadt to take us on to Coire, so that on this score I had no trouble before me. Our voyage was only too soon made; unlike the Lake of Zurich, where the traveller rather hopes that each place at which he stops may be the last, on this lake, as the tiny steamer ploughs its way rapidly over its surface, with its goal always in view, and with not a place to stop at on its road, he ceases not to long that his pleasure may be prolonged!

We had none but country people on board, and among them two men, the one old, very brown and well wrinkled, and wearing a steeple-crowned hat, tight velveteen trousers and jacket, and coarse stockings—altogether one of the most Rip-Van-Winkleish looking of mankind; the other young, stalwart, and active-looking, a thorough Italian both in dress and in look; and both of them fit subjects to sit—as they did—for their portraits.

By seven o'clock we were in our carriage, and *en route*. The sun began to shine, and every minute the clouds rose higher and higher; so that, before we finally lost—by turning into the valley of the Rhine—the last view of the valley of the lake, we could see the peaks of the mountains which we so wished to have seen before, the Sieben-Churfürsten, which tower so grandly over the lake.

Wallenstadt is but a poor place, its situation unwholesome, and its inns, judging only from their externals, not to be commended. It has a church of modern character, with an old-looking tower in the position of a transept, which has a saddleback roof, gabled north and south. On the lower part of the south side of this tower are paintings of the Crucifixion and some other subjects, apparently of some antiquity.

Just above the town, on the right, we passed the ruins of an old castle; and at a slight rise in the road had a beautiful view of the calm waters of the lake, looking blue, but very much smaller than it really is. This, no doubt, is owing to the great height of the precipitous rocks on its north side, which we now saw for the first time, our enemies the clouds having at last risen and disclosed some of the beauties which they had been concealing from us.

The valley from Wallenstadt to Sargans, just beyond which our route joined the valley of the Rhine, was strikingly beautiful. Its ecclesiological features were not, however, remarkable, if I except the constant repetition of what I have often noticed in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, the occurrence, namely, of grated openings on either side of the western doorway, commanding the interior and protected by an open porch, through which passers-by, though not able to enter, might still see the altar. On our journey from Bâle to Zurich we passed a church whose altar was lighted up, and the doors behind these gratings left open very late at night. It was in a lonely place, and when I passed there was no one in or near the church.

The cultivation of this valley was not, however, so uninteresting as its ecclesiology. Here first we found the vines trained about in the horizontal Italian fashion, whilst under them great gourds and pumpkins developed themselves to a prodigious size.

Sargans is a very picturesque old town, and has some capital examples of good Swiss carpentry in its houses, besides a very respectable and antique-looking castle, rising high above the houses on a rock, and guarding the eastern entrance to the town, and commanding the junction of our road with that of the

valley of the Rhine leading to the Lake of Constance.

Our voiturier was under a bond with us to take us as fast as a diligence which lumbered on slowly enough in advance of us, and as far as Ragatz was quite true to his word; there, however, we determined to pause for a few hours, not willing to pass anything so famous as the baths of Pfeffers without a visit. Leaving our carriage, we mounted a light car; and were soon ascending the beautiful gorge of the Tamina to the baths. The road is most capitally made, and follows the windings of the mountain torrent so closely as to require some nerve in those who drive rapidly along on their road to or from the baths. The ascent is steep, but in rather less than an hour we found ourselves at the baths. The rocks rise nearly perpendicularly behind the ledge of rock on which the baths stand, and the only mode of access to the upper and more wonderful part of the chasm was by passing through the long corridors which betokened the once religious object of the building. These passed, and in charge of a guide, we crossed the torrent by a rude bridge, and then by a rather precarious path made our way, as it seemed, almost into the bowels of the mountain. The gorge is so very narrow that in many parts the light of the sky is no longer visible, the rocks overhanging each other above the head. All the while the torrent is roaring by our sides, and we feel that we are indeed enjoying an excursion into the very heart of the rocky earth. At last we reach the end of the path, are compelled by our guide to ensconce ourselves one by one in a small kind of box formed round the source of the hot spring—to pronounce it very hot and very nasty (its two most eminent qualities)—and then, still admiring the matchless grandeur of the rocky way, we

regain our car, and are soon again whirled down the hill to Ragatz.

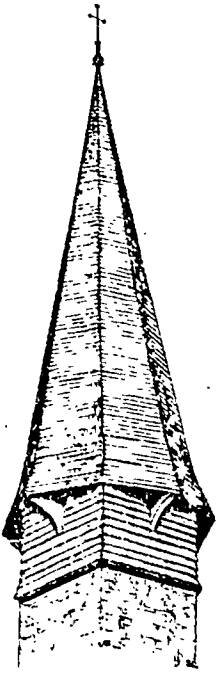
Our driver is a cheerful, pleasant fellow, talks German much better than the man we brought from Wesen, is communicative, moreover, and seems to enjoy a laugh and a joke uncommonly. Of course we become friends, and with no trouble on our parts, though with some little on his, it is arranged that our old driver shall remain where he is, and that our new friend, proud in the possession of an Austrian passport, shall take us on as far at any rate as Chiavenna.

A hurried Swiss luncheon—wine, honey, bread and butter—is soon despatched, and again we are on our way under the auspices of our new voiturier.

But we must not leave Ragatz without noticing its church, remarkable for its exceedingly good octagonal wooden spire springing in an unusual manner out of a square wooden belfry stage, and another church at (I think) Vilters, close to Ragatz, which has a lofty tower finished on each side with a sharp gable, and a thin octagonal spire rising from the intersection of the cross-gabled roof; both these steeples are in a position which for some reason is very popular in this district —the south side of the chancel.

From Ragatz to Coire the churches are all very similar; with tall towers generally in the same position as those near Ragatz, and capped with bulbous roofs, or sharp spires covered with metal. The road to Coire is not quite the most agreeable we have travelled; some of the views, it is true, are most lovely, and the mountains—among which towers pre-eminent the grand outline of the Falkniss—are very noble; but, despite all this, the valley is too wide, and

the Rhine, by periodical inundations, manages to secure nearly its whole extent to itself, so that there is a waste, desolate, and pestilential look about the valley, which is not prepossessing. We arrived at Coire at about half-past one, and, not sorry that our horses required rest, betook ourselves to the inspection of this very curious town.



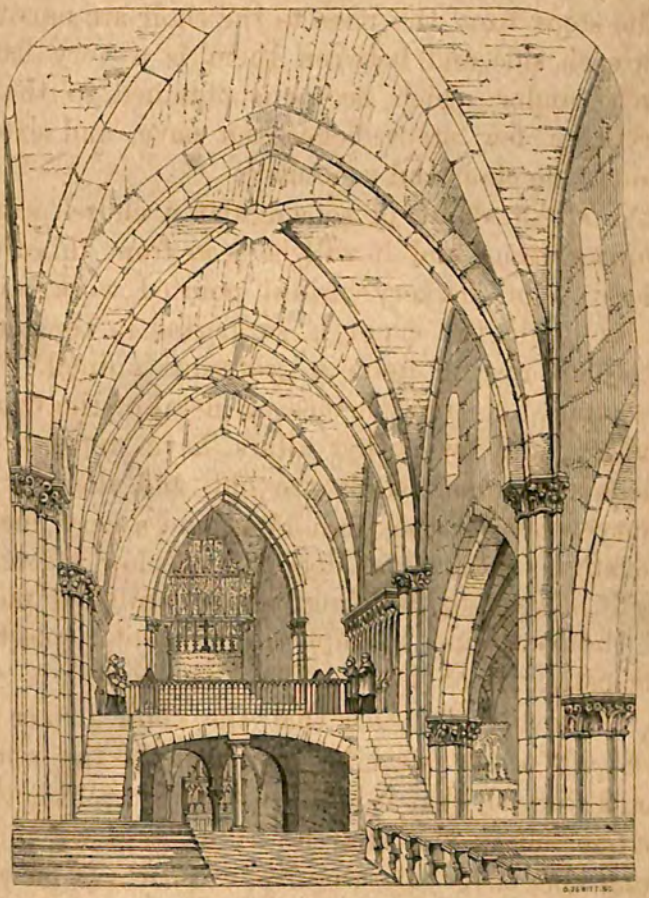
Wooden Spire — Ragatz.

It is entered by old gateways, and many of the streets are still full of ancient houses. The curious feature of the place is however its complete division into two quarters—the Protestant and the Catholic—the latter walled off, and entered by its own gates.[1] It occupies the upper part of the town, and contains in the

[1] This division is seen very clearly in one of the very curious prints by Merian which illustrate a most valuable and interesting book entitled 'Topographia Helvetiæ,' published at Frankfort-am-Main, A.D. 1654, and full of most valuable and exact views of Swiss towns; they are remarkably valuable as proving beyond all question their exact state in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and as being really executed with very much artistic feeling. That of Coire gives the whole town in the most complete manner; the castle, the churches, the walls, and the many watch-towers, with the magnificent mountains behind them, making one of the most picturesque ensembles I ever saw. Many of the views of Swiss towns are remarkable, as proving how very regularly the mediæval towns were planned whenever there was the opportunity, the streets all at right angles, and the great church and market-place in the centre of the whole.

cathedral church of S. Lucius an architectural attraction far above the average amount of merit. Its plan consists of a nave of three bays, a choir of one bay raised by twelve steps above the nave, and a sanctuary much narrower than the nave and choir, also of one bay. The steps from the nave to the choir are narrow, and on each side and between them is a very flat wide arch, under which access is obtained to the under crypt, a few steps below the nave, and extending under the choir and sanctuary.

A slight sketch of so singular a church cannot be uninteresting, and it will be seen from this that the whole is of the very earliest pointed work, and good of its kind; the crypt is supported in the centre by a column resting upon a grotesque animal. Two of the altars have fine shrines of metal of the thirteenth century, and two other altars have ancient candlesticks; the choir stalls are old, and there is a late triptych behind the high altar, and a very fine sakramensthaus with metal doors just below the northern flight of steps to the choir, which reminded me much of the very fine example in a similar position in the cathedral at Ulm. The whole church is groined. It is worthy of notice that the choir makes a great bend out of the straight line towards the north—so much, indeed, that it is impossible to avoid noticing it as one enters the church. The steps to the choir from the nave lack dignity. They ought to have been in the centre, and the entrances to the crypt on each side; but then, it is true, the crypt would not have been seen, as it now is, from the nave. The west end has a fine round-arched doorway with several shafts in each jamb, and above it a large window of the same character, and in the gable a small middle



3.—COIRE CATHEDRAL. Page 36

pointed window; and about ten feet in advance of the west doorway is a curious remnant of a gateway with piers and shafts resting upon monsters, looking, however, very much as though it had been removed from elsewhere.

Service commenced just as I was obliged to think of leaving the church; the priests wore red cassocks and tippets, and very short surplices edged with lace, and looked miserably unclean and untidy; there was no one in the body of the church, and the sacristan, after the service had commenced, walked backwards and forwards about the choir, down the steps into the nave, and then—after a little attention bestowed on some matter there—out of the church. I fear the service was not one with much life in it—if in such a thing one may venture to judge from a cursory glance at externals.

Descending from the melancholy and squalid looking Catholic quarter, we soon came upon the Protestant church, dedicated in honour of S. Martin, which is somewhat remarkable. It is old, but it has been plastered, whitewashed, and then painted by some acute artist over its whole exterior in an extraordinary imitation of all kinds of inconsistent architectural devices; pilasters, cornices, mouldings, tracery, and the like, are all boldly represented with black paint, and in such style that we all stopped the moment we saw it, struck by the conviction that it must be a scene from some play, so utterly absurd, flat, and out of all perspective did it look.

The situation of Coire is very lovely, placed as it is just at the point where the Schalfiker Thal joins the valley of the Rhine, and upon the steep and rugged bottom slope of the mountains.

The weather was every moment becoming more glorious, and as we left Coire along the straight road which leads to Reichenau we had one of the most lovely views we had enjoyed. It is not always the case, however beautiful may be the scenery, or however lovely the weather, that one finds everything group together perfectly; here however I really believe it did, and I commend the subject to the pencils of those who follow me on this route.

We soon reached Ems, whose church, situated upon a green knoll above the village, has the peculiarity of a small apsidal building east of the apse of its chancel. The key was not to be found, so that I could not go in to examine what this building was. This church had an octangular steeple, whilst another church in the same village had one of the bulbous monsters of which I have before complained. At Reichenau it is the fashion to go to see the house in which Louis Philippe acted in 1793 as schoolmaster under a Monsieur Jost, and I fear we fell rather in the good opinion of our driver when we neglected so proper and regular a custom; but so it was: I fear we deemed Louis Philippe too near in point of time to ourselves, and one occupying too small a portion of the world's history, to be a real hero, and so we passed rapidly through Reichenau, across its two quaint covered wooden bridges, and by the beautiful meeting of the waters of the Vorder and the Hinter Rhein, until we found ourselves following the course of the latter, and fairly on the Splügen road.

We only wished to reach Thusis by sunset, and so our time was ample for enjoyment; we walked much of the way, beginning now to detect every here and there large patches of snow, and one or two glacier

edges, each of which is hailed as a discovery by every fresh voyager, who feels himself at once transported with delight by the distant view of the pure white line against the sky.

Castles are here as numerous as ever upon the Rhine, and at least a dozen, I should think, might be reckoned perched on every favourable spot between Reichenau and Thusis. As the road advances the valley widens out into a kind of basin, into which flow two streams, the one through the as yet unperceived gorge of the Via Mala rather to our right, the other through an opening in the mountains directly in front of us, which allows us a most glorious view of the snowy heights above the Pass of the Julier drinking in the last red rays of the setting sun, long since passed away from the ground on which we stand; then there is a long ascent, and, passing peasants coming in from hay-making, merrily laughing and singing, we drive up the straight smart street of Thusis to the Via Mala Hotel. But the evening is too glorious to lose, and in five minutes we are out again on foot to explore the commencement of the black defile; and until we are absolutely turning into it, so narrow is the gorge that it is not seen, but when seen, and by such a light, how grand and beautiful it is! We ascended some distance and then stood and admired. Above us towered high into the air tremendous rocks, riven in two with the narrow chasm in which we stood, at whose bottom we heard the distant roar of Father Rhine, and down below and beyond, framed as it were between the grand outline of rocky crag and pine-covered mountain, lay the valley of Domleschg, still retaining, by contrast with the gloom around us, some light upon its fields, and castles, and villages. Rest

was well earned after such a glorious and actively spent day, and, if we overslept ourselves in the morning, it was as much the fault of our voiturier as of ourselves, and upon his broad shoulders must be the weight of our error. However, though not so early as we intended, we left the next morning soon after six, and in a few minutes were again in the Via Mala. And now (shall I confess it?) I doubt whether we were not all disappointed; there is so much in a name that one expects something *very* terrific from such a name, and this it scarcely is. It is seldom fair to compare one piece of scenery with another, but still I feel that this was certainly not the most savage I had ever seen, and therefore not justly *my* Via Mala. But beautiful in the extreme it was, and I believe we all regretted that we so soon found ourselves again in the more open valley on the road to Zillis. Here we found a church with a lofty tower, in the same position, and with a spire of the same design, as that at Ragatz; the nave low and ugly, the chancel lofty, with a steep pitched roof and apse; the windows pointed but modernised; the belfry windows of the steeple were of three lights, with circular arches, and divided by shafts, which were continued on in blank panels on each side of the windows, so as to form an arcade of five arches on each side. And this I believe was the last noticeable church we saw before we reached Chiavenna, and in its arcaded belfry I fancied that I saw something of an Italian influence at work, which might well have been the fact.

We soon reached Andeer, where we waited but a short time, and then commenced a steep ascent. The lovely scenery, the mountains closing in round us, and the roar of the fall of the Rofla, making music in our ears, made our way very enjoyable. There was but

little chance, however, of rapid progress, as from Andeer to Splügen the road is almost always on the ascent, sometimes gradually, at others in steep zigzags up the shoulder of some obstructive hill, and constantly overhanging or crossing the rapid, white, foaming mountain-stream, sole representative here of the noble river whose rushing waters had been pondered over at Bâle. An air of desolation always grows upon the feelings as one reaches such a place as Splügen. Trees and shrubs more scarce, and often blasted by the fierce rush of the wintry wind, or the keener sharper blow of the falling rock, or the swift sweep of the avalanche, aid in making up the desolate picture. Vegetation has well-nigh ceased, and the eye, though deceived at first by the intensely red colour perceived every here and there on the hill-sides and on the rocks, discovers presently that not to flowers or plants, but to lichen or some such more desolate vegetation, is it owing.

By the time we caught the first sight of Splügen the sky was overclouded, the wind rose, and a sudden heavy storm of rain gave us a lesson in the customs of the weather in these regions, to which our driver's quiet assurance that we should probably have a snow-storm on the pass added the few remaining drops required to make up the draught which we saw ourselves doomed to swallow.

Splügen, however, was reputed to have an inn which would give us enviable shelter for a couple of hours, and we entered at once, hoping, if we waited, again to see the blue sky before we crossed the boundary between the North and the South—between Switzerland and Italy.

The table-d'hôte was just about to commence, and in came a diligence from Milan, and out came the

passengers: another carriage, which had pursued us relentlessly all the way from Andeer, came in at the same moment, and down we sat, about fifteen English people, not one of whom had been in the house ten minutes before, not one of them stopping for more than their own and their horses' dinner, and all proceeding in different directions, either on their way home, satiated with travel, or just about to dive like ourselves, in full quest of pleasure and excitement, into a new country. These meetings are always curious, generally not at all less amusing, and to the quiet and attentive observer of character not a little edifying. On this occasion there was subject-matter enough, and we found the old gentleman, travelling sorely against his will, under the care of his active and thoroughly vulgar wife, the literary old maids of another party, and the enthusiastic damsel of a third, each in their way quite enjoyable, and not the less so in that it was necessary to discuss them and part with them so rapidly.

Splügen, in a soaking rain, is not an edifying place; and as I employed myself in sketching from the inn window the very picturesque old bridge, which gives all its architectural character to the village, I conceive that I accomplished all that was necessary; and when we got into our carriage again, and, crossing by the said bridge, left the Bernardin road to the right, and finally plunged really into the Splügen route, it seemed like a reward for one's industry to find the rain cease and the sun again occasionally shine out.

The ascent begins with a series of zigzags, which rapidly carry the road high above the valley of the Rhine, and then, passing through one of the long covered galleries for which this route is famous, it emerges in an upland valley or dip between two

mountains, up which it takes a steady course along a road paved, by the bye, with what seemed to be white marble, until, just below the summit, it comes again upon a steep mountain-side, to be surmounted only by a patient unravelling as it were of the intricacies of an endless zigzagging, which at last brings us to the Swiss guard-house and the entrance to the great gallery. The clouds are low and gathering; but still below us, as we see white patches of snow every here and there, and above us the blue edge of a great glacier marked with lines of crevasses and fringed with a white edge of snow, we feel that we have really at last achieved the summit. Noisily we trot through the arched gallery, and then, after another slight ascent for a few minutes, we stop and put on the drag. Indeed! then we have crossed! and down we go rapidly and cheerily, backwards and forwards, occasionally giving a merry tap to some corner post at the turns of the road, in order to let it be known that we, our driver, and our horses, are all of us heartily glad that we are at last on the south side of the pass —no longer the German Splüg*en*, but, as we learn from divers notices along the road, the Italian Splug*a*. A short drive takes us to the custom-house,—not looked forward to cheerfully by those who have met, as we had at Splügen, a man turned back by mistake, and after two days' delay again retracing his steps,— but happily, in our case, passed easily enough, and with an exhibition of the greatest courtesy and civility from the Austrian officer, a courtesy moreover by no means rare, and perhaps scarce worth mentioning, were it not that, because now and then some obstinately stupid traveller will not obey the rules which the Austrian government makes about passports, and so gets into trouble, people in England choose to inveigh against

and abuse one of the politest and most pleasant nations in Europe.

We are soon off again across a dreary peaty-looking plain, with no trace of any neighbouring mountains, and for amusement accompanied along the road by a troop of wild smuggler-looking fellows, in broad-brimmed steeple-crowned hats, loose jackets, knee breeches, and coarse stockings, riding wildly along on rough horses, without saddles or bridles, but every one of them handsome grand-looking fellows, showing, as they smiled, teeth of purest white, and more nearly coming up to one's idea of real Italians than any with whom, later in our journey and more in Italy, we happened to meet. Before long, however, we again commenced the descent, and then, after passing through two or three galleries of prodigious length, at last came out upon one of those spots, the view from which, as much perhaps by reason of its associations as for its intrinsic beauty, rests on the mind for ever after as one of the most lovely ever seen. On our right a steep mountain track slopes rapidly and perpendicularly down to a narrow valley, whose opposite and no less precipitous side we are about to descend; below us, far down, we see the village roofs of Isola, with its church and Italian campanile; beyond—and this is indeed the great charm of the prospect—down the valley, where the atmosphere seems redolent of the South, we see a grandly formed mountain, and again to its right another but more distant; between these two dim and distant shades lies Como's lake—beyond them the broad rich plain of Lombardy; the sun shines forth, and we dream henceforward of that valley, looked down upon from the gallery on the Splügen, as one of the brightest prospects of our lives!

We had not gone far beyond the last gallery before

our voiturier made good a boast which he had often repeated of showing us a real waterfall on a grand scale before we parted company, and, pulling up his horses, made us—not unwilling—dismount to look *down* the cascade of the Medessimo. A passage has been formed from the road to a point which just overhangs the fall, and here, securely parapeted round, you look down over a grand sheer fall of some eight hundred feet, in the course of which the noble torrent which goes to feed the threadlike Lira down below us in the valley, and just now roaring in bold volume underneath our road, loses itself in soft, delicate, and fairy-like spray, and ere it reaches the rock below seems like some delicate mist falling from the sky for ever in endless and exquisite change of form. Just beyond the cascade the most wonderful part of the descent commences—that is to say in an engineering point of view—and the road seems really to descend the perpendicular face of the rock, far surpassing in boldness any other road that I know, and affording very fine and varied views of the cascade on the descent. We soon reached Campo Dolcino, a miserable and most dirty-looking village; and were, sorely against our will, obliged to wait for our poor horses to bait; and then on we went, the sun some time set, and the night dark and cloudy: presently a storm arose; and without lights, and travelling along a road turning sharp angles every minute, and never losing the music in our ears of the roaring Lira, our lot seemed more wild than enviable: at last we came to a house and tried unsuccessfully to borrow a light, but presently at another house we succeeded, and then guided by a lantern we pursued our way safely enough. I never saw so grand a storm; the lightning was vivid beyond all that I could conceive; and as at one minute

it played about on the foaming water beneath us, and at another lighted up the whole mountain-side beyond with pale and intensely lovely light, flickering, playing, and dancing about most wildly and most gloriously, I believe we felt half sad when house after house appeared, and at last we entered the long, narrow, and thoroughly Italian streets of Chiavenna.

CHAPTER IV.

"But now 'tis pass'd,
That turbulent chaos; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo, the sun is shining and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy."—*Rogers.*

Chiavenna — Lake of Riva — Colico — Lake of Como — Varenna — Stelvio pass — Lecco — Bergamo: its Broletto and churches.

THE situation of Chiavenna is eminently beautiful: in a deep valley surrounded on all sides by mountains whose slopes are covered with soft and luxuriant foliage of oak and chestnut, and where every available open space is devoted to trellised vineyards, it contrasts strongly with the pine-covered hills so lately passed on the northern slopes of the Alps; placed, too, at the confluence of two streams—the Meira and the Lira—it rejoices in the constant rushing sound of many waters.

It was only necessary to move out of the shade of our hotel into the melancholy piazza in which it stands, to discover that an Italian sun lighted up the intensely blue sky; and a walk to the principal church, dedicated in honour of S. Lawrence, a stroll through the narrow streets, and a rather toilsome ascent through a vineyard formed upon a rock which towers up behind a kind of ruined castle, and from which a capital idea is obtained of the singular and beautiful

cul-de-sac in which the town is planted, sufficiently convinced us of its power.

The church of S. Lawrence is entered from a large oblong cloister, in one angle of the space enclosed by which rises a tall classic-looking campanile, its simple outline and arcaded belfry full of musical bells contrasting well with the outline of the hills which hem it in. On the east side of the cloister are the church, an octagonal baptistery, and a bone-house, all ranged side by side and opening into it, and the latter curious as an example of the extent to which the people of Chiavenna amuse themselves by arranging skulls and arm-bones into all kinds of religious and heraldic devices, and with labels to mark the names of their former owners. The *tout ensemble* is picturesque in its effect, and the cool pleasant shade of the cloister, with the view of the church and its tall campanile, and irregularly grouped buildings looking brilliantly white in the clear sunshine, was very pleasing.

Italian beggars, persevering, and, at any rate in appearance, very devout, did their best to annoy us here and everywhere when we ventured to stop to examine or admire anything; and Italian beggars are certainly both in pertinacity and in filth about the most unpleasant of their class.

My voiturier gave me a lesson worth learning, and not perhaps unworthy of note for other unsuspicious travellers. We had a written contract to Chiavenna, and thence to Colico he had agreed verbally to take us for a certain sum; before we started I found, however, that he intended to charge us three times as much as we had agreed upon, and, as very luckily we found a diligence on the point of starting, we secured places in the cabriolet at its back, from which we had

the best possible position for seeing the views, and so left my friend in the lurch, with divers admonitions to behave himself more honestly for the future.

At ten we left, and had a very enjoyable ride to Colico. The valley, however, bore sad traces of the havoc made by the inundations of the Meira, and of the storm of the previous night. We soon reached the shores of the little Lake of Riva, along whose banks our road took us sometimes in tunnels, sometimes on causeways built out into the water, until at last we reached the valley up which runs the Stelvio road, and then, after passing along the whole length of a straight road lined on each side with a most wearisome and endless row of poplars, we were at Colico. Here we prudently availed ourselves of the opportunity of an hour's delay in the departure of the boat for an early dinner, and, then embarking, waited patiently the pleasure of our captain.

The scenery of Lake Como has been so often raved about, that I was quite prepared to be disappointed; but for the whole distance from Colico to Lecco it was certainly more striking than any lake scenery I had ever before seen. The mountains at its head are wonderfully irregular and picturesque, and throughout its whole length there is great change and variety. In this respect it contrasts favourably with most other lakes, and I certainly think that not even in the Lake of Lucerne is there any one view so grand as that which one has looking up from within a short distance of the head of Como over the Lake of Riva to the mountains closing in the Stelvio, and rising nobly above the sources of the Meira and the Lira.

Somewhat, too, may be said perhaps of the innumerable villages and white villas with which the banks of the lake are studded; they give a sunny, inhabited,

and cheerful feeling to the whole scene; and, reflected in the deep blue lake in those long-drawn lines of flakey white which are seen in no other water to such perfection, add certainly some beauty to the general view.

Half our passengers were, of course, Austrian soldiers and officers, the other half English or Americans either resident at or going for the first time to Como. We, however, stopped on the way, and, leaving the steamboat in the middle of the lake, after a row of about twenty minutes found ourselves at Varenna.

Here we had what seemed likely to be an endless discussion upon the relative merits of a four-oared boat and a carriage as a means of conveyance to Lecco. We inclined to the latter; but, leaving the matter in the hands of an active waiter, we busied ourselves with eating delicious fruit, admiring the tall cypresses growing everywhere about the shores of the lake, and watching the exquisite beauty of the reflections of Bellagio and the opposite mountains in the smooth bosom of the water.

We were soon on the road, and well satisfied to find ourselves trotting rapidly along the magnificent pass of the Stelvio, instead of dragging heavily and slowly along the road as one always does with a Swiss voiturier; soon, however, we were to find that our driver was an exception to the Italian rule, and that he who wishes to travel fast must not expect to do so with vetturini.

The churches which we passed were in no way remarkable: they all had campaniles, with the bells hung in the Italian fashion in the belfry windows, with their wheels projecting far beyond the line of the wall; but they all seemed alike wretched in their

architecture, and we were in no way sorry to pass them rapidly on our way to Lecco. This eastern arm of the lake, though of course much less travelled than the rest of its course, is very beautiful, and its uninhabited and less cultivated looking shores, with bold cliffs here and there rising precipitously from the water, were seen to great advantage, with the calm unrippled surface of the lake below, and the sky just tinged with the bright light of the sun before it set above.

Lecco is but a poor place; we had an hour to spend there before we could get fresh horses to take us on to Bergamo, and wandered about the streets full of people—some idly enjoying themselves, others selling delicious-looking fruit. We went into a large church not yet quite completed: it was classic of course, and on the old plan, with aisles and so forth, but very ugly notwithstanding. In the nave was a coffin covered with a pall of black and gold; six large candles stood by it, three on either side, and two larger than the others on each side of a crucifix at the west end; the whole church revelled in compo inside and out, and outside there was access to a wretched bone-house in a kind of crypt.

We left Lecco after an hour and a half spent pleasantly in wandering about its quaint old streets, and had a long drive in the dark to Bergamo: the night was very dark, but the air was absolutely teeming with life and sounds of life; myriads of insects seemed to surround us, each giving vent to its pleasure in its own particular note and voice with the greatest possible determination; and had I not heard them, I could scarcely have believed it possible that such sounds could be made by insects, however numerous they might be. We changed horses at a village on the

road, and went on rapidly. The old town of Ponte S. Pietro was passed, though taken at first to be Bergamo, and remembered by the strange sound of a troop of men singing well together as they passed us in the dark in one of its narrow streets, awakening with their voices all the echoes of the place, which till then had seemed to us to be supernaturally silent. It was eleven o'clock before we reached Bergamo, and after an excellently cooked supper we were soon in bed.

A prodigious noise in the streets before five o'clock the next morning gave us the first warning that the great fair of Bergamo was in full swing; sleep was impossible, and so we were soon out, enjoying the busy throng which crowded the streets of the Borgo, in a before-breakfast walk; the crowd of women selling fruit, the bright colours of their dresses, the rich tints of stuffs hung out for sale, the display of hair-pins and other ornaments in the innumerable silversmiths' shops, and the noisy, laughing, talking people who animated the whole scene, made the narrow arcaded streets of busy Bergamo most amusing.

After breakfast we started at once for the Città, as the old city of Bergamo is called. It stands on a steep hill overlooking the Borgo di San Leonardo, within whose precincts we had slept, quite distinct from it and enclosed within its own walls. The ascent was both steep and hot, but the view at the entrance gateway of the Città over the great flat plain of Lombardy was very striking, and well repaid the labour of the ascent; a vast plain of bluish-green colour, intersected in all directions by rows of mulberry-trees, poplars, and vineyards, diversified only by the tall white lines of the campaniles which mark every village in this part of Lombardy, and stretching away in the same endless level as far as the eye could reach, was

4.—BROLETTO, BERGAMO.

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grand if only on account of its simplicity, and had for us all the charm of novelty.

Through very narrow, dirty streets, which do little credit to the cleanly habits of the Bergamask nobility, to whom it seems that the Città is sacred, we reached at last the Piazza Vecchia, around which is gathered all that in my eyes gives interest to Bergamo.

Across the upper end of the Piazza stretches the Broletto, or town-hall, supported on open arches, through which pleasant glimpses are obtained of the cathedral and church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, the latter the great architectural feature of the city.

But we must examine the Broletto before we go farther. And first of all, its very position teaches a lesson. Forming on one side the boundary of the Piazza Publica, on the other it faces, within a few feet only, the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and abuts at one end upon the west front of the Duomo; and to this singularly close—even huddled—grouping much of the exquisite beauty of the whole is owing. No doubt Sta. Maria and the original cathedral were built first, and then the architect of the Broletto, not fearing—as one would fear now—to damage what has been done before, boldly throws his work across in front of them, but upon lofty open arches, through which glimpses just obtained of the beauties in store beyond make the gazer even more delighted with the churches when he reaches them than he would have been had they been all seen from the first. It is, in fact, a notable example of the difference between ancient grouping and modern, and one instance only out of hundreds that might be adduced from our own country and from the Continent of the principle upon which old architects worked; and yet people, ignorant of real principles in art, talk as though somewhat would be gained

if we could pull down S. Margaret's in order to let Westminster Abbey be seen; whereas, in truth, the certain result would be, in the first place, a great loss of scale in the Abbey seen without another building to compare it with and measure it by; and in the next, the loss of that kind of intricacy and mystery which is one of the chief evidences of the Gothic spirit. Let us learn from such examples as this at Bergamo that buildings do not always require a large open space in front of them in order to give them real dignity.

The whole design of the Broletto is very simple. The ground on which it stands is divided by columns and piers, the spaces between them being all arched and groined. Towards the Piazza three of these arches, springing from rather wide piers, support the main building, and another supports an additional building to the west. Above the three main arches are three windows, of which that in the centre, though very much altered, still retains a partially old balcony in front, and bears proofs that it was the Ringhiera, from which the people standing in the Piazza were wont to be addressed by their magistrates. The windows on either side are very similar in their design and detail; their tracery is of fair middle-pointed character; and the main points which strike one as being different from English work are the marble shafts with square capitals in place of mullions, a certain degree of squareness and flatness in the mouldings, and the very pronounced effect of the sills, which have a course of foliage and moulding, and below this of trefoiled arcaded ornament, which in one shape or another is to meet the traveller everywhere in Northern Italy; either, as here, hanging on under the sills of windows, or else running up the sides of gables, forming string-courses and the like, but always unsatisfactory, because un-

meaning and unconstructional. The detail of the arcades supporting the upper part of the building is throughout bold and simple, and I should say of the thirteenth century; the bases are quite northern in their section, the caps rather less deep in their cutting, but still in their idea, and in the grouping of tufts of drooping foliage regularly one above the other, reminding one much of French and German work, though certainly not so good as this generally is. There is a flatness about the carving, too, which gives one the impression of a struggle, in the hand of the carver, between the Classic and Gothic principles, in which the latter never quite asserted the mastery.

The lesson to be learnt from such a building as this Broletto appears to me to be the excessive value of simplicity and regularity of parts carefully and constructionally treated; for there are no breaks or buttresses in the design, and all its elements are most simple, yet nevertheless most beautiful.

To the west of the Broletto is a good open staircase (much like that in the Piazza dei Signori at Verona), forming a portion of one side of the Piazza, and leading to the upper part of the buildings, and, I think, to the great clock-tower, which, gaunt and severe in its outline, undecorated and apparently uncared for, flings up its great height of rough stone wall boldly against the sky, and groups picturesquely with the irregular buildings around it. I believe that I have omitted to notice that the whole of the Broletto, with the exception of the window-shafts, is executed in stone, and without any introduction of coloured material, so that it in no way jars with the exquisite piece of coloured construction which we have next to examine, immediately behind it.

A few steps will take us under the open-arched and

cool space beneath the Broletto, and in face of the north porch and baptistery of Sta. Maria Maggiore.

This is a very fine early Romanesque church, with many additions and alterations, and indeed so much altered inside as to be quite uninteresting in regard to our present objects. The plan is cruciform, with apses to the choir, on the east and west sides of the south transept, on the east of the north transept, and at the west end of an additional north aisle; in all no less than five apsidal ends. The nave is of three bays with aisles, and to each transept have been added, in the early part of the fourteenth century, porches, thoroughly Italian in their whole idea, and novel to a degree in their effect upon an English eye.

A chapel, erected as a sepulchral chapel by Bartolomeo Colleone in the Renaissance style, on the north side of the nave, is most elaborately constructed of coloured marbles. The effect is too bizarre to be good, there is an entire absence of any true style in its design, and this makes it difficult to criticize it with much minuteness.

But the best and most striking feature in the whole church is the north porch,[1] a most elaborate structure of red, grey, and white marble, to which a drawing without colour can hardly do justice. It is supported upon detached marble shafts, whose bases rest upon the backs of rather grand-looking lions, curiously grouped with children and cubs. Above the arches which rest upon these shafts, and which, though circular, are elaborately cusped, is another stage divided by columns and trefoiled arches into three spaces, the centre of which is occupied by a noble figure of a certain Duke Lupus

[1] Mr. Hope, in his valuable 'History of Architecture,' gives the date of this porch as A.D. 1360, and says that it was designed by Giovanni Campellio. The church was built in A.D. 1134 by Maestro Fedro.

on horseback, with a saint on either side in the other divisions. All the shafts except those in the upper division are of red marble: the highest stage of all is entirely of grey marble: in the middle stage all the moulded parts are of red, and the trefoiled arches and their spandrels of grey marble: the space at the back of the open divisions and the wall over the main arches of the porch are built in courses of red and white marble. All the groining is divided into diamond-shaped panels, composed alternately of black, red, and white marble, all carved in the same kind of pattern. In the great arch of the porch the outer moulding is of red marble, and all the cusping of grey. The construction of the whole is very weak, and depends altogether for its stability upon iron ties in every direction.

The approach to the porch, by seven steps formed alternately of black and white marble, increases the impressiveness of the grand doorway in front of which it is built, the whole of which is of whitish marble, whose carved surfaces and richly moulded and traceried work have obtained a soft yellow colour by their exposure to the changing atmosphere, and are relieved by one—the central—shaft being executed in purest red marble. There are three shafts in each jamb, carved, twisted, and moulded very beautifully. These shafts are set in square recesses, ornamented, not with mouldings, but with elaborate flat carvings, in one place of saints, in another of animals, and with foliage very flat in its character, and mainly founded on the acanthus.

To an English eye these columns in the doorways are some of the most charming features of Italian architecture; but they must be always looked at as simply ornamental, and not as constructional features;

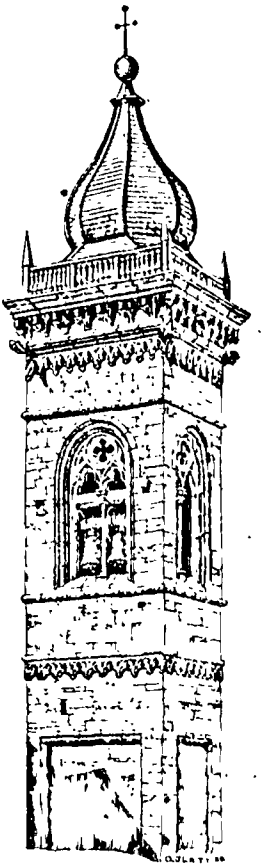
and perhaps in all doorways the shafts, being really incapable of supporting any considerable weight, would be better if, by their twisting and moulding, they were clearly shown by their architect to be meant to be ornamental only. In the Bergamo doorway the spaces between the shafts are so strong in their effect, though carved all over their surface, that any lightness in the shafts is amply atoned for. Such a porch as this northern porch at Bergamo is indeed a great treat to an ecclesiologist, teeming as it does with ideas so fresh and new, and in a small compass giving so much of the radical points of difference between northern and southern Gothic, and at the same time offering so beautiful a study of constructional colouring, that it is impossible to tire of gazing at it.

The south transept has also a porch, somewhat of the same kind, though smaller and simpler, but, like the other, apparently a monument as well as a porch. Neither of these porches is in the centre of the transepts, but placed quite to one side—a departure from the ordinary arrangement worthy of notice, and in this case not unsuccessful. Some of the Romanesque work is very noble. The apses are of two divisions in height, the lower adorned with very lofty, boldly-moulded arcades, above which is an elaborate cornice, and above this again a low arcade on detached shafts, behind which, the walls being considerably recessed, are galleries which leave a noble shadow. The capitals are elaborately carved, and the upper cornice is again very rich. Altogether, little as remains of the old fabric, it is enough to give an idea of a very noble and glorious phase of art. Near a doorway into the north chancel aisle the external walls have traces, faint and rapidly decaying, of some very exquisite frescoes.

The steeple is in a most unusual position—east,

namely, of the south transept—not less, I believe, than 300 feet high, and of good pointed character, very simple, and without any approach to buttressing, and remarkable as having an elaborately arcaded string-course a few feet below the belfry windows, which, by the way, have geometrical tracery enclosed within semi-circular arches.

Italian campaniles have quite a character of their own, so distinct from and utterly unlike the steeples of Northern Europe, that this, the first Gothic example I have seen, interested me exceedingly. Perhaps its detail was almost too little peculiar, if I may venture to say so; for certainly it has left no such impression of individuality or of beauty on my mind as has the wonderfully beautiful campanile to whose graces so much of the charm of Verona is due.



Campanile — Bergamo.

The cathedral at Bergamo may be dismissed in a word. It has been rebuilt within the last two hundred years, and is therefore, of course, uninteresting, and so far as I saw in no way deserving of notice. Beside S. Maria Maggiore and the Broletto we found little to see in Bergamo. Two churches—one in the Città, and another, desecrated, in the Borgo—had very good simple pointed doorways, with square-headed openings and carved tympana; but beyond these we saw scarce any trace of pointed work.

We had a luxuriously hot day in Bergamo, and, as we sat and sketched the Broletto, a crowd, thoroughly Italian in its composition and proceedings, gathered round us and gave us a first lesson in the penance which all sketchers must be content to undergo in Italy. Before long I found that my only plan was to start an umbrella as a defence both against the sun and the crowd, and this, though not entirely successful, still effected a great improvement.

The walk down the hill to the Borgo was more pleasant than the climb up, and we were soon at our inn again; and then, after a most delicious luncheon of exquisite fruit and coolest lemonade, concluded by a very necessary dispute with our landlord about the amount of his bill, ending, as such disputes generally do in Italy, with a considerable reduction in the charge and the strongest expressions of regard and good wishes for our welfare on our way, we mounted our carriage, and were soon on the road towards Brescia.

CHAPTER V.

"Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him?"—*Rogers.*

Pallazzolo — Coccaglio — Brescia: its new and old cathedrals, Broletto, and churches — A dusty road — Donato — Dezinzano — Peschiera — Verona.

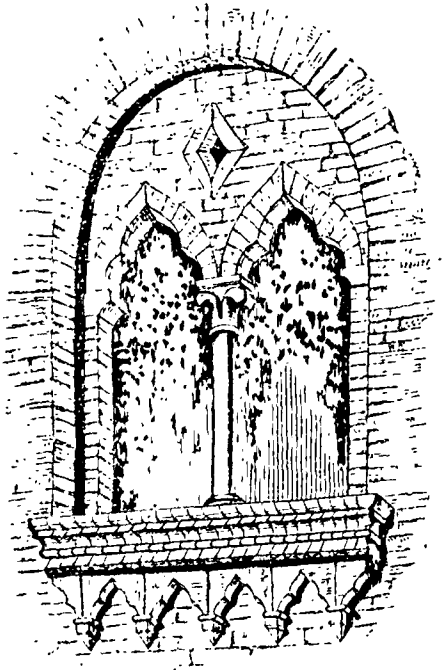
OUR drive from Bergamo to Brescia was strikingly unlike what we had hitherto been so much enjoying. Mile after mile of straight roads, between fields so closely planted with fruit-trees that one never sees more than the merest glimpse of anything beyond them, are certainly not pleasant; and the hot sun above us, and the thirsty and dry beds of rivers which we crossed on our way, made us feel glad when evening drew on, and we found ourselves rapidly nearing Brescia.

I made notes at two or three places on the way. At Pallazzolo is a great circular belfry, ornamented with a large figure at the top and divers others about its base, built of brick rusticated to look like stone, and altogether about as base a piece of architecture as could well be found, but pardoned here because of the glorious blue of the sky behind it, and partly on account of the view which it commands, reaching, it is said, as far as Milan, and including the great plain out of which, upon a slight hill, it rises. Pallazzolo is nicely situated, and upon the first of the many rivers which we had passed from Bergamo which had any

water in its bed. The houses, too, were almost all supported on arcades, giving pleasant shelter from the sun.

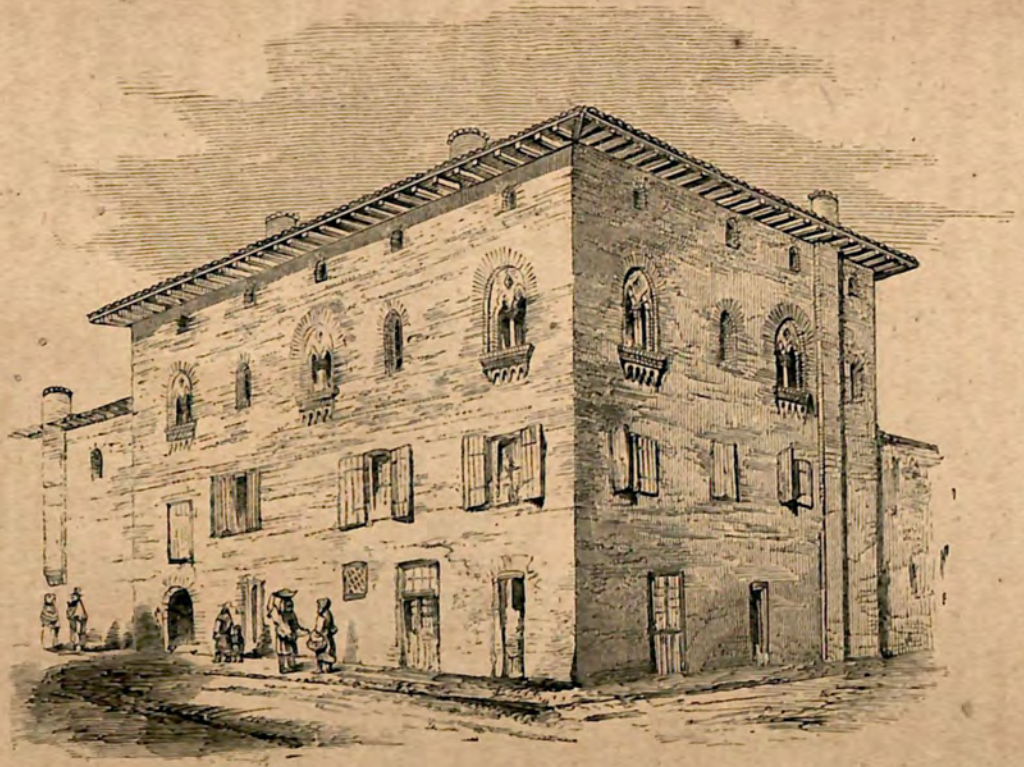
Beyond this we came to Coccaglio, a small village with a wretchedly bad modern church, glorying in a most glaringly sham front, and faced on the opposite side of the street by the remains of a mediæval church—whose place it has taken—shut up and rapidly going to ruin. The new church is built north and south—the old one orientating properly; but then the west front was the great feature of the church, and therefore it was necessary, of course, to place it towards the road! and so, what should be the west front faces due south!

Coccaglio still has, however, some very valuable remains of mediæval domestic work in its houses, of which I was able to obtain some sketches. They were I think entirely executed in brick and terra-cotta, except, of course, the capitals and shafts of the windows, and appeared to be of the fourteenth century.



Window — Coccaglio.

The upper portion of the house of which I give a sketch remains very fairly perfect, though its lower story has been entirely modernized. It will be seen that it is very regular in its design, the large and small windows alternating regularly; and



5—HOUSE AT COCCAGLIO

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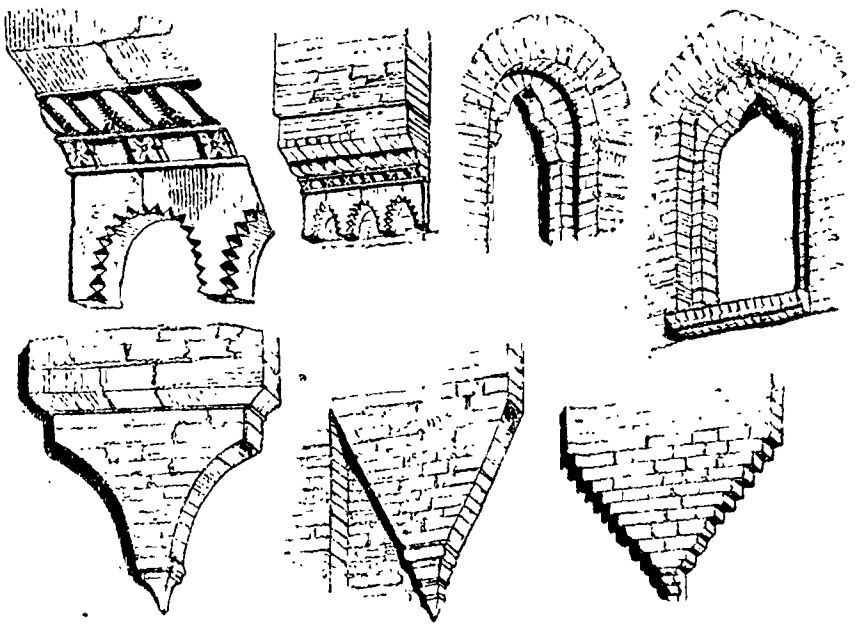
that semicircular arches are used in the windows in connection with ogee trefoils. This is one of the apparent inconsistencies which occur in almost all Italian pointed; and it does (if this be needed) seem to give us ancient authority for any amount of licence in our combination of the elements of what we ordinarily consider to be thoroughly different styles. The windows are marked by the same elaboration of their sills which we noticed in the Broletto at Bergamo, and the detail of these, as also of the corbelling out from the wall of several chimney-breasts, was exceedingly good.

In a back street in the village I found a house the balconies around which were corbelled forward on finely moulded beams, which, judging by the moulding, could hardly be of later date than the commencement of the fourteenth century.

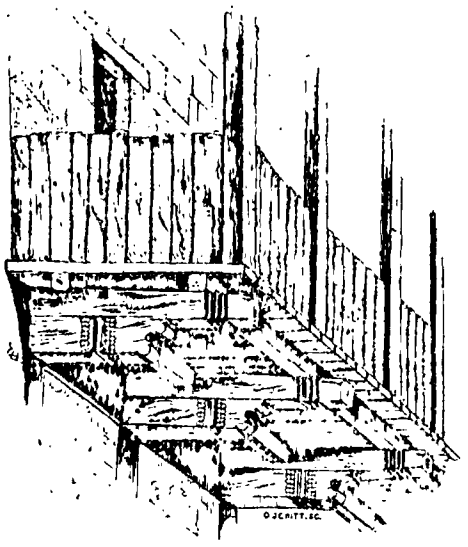
Wooden mouldings of this kind are much rarer in



Detail of windows and corbelling for chimneys — Coccaglio.

Italy than they are in the North, and I particularly notice this little relic, therefore, which still remains to show how well the science of moulding was sometimes understood even there.

Such a village as Coccaglio is, as I found afterwards, a place to be made much of; for, except in public buildings, and in such cities as Verona, Mantua, or Venice, one sees very little trace of any mediæval domestic work, beyond the perpetually recurring arcading under the houses which is so general a feature in all the towns in the north of Italy.



Wooden balcony — Coccaglio.

There is nothing further of any interest on the road, and just after sunset we reached Brescia, but too late to see anything of the general effect of the city.

Brescia is mainly famous, I believe, first for its connection with a story of the generosity of Bayard, the "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," and next for the large discoveries of Roman remains which have from time to time been made there. It is one of those towns, moreover, of which guide-books, with an immense list of churches and the pictures they contain, give perhaps too grand an idea before they have been seen.

It is, however, undoubtedly a place of much interest, not only for the antiquary, but also for the student

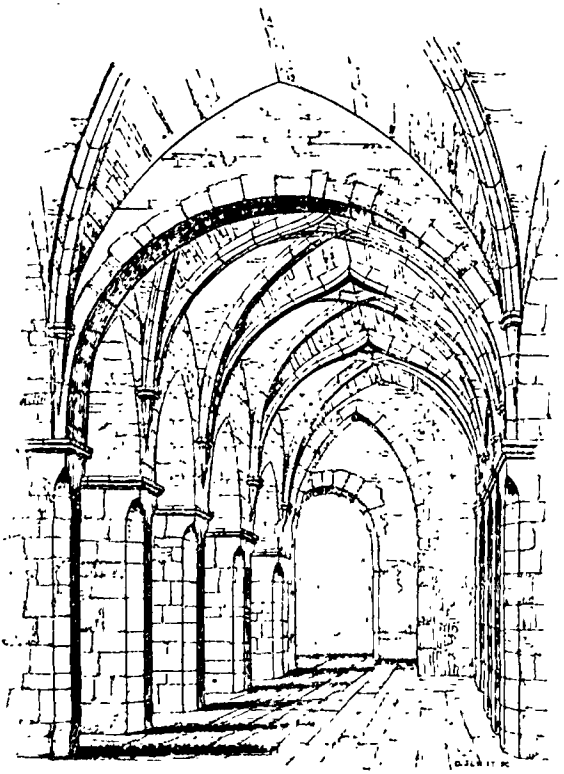
of Christian art, since, though its churches are many and bad, it has, in the Broletto, sadly mutilated as it is, the remains of one of the most extensive and grand of these buildings anywhere remaining, and almost entirely executed in very excellent brickwork.

Our first visit in the morning was to the Piazza, in which stand the two cathedrals—the old and the new—side by side, and just beyond them the front of the Broletto, stretching its great length up a slight hill and along a narrow lane beyond the Piazza, whilst at its angle, towering up between it and the cathedrals, stands a tall and rugged stone campanile, without break or window until at the top, where, just as at Bergamo, great rudely-arched openings are left, through which appear the wheels and works of the bells.

The new cathedral, approached by a flight of steps from the Piazza, has a great sham front. It has, moreover, a large dome, said to be inferior only in size to those of S. Peter's and the cathedral at Florence, but not prepossessing in its effect: nor did it seem to contain any pictures of much value. By a descent of some twenty steps from the south transept the old cathedral is reached. This is of very early date, and constructed partly in stone and partly in brick. The most remarkable feature is the nave, which is circular in plan, with an aisle round it; the central portion, divided by eight arches from the aisles, being carried up into a dome. The walls retain some fair mediæval monuments, and beneath the church is a large crypt. The whole air of the Duomo Vecchio was chill and dismal to a degree, neglected and dirty, and apparently shut up except for occasional services, and it left no pleasant impressions on our minds of our first Lombard cathedral; and yet undoubtedly there is both here and at Aix-la-Chapelle—where the plan of the cathedral is

so very similar—much to admire in the idea of the plan, and I can quite imagine that a very noble and glorious church might in any age have been founded upon this old Lombard type.[1]

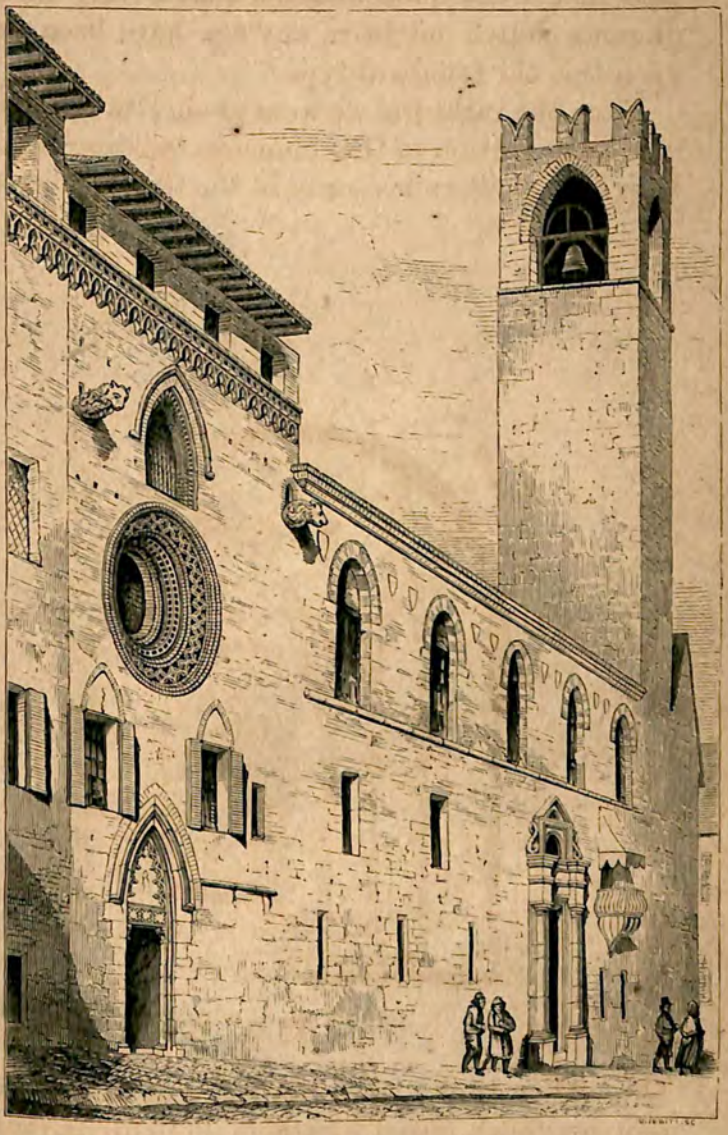
From the cathedral we went at once to the Broletto. The main portion of this immense building appears to have been built rather early in the thirteenth century.



. Cloister — Broletto, Brescia.

The arches throughout are both round and pointed, and very much mixed together; but this mixture pro-

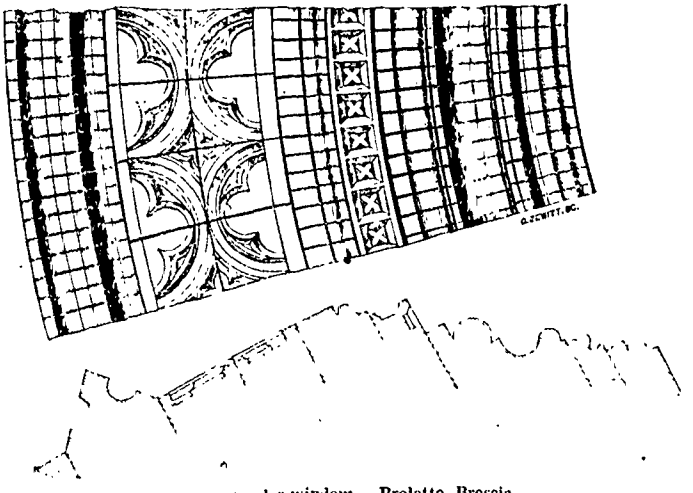
[1] S. Gereon, at Cologne, is a magnificent example of a church upon the same kind of plan; a grand choir projected from a decagonal nave, the effect of which is most noble. No doubt such a nave does more than merely suggest the possibility of adapting the dome to pointed buildings.



6.—BROLETTO, BRESCIA. Page 66.

bably does not betoken any diversity of date, as it would in England.

A large quadrangle is formed by the buildings, which has a cloister on two sides, and traces of another cloister on a third side now built up. The cloister still remaining on the east side is ancient and on a large scale: it opens to the quadrangle with simple pointed arches resting upon heavy piers, and a row of piers running down the centre divides it into two portions, so that it will be seen that its size is very considerable. The groining has transverse and diagonal ribs, the former being very remarkable, and, as not unfrequently seen in good Italian work, slightly ogeed; not, that is to say, regular ogee arches, but ordinary arches with the slightest suggestion only of an ogee curve in the centre. Of the external portion of the building the west front is the most perfect, and must always have been the most striking; it consists of a building containing in the upper story five windows, the centre being the largest and possibly once the Ringhiera; to the south of which rises the great

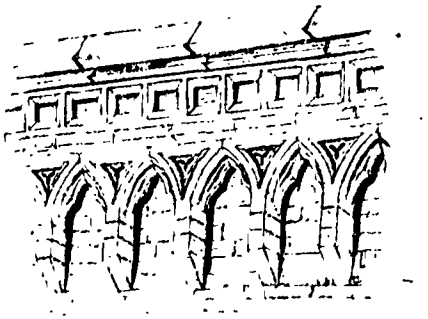


Detail of circular window — Broletto, Brescia.

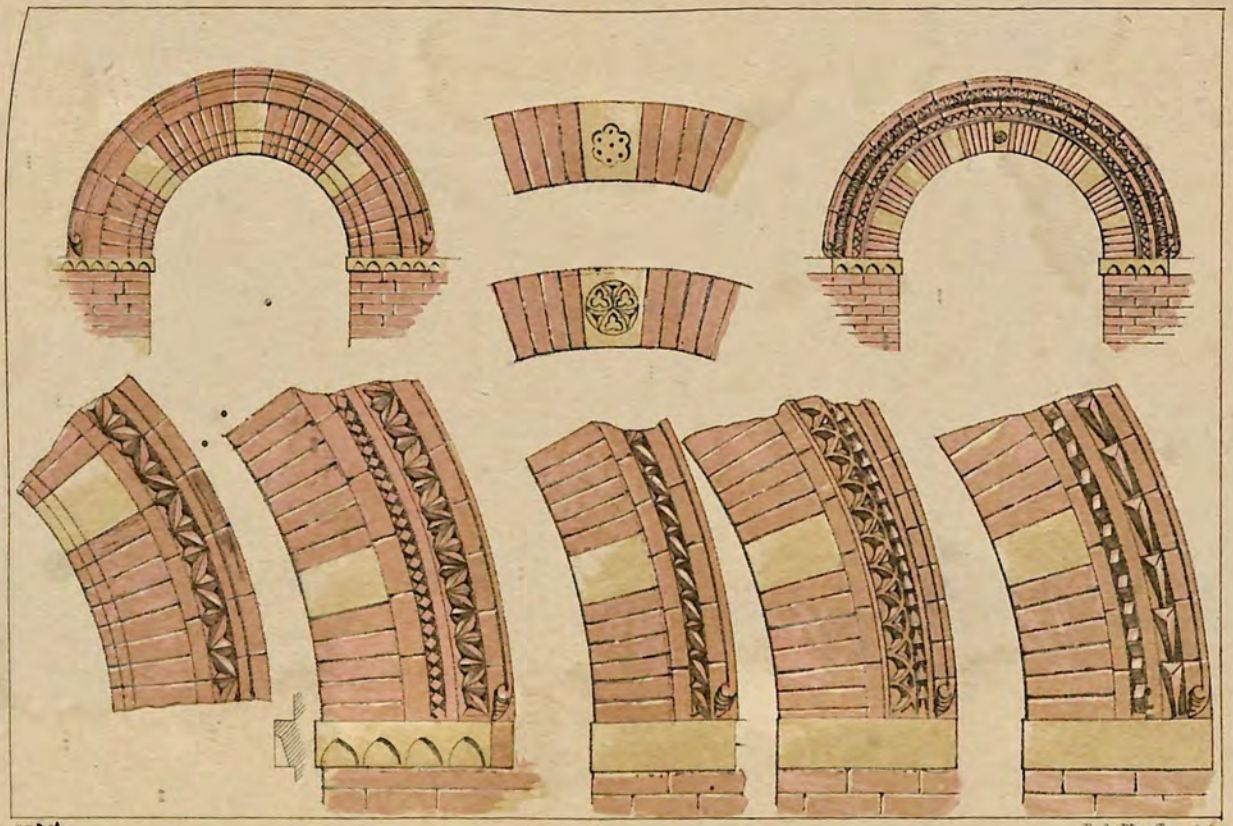
belfry of rough stone, and beyond that a wide building with traces—but no more—of original windows throughout; north of the building with the five windows is a very beautiful composition executed almost entirely in finely moulded bricks; it has an exquisite door with some traces of fresco in its tympanum, executed mainly in stone, of which I give a drawing, and a magnificent brick rose window, above which is a brick cornice which continues over the remainder of the west front, and along the whole of the north side.

Doorway — Broletto, Brescia.

The size of the building is prodigious, and certainly the detail of all the parts (excepting perhaps the cornice, which is of the common arcaded kind) is most beautiful and valuable. The brickwork is so good and characteristic that I have given several sketches of it. All



Brick cornice — Broletto, Brescia.

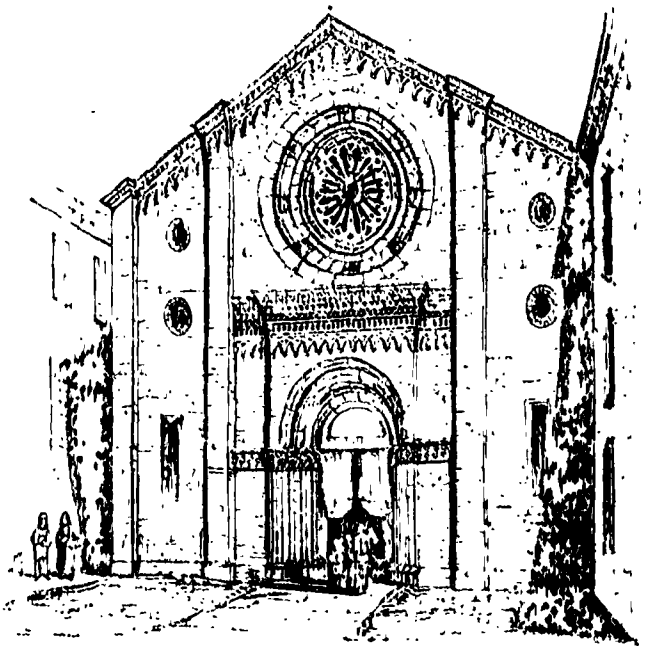


Ford & West. Chromolith.

BROLETTO - BRESCIA.

the arches have occasional voussoirs of stone, and the centre of the arch is always marked by a key-stone, and these are sometimes slightly carved to distinguish them from the other stone voussoirs. The abaci are of brick, moulded and very varied. The doorway given in the woodcut on the opposite page has stone jambs, caps and bases, lintel and outer arch, the label and cusps being of terra-cotta; above this the whole of this portion of the front is of brick, and very admirably built.

Of the churches of Brescia there seem to be but few of any interest: that of S. Francesco, of whose west front I give a sketch, is the best, and, though not of



S. Francesco — Brescia.

uncommon design, is worth notice; the mixture of white and black marble and brick is very judicious;

but I must protest once more against the arcaded eaves-cornices, which are very elaborate and heavy; nor can I bring myself to like the great flat gable, covering both nave and aisles, and divided only by pilaster strips, which characterizes so many mediæval Italian churches. In this west front of S. Francesco the cornices and the mouldings of the small circular windows are all of brick, and the rest of the front of stone, the rose window having voussoirs of black and white marble. The only other part of the church which appeared to be of any interest was a brick campanile on the north side of the choir: this had brick belfry windows, well treated with simple plate tracery.

The sun was at its hottest as we wandered about the streets of Brescia; but there was so much pleasure in the examination of the busy people who thronged its narrow tortuous streets, that we enjoyed it very much. In Italian towns too there is not much difficulty in finding the way; we ask the road to some church, and forthwith, in place of a long and not very intelligible direction, in which we are sure entirely to confuse our right hand with our left, the person we ask turns round with us, walks by our side, shows us our object, and, politely taking off his hat and bowing, takes leave of us. It was by such aid as this that we found the church of the Carmini, which is another very late pointed church; the west front is most fantastic and unpleasing, and the pinnacles composed of round bricks, disposed alternately over each other, and common in Verona as well as in Brescia, are very ugly; there is, however, a good simple cloister attached to the church on the north; it is of the same design as almost all in this part of the world, having simple round shafts with carved caps and circular

arches. There was another cloister beyond, which, like many others in these parts, appeared to be occupied by the ever-present Austrian soldiery.

One of the most picturesque spots in the city is the Piazza, at the end of which stands the Palazzo della Loggia: the effect on coming into it from the narrow streets in which we had been wandering was very pleasant, the large open space being surrounded with rather elaborate Renaissance work, with rich coloured sun-blinds projecting from the windows over the sunny pavement, which in its turn was thronged with people in picturesque attire selling fruit and vegetables. The streets are all arcaded, and some of them have considerable remains of frescoes on the exterior, giving much interest to the otherwise ugly walls; they have, however, suffered very greatly from exposure, and are only in places intelligible; still they give external colour, and are therefore valuable in one's recollections of Brescia.

Compared with Bergamo, Brescia has the air of a smarter and busier place; its streets are wider and better paved, and the smells which still greeted us were not quite so bad as there. The staple manufacture of the city seems to be that of copper vessels; shop after shop, indeed street after street, was full of coppersmiths' shops; the men all sitting at work, and keeping up a ceaseless din of hammering, in open shops, so that all the world may see them. Nor is the coppersmith's the only trade that loves publicity, for here as elsewhere the barbers' shops are very amusing, quite open in front, with perhaps a yellow curtain hanging down half way, affecting only to conceal the inviting interior, which however is always sufficiently visible, occupied in the centre by a chair, on which sits the customer gravely holding a soap-dish to his chin

whilst the barber operates; and this going on all day makes one begin to think that shaving is, after all, one of the great works of a man's time!

When we left Brescia the heat was intense; the road, too, was deep in dust to an extent not to be understood in England. There had been a drought of some weeks' duration, and the much-travelled road from Milan to Verona, along which our way now lay, plainly told the tale which the sad faces of every one as they talked about the failure of the vintage, and the dry, parched, cracked-looking earth on each side of our way, amply confirmed. Unluckily for ourselves we had not taken the advice of our driver to have a close vehicle, but had insisted upon having an open carriage, the consequence of which piece of self-will was that we had hard work, even with the aid of umbrellas and so forth, to protect ourselves from coups-de-soleil. We now learnt that in hot weather in Italy it is not always the best plan to have as much of the sun as one can get. In England it always is, but he who acts on his English experience —as we did—in Italy, will surely repent—as we did—his mistake.

We managed, however, to exist through the clouds of dust, relieved perhaps by the sight of a regiment of swarthy and debauched-looking Austrian soldiers marching through the sun and dust, many of them with their knapsacks and arms, but all with great-coats on to preserve their white uniforms. When we saw them we could not help contrasting our relative lots, and then, feeling how much worse off they were than ourselves, we went on a little more contentedly than before. The road, too, became slightly more interesting; instead of miles upon miles of straight lines, we had a more winding way, and after a time

occasional beautiful glimpses of the mountains which marked to us the situation of the Lago di Garda.

We drove without stopping through Donato, a place of no interest apparently save for the huge dome of its church, and then, passing under a very fine viaduct which carries the railway (which soon after our return home was opened) above the road upon a noble range of pointed arches, we commenced the descent towards the town of Dezinzano, beyond and above whose roofs stretched the beautiful expanse of fair Lago di Garda, with its great calm surface, and glorious group of distant mountains hemming in with picturesque and irregular outline its upper end.

We soon reached the wretched and desolate streets of the town, and, diving into the dark court of the not over-clean looking hotel, gave ourselves up for a couple of hours to the contemplation of the quiet loveliness of the scene. The contrast between the flat shores of the lower part of the lake and the mountains which crowd around its upper end is very striking, and to this it is that Dezinzano owes all that it has of interest. We strolled out for a short time, looked at washerwomen kneeling in small tubs on the edge of the lake, and washing their linen upon the smooth face of the stones which pave its shore, and then went on, as in duty bound, to look into the church. This we found to be neither very old nor very interesting, but curious as illustrating the extent to which, in Italy, the practice is sometimes carried of putting altars in every direction without reference to their orientation. Here the high altar and some others faced due south, whilst most of the remaining ones faced east, and I think scarcely one west! We waited patiently for our horses to bait about a couple of hours, and then, finding from our host that if we wished to sleep in

Verona we must be there before the gates were shut, and the afternoon being already far spent, we urged our driver to expedite his proceedings, and, jumping into our carriage, were soon again on our way, enjoying the cooler air and the less dusty roads all the more by contrast with what we had suffered in the early part of the day.

We soon passed through Peschiera, a small but very completely fortified place, situated just where the Mincio falls out of the lake, and then slowly and steadily made our way on to old Verona. This part of our ride was most glorious, mainly on account of a sunset such as I never saw before, and such as, I suppose, only Italy ever knows; lasting, moreover, so long, now fading and now again lighting up the sky and mountains, that it hardly seemed as if the glorious light could bear to part from so fair an earth! Part, however, it did at last; and then, as we anxiously questioned our driver about our distance from Verona, we found that he did not expect to be there in time to get within its walls before the gates were closed. This, however, would not do, and so, by dint of much talking, we got him to urge on his tired horses, and in good time we rumbled over a drawbridge and through a frowning gateway, gave up our passport to an Austrian soldier, drove by a large barrack, then before the grand old front of S. Zenone, by the gloomy walls of the old castle, into a street of palaces, long, narrow, and gloomy-looking, then under a narrow archway into the centre of the city, and still on and on until at last in the narrowest part we turn sharp round, and the Torre di Londra opens its hospitable arms for our reception. We are absolutely at last in Verona, and at last, as we deem, in the closest neighbourhood with the best Italian pointed work that we are to see.

8.—CAMPANILE, PALAZZO SCALIGERI, VERONA. Page 76.

CHAPTER VI.

" Come, go with me—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona."—*Romeo and Juliet*, act i. scene 2.

Verona: Campanile of the Palazzo dei Signori — Sta. Anastasia — Monuments — Piazza dell' Erbe — The Duomo — Sta. Maria l'Antica — Cemetery and palace of the Scaligers — Domestic architecture — Piazza di Brà — The Austrians — Ponte di Castel-Vecchio — S. Zenone — S. Fermo Maggiore — Chapel near the Duomo — Romeo and Juliet — Dwarfs — Wells.

We reached Verona on a Saturday night, and were up early on Sunday morning, anxious to get a general idea of the city. But I was no sooner out of my bed than I saw, over the roofs of the opposite buildings, the glorious campanile of the Palazzo dei Signori, a magnificent, lofty, simple, and almost unbroken piece of brickwork, rising, I suppose, at least three hundred feet into the air, and pierced with innumerable scaffold-holes, in and out of which, as we looked, flew countless beautiful doves, whose choice of a home in the walls of this tall Verona tower will make me think kindly of putlog-holes for the future. Certainly, if the Italian and English principles of tower-building are to be compared with one another, the Italian need give no fairer example of its power than this wonderfully simple and grand erection.

It rises, as we found afterwards, out of a large pile of buildings, and for a short distance above their roofs is built in alternate courses of brick and a very warm-

coloured stone, and then entirely in brick, pierced with only one or two small openings, and terminating with a most gloriously simple belfry stage; the belfry windows, with their arches formed without mouldings and with the sharp edges only of brick and stone used alternately, are divided into three lights by coupled shafts of shining marble; the shafts, being coupled one behind the other, and thus giving strength with great lightness, are very striking in their effect. They have, too, remarkably large balconies, but without balustrading of any kind. The upper and octangular stage of the campanile is I think comparatively modern, but perhaps rather improves the whole effect.

I could hardly tear myself away from this glorious fellow, but much more was to be seen, so I dallied not long before I set forth on a journey of discovery, giving myself up gladly to heat and ecclesiology.

The first thing seen on turning out of the Torre di Londra is the west front of the church of Sta. Anastasia, looking so beautiful at the end of the narrow street whose dark shade contrasts with the bright sunshine which plays upon its noble arched marble doorway and frescoed tympanum, and lights up by some kind of magic the rough brickwork with which the unfinished church has been left, that, as you gaze, thoughts pass across your mind of portions of some lovely painting or some sweeter dream; you feel as though Fra Angelico might have painted such a door in a Paradise, and as though it were too fair to be real. There, however, it is, rich and delicate in colour, shining with all the delicate tints of the red marble of Verona, pure and simple in its softly-shadowed mouldings, beautiful in its proportions, and on a nearer approach revealing through the dark shade of its opening, and over and beyond the people who early

and late throng in and out, the vague and misty forms of the glorious interior.

Sta. Anastasia is altogether about the noblest pointed church in the north of Italy,[1] and deserves, therefore, a rather detailed description. The plan is very simple —a nave of seven bays, one of which is the crossing of the transept, a very short choir of one bay with an apse of five sides, and two chapels on the east side of each transept. The nave aisles are very narrow, and the whole design is characterised by intense simplicity of detail and arrangement. The great width of the nave, and the great height of the columns and arches, give, on entering, an idea of vast space and size. The columns are very simple, cylindrical in section, and support arches built of brick, and only chamfered at the edge; from the caps of the columns flat pilasters run up to the commencement of the groining, and above the nave arcades there are two small circular openings, one in the place of a triforium opening into the roof of the aisle, the other above it, filled in with plate tracery in stone, and forming the only apology for a clerestory.

The whole is so simple that it depends very much for its effect on the painting which covers almost every part of it, and which harmonizes well with the architectural lines.

The decorations appear to have been done, or, at any rate, commenced, within a short period of the completion of the church, and are therefore very valuable. The ground of the painting is white, many of the patterns of borders and the like being very elaborate compositions of flowers and foliage. The main arches are painted to represent voussoirs of red

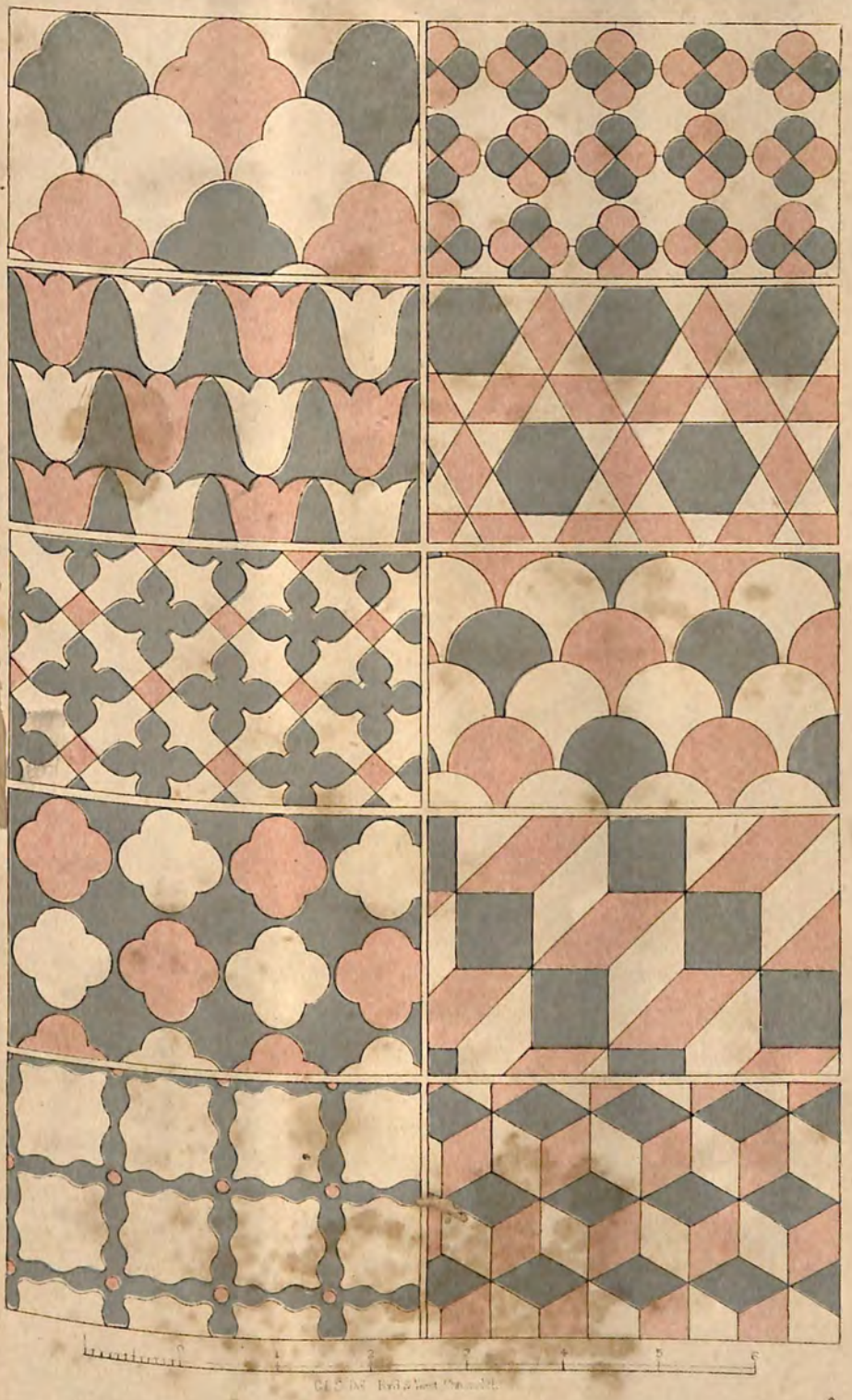
[1] I mean the noblest distinctly Italian church in the north of Italy: Milan cathedral is, no doubt, nobler, but hardly at all distinctively Italian.

brick and stone, but I am inclined to think that they are really entirely of brick; their soffits, which are very broad and flat, are all painted with large scroll patterns of foliage. In the groining the diagonal ribs are painted at the intersection with stripes of colour alternating with white, and on each side of all the ribs a wide border of foliage is painted, whilst in the centre of each groining-cell some large device is painted in a medallion, some of these being merely ornamental, others having figures. The detail of much of the painting is cinquecento in its character, and not valuable as an example to be literally copied,[1] but its general effect is certainly very beautiful, and it is worthy of all praise in respect of the strictness with which it is kept subservient to the architecture, and in some respects, indeed, even serves to atone for its deficiencies, as *e. g.* in the broad painted horizontal borders, which take the place, very successfully, of brick or stone string-courses, which in the construction are entirely omitted.

It surprised me, I confess, very much to find a church painted throughout without any use of gold, and yet with good result; yet so it is; the effect is most solemn and religious, and very rich in colour, and I think there is absolutely no gold used; the fact is, that the white ground answers the purpose in a degree, though of course not to the full extent that gold would.

But if the walls are beautiful in their colour, not less so is the pavement, which, from one end of the church to the other, remains to this day to all appear-

[1] This painting seems to have been followed to a considerable extent in the painting of the chapel at Merton College, Oxford. Admirable drawings of it have been published by Mr. Grüner, and I have thought it better therefore not to engrave my sketches of the interior.



SANTA ANASTASIA. VERONA.

Pavements.

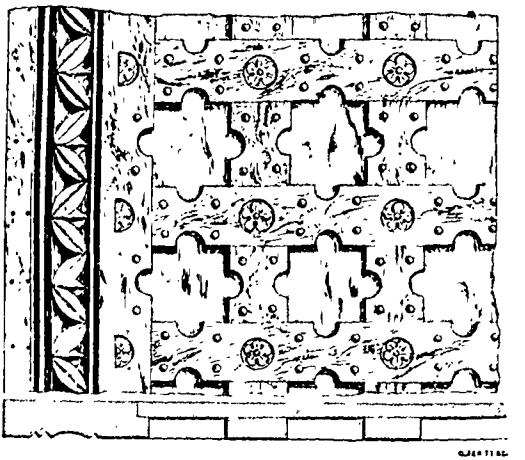
ance just as it was on the day that the church was finished. The nave and transepts are all in one pattern, the spaces between the columns in a variety of beautiful patterns, and divided from the nave and aisle pavements by a strip of white marble on each side, and the aisles again are in the same pattern. The colours of the marbles used are white, red, and bluish grey, and there is a quiet richness of effect in their arrangement which is exceedingly beautiful. Such a pavement must unhappily be for ever Italian, and we in England can scarce hope ever to attain to anything so exquisite; but we do not well to forget that by the mixture of a small quantity only of marble with our encaustic tiles we should attain to much greater beauty of effect than we can by the use of tiles alone, and there are many towns—as *e. g.* Plymouth—the very pavement of whose streets is of a material which might most advantageously be introduced, as it has not yet been, inside the walls of our sanctuaries, as well as under the feet of every passer along the streets.

The window tracery of Sta. Anastasia is rather singular, thoroughly plate tracery, consisting apparently of mere piercings through the stone without moulding: most of the windows are of two very lofty trefoiled lights with circles and trefoils pierced above, very simple and severe, and remarkable for the quaint way in which the cusping is arranged, not with some reference to vertical lines, as is ordinarily the case with us, but just as fancy or chance seems to have dictated.

There is a curious but not very happily treated arrangement inside—a step all round the inside walls, projecting some three or four feet from them, and panelled all round against the riser, with a small trefoil arcading: the whole of it is in red marble.

Externally the church is almost entirely built in red

brick with rich cornices: the windows have brick jambs with stone tracery, and on the north side of the choir is a fine lofty campanile, finished at the top with a low octangular capping, very plain, and unpierced with openings, except in the belfry stage. Of the west front



Door-frame — Sta. Anastasia.

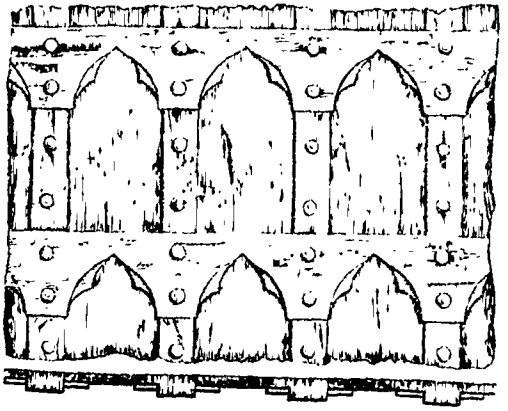
only the doorway has been completed; this is in courses of red, grey, and white marble, and most effective: the rest of the front is left in brick finished exceedingly roughly with a view to leaving a key for the marbles with which, no doubt, it was intended to veneer the entire front. The wooden framework of this door, of which I give a detail, is very curious; it is of deal, coëval with the doorway, and the framework is external, not internal.

On the morning on which we first saw Sta. Anastasia we went in just as a sermon was concluded at which a portion of an Austrian regiment had been present. We found them ranged in order in the nave; several words of command were loudly given, the men *put on their hats,* shouldered arms, moved into marching order, and then marched out of church.

The west front of the church stands in a small piazza, on the north side of which is the little church of S. Pietro Martire, between the east end of which and Sta. Anastasia is a wall dividing a small burial-ground from the Piazzetta; on the top of this wall, and supported upon corbels, is one of those monuments peculiarly associated with Verona, because so numerous there, though they are often met with elsewhere in Italy: they are either large pyramidal canopies supported upon trefoiled arches resting on four marble shafts, with a kind of sarcophagus or an effigy beneath; or else, when attached to a wall, they have two detached shafts supporting the same kind of trefoiled arch and surmounted by a flattish pediment. Their effect is almost invariably beautiful in the extreme, and their one radical and condemning defect is, that they all require to be held together by rods of iron connecting the capitals of the columns. This, however, is soon forgotten when one feels that there is no pretence ever or anywhere at its concealment. Notwithstanding this defect, one cannot help loving and admiring them; for there is a grace and beauty about the form and proportion of the Veronese trefoiled arch, such as is never seen, I think, elsewhere, and the very flatness of the carving and the absence of deep moulding seem all adopted in order that nothing may interfere with the simple beauty of the outline of the arch. In this case the monument is supported on a large slab of stone corbelled forward and balanced upon the top of a thin wall over the archway which leads into the churchyard of San Pietro. Four shafts with sculptured capitals, resting on the angles of this slab, support four trefoiled arches, those at the ends wider than the others, and almost destitute of moulding save that the outer line of the arch has a broad band of delicate sculpture all round

it. The arch terminates in a kind of small cross, and above on each side is a very flat pediment, moulded and finished on the under side with one of the favourite Italian arcaded corbel-tables; the finish is a heavy pyramidal mass of stone rising from behind the pediments. The four bearing-shafts are of white marble, all the rest of the monument of red. Within the four supporting shafts stands a kind of sarcophagus, supported on the backs of couchant lions, very plain, but ornamented at the angles in very classic fashion and bearing a recumbent effigy.

The church of S. Pietro has three or four smaller monuments of the same type enclosed within its small court-yard; but the finest is the one I have just described, as one of the features of the Piazzetta of Sta. Anastasia on the wall over the entrance to the churchyard. The church itself is small but interesting; it is of brick with a stone canopy on shafts corbelled out above the west door; the buttresses are mere pilasters, and run up without any weathering till they finish in an arcaded corbel-table at the eaves; the windows have wide brick splays outside, and trefoil heads of stone without any chamfer or moulding; on the south side,



Door-frame—S. Pietro Martire.

the church—in point of size a mere chapel—is divided into four bays, one of which has a monument corbelled out by the side of the window. It is built entirely of red brick, and not relieved by coursing in any way, except that the window arches are in alternate voussoirs of brick and stone. The wooden framework of the west door deserves notice as being very unlike the English mode of door-framing, and very good in its effect. The accompanying sketch will best explain it: and it must be understood that, instead of being internal, as such framing is in England, in this example it is external, just as in the somewhat similar door of Sta. Anastasia, of which I have already made mention.

Turning back from the Piazzetta of Sta. Anastasia, and traversing again the narrow and gratefully shady street by which we reached it, we soon found ourselves at the end of the Piazza dell' Erbe, the most picturesque square in the city, and at an early hour on Sunday morning quite a sight to be seen. The whole open space was as full as it could be of dealers in vegetables and fruits, each of them protecting himself and his stores from the intense glare of the sun under the shade of a prodigious umbrella, at least five times as large as any of ordinary size, and certainly five times as bright in its colours, the prevailing colour being a very bright red; altogether it was a thoroughly foreign scene. The houses, some ancient, but all picturesque and irregular, surrounding the irregularly-shaped Piazza, the magnificent campanile of the Scaligeri Palace rising proudly behind the houses on the left, the fountain in the centre, and the great column of pure Veronese marble rising close to us, which at one time bore the winged lion—mark of the dominion of the Venetians—all combine to produce a very striking picture. An hour or two later in the day when we passed, the people,

the umbrellas, and the fruit were all gone, and somewhat of the charm of the place was gone with them.

From the Piazza dell' Erbe we went to the cathedral, anxious to see and hear somewhat of the service. There was a great throng of people, and we had some difficulty in finding even standing-room among them; we were not at all sorry, however, to have gone, for we came in for a sermon most energetically preached, and enforcing in very powerful language the necessity of repentance. The pulpit was very large, and as the preacher delivered his sermon he walked from side to side, and often repeated again to those on his left the substance of what he had already said to those on his right. The people, who crowded every available place within hearing, were exceedingly silent and attentive; and at intervals the preacher stopped for a minute to cough and use his handkerchief, which was a signal for an immediate general blowing of noses and coughing all over the church. The "*E ben infelici!*" with which he commenced his sermon, was a good index to its whole tone, and makes me remember with pleasure the vast crowd listening to Christian doctrine in the grand nave of the Duomo. Would that we could see any prospect of the day when in England our larger churches may be used in this way, when, with pews and all their concomitant evils swept away, we may see a vast crowd standing and sitting, leaving no passage-way and no waste room, anxious only that they may, by pressing near, hear every word of warning and of advice! The nave of Westminster, so thronged, would soon show how great has been our mistake in leaving our large churches so long unused.

The Duomo is really a very noble church, Romanesque in its shell, but altered completely internally in the fourteenth century. The columns in the interior

are very lofty, of red marble, and, instead of being plain and cylindrical, as at Sta. Anastasia, are clustered and very noble in their effect. Their capitals are, however, very heavy, and the carving of the foliage on them not satisfactory. The whole interior is very solemn, and specially beautiful on this bright September day, with almost all the light excluded by red damask curtains—here and there a stray gleam of the most intensely bright light finding its way through some chink, lighting up with sudden brilliancy the deep cool shade, and, reflected from the bright surface of some great marble shaft, suggesting the grandeur which can hardly really be seen.

The choir is divided from the nave by a screen of marble, consisting of detached columns with Ionic capitals and a continuous cornice, the whole screen semicircular in plan, and coming forward into the nave. This, the work of Sanmicheli, is certainly about the most effective work of this kind and age that I have seen.

The west front of the Duomo is still in the main original. It has a noble porch supported on shafts (whose bases rest on the backs of lions), and of two stages in height, a flat pediment surmounting the upper space. Another flat pedimental cornice is carried over the whole front at the same level; but out of this rises above the central portion a wall the width of the nave and height of the clerestory, which is again surmounted by a third flat pediment—a confused and not very graceful arrangement, which found an imitator in Palladio, when he built that ugliest of fronts, the west end of S. Giorgio Maggiore at Venice.

The windows at the ends of the aisles are very Italian in their character. They are insertions in the wall of two narrow lights within an enclosing arch,

which is again surrounded by a square line of moulding. The effect of this not uncommon Italian arrangement is exceedingly unsatisfactory, as it appears to make the window with its arch and tracery quite independent, constructively, of the wall in which it is placed, and, as it were, merely veneered on the face of the wall.

On the north side of the cathedral is a cloister of good detail, and originally of two stages in height, but considerably altered in parts. It is exceedingly similar to the noble cloister of San Zenone, which I must describe presently.

And now that we have visited two of the great churches, we must no longer delay our visit to the church of Sta. Maria l'Antica, whose small burial-ground is fenced from the busy thoroughfares, which on two sides bound it, by an iron railing of most exquisite design, divided at intervals by piers of stone on whose summits stand gazing upwards as in prayer, or downwards as in warning to those who pass below, a beautiful series of saintly figures. Within, a glorious assemblage of monuments meets the eye—one over the entrance doorway, the others either towering up in picturesque confusion above the railing which has been their guardian from all damage for so many centuries, or meekly hiding their humility behind the larger masses of their companions.

The monuments are all to the members of one family —the Scaligeri—who seem to have risen to power in the thirteenth century, and to have held sway in Verona until almost the end of the fourteenth. In this space of time it was, therefore, that these monuments were erected, and they are consequently of singular interest, not only for the excessive beauty of the group of marble and stone which, in the busiest highway of

the city, among tall houses and crowds of people, has made this churchyard, for some five hundred years, the central point of architectural interest, but because they give us dated examples of the best pointed work during nearly the whole time of its prevalence in Verona. In the monument of the first Duke we see the elements of that beauty which, after ascending to perfection in that of another, again descends surely and certainly in the monument of Can Signorio, the largest and most elaborate of all, and, therefore, I am afraid, the most commonly admired, but the one which shows most evidence of the rise of the Renaissance spirit, and the fall of true art. Nor is it, I think, to be forgotten, as an evidence of the kind of moral turpitude which so often precedes or accompanies the fall of art, that this Can Signorio first murdered his own brother Cangrande II. that he might obtain his inheritance, and then, before he died, erected his own monument, and adorned it with effigies of SS. Quirinus, Valentine, Martin, George, Sigismund, and Louis, together with allegorical figures of the Virtues with whom he of all men had least right to associate himself in death, when in life he had ever despised them; and the inscription, which records the name of the architect on this monument, does but record the vanity of him who was content thus to pander to the wretched Can Signorio's desire to excuse the memory of his atrocious life by the sight of an immense cenotaph.

The tomb of Cangrande I. forms the portal of the church as well as the monument of the first and greatest of the family. It is perhaps altogether the least faulty of all; the shafts which bear the pyramidal canopy are supported on corbels; between them is a simple sarcophagus sculptured with basreliefs, and upon it lies Cangrande with his arms

crossed in resignation and faith. At the top of the pyramidal covering is the figure of the brave knight riding forth to war on his gaily caparisoned steed.

Next to this monument in date, as in merit, is that of Mastino II., wanting perhaps in some of the severe simplicity of the other, but even more striking, as it stands at the angle of the cemetery, and a thoroughly grand, lofty, and noble erection. It is of two stages in height, the lower unimportant, and only serving as a means of raising the monument sufficiently high to be well seen from the exterior; upon this stand four shafts, between which, and supported upon four much smaller shafts, is the sarcophagus which supports the recumbent effigy, at whose head stand angels with expanded wings[1] guarding the deceased. The sarcophagus is adorned with bas-reliefs—that on the west side being the Crucifixion—and engaged angle-shafts. The four main bearing-shafts at the angles of the monument have finely-carved caps with square abaci from which rise nobly simple trefoiled arches with steep pediments on each side filled with sculpture in relief, and between these are exquisitely simple niches, each a miniature reproduction of the entire monument, and containing between their delicate detached shafts figures of saints, the whole being finished with a heavy pyramidal capping, crocketed at the angles with crockets so abominable in their shape and carving that they go far to spoil the entire noble work, and surmounted by the figure of the Capitano del Popolo, spear in hand, riding on his war-horse; the horse and horseman riding with their faces towards the setting sun, as all in life must ever ride; the effigy below lying so that at the last day the beams of the

[1] The wings of these angels are of metal, though the figures are themselves of marble.

day-star in the east may first meet its view, and awaken him that sleepeth here in peace.

This contrary position of the figure in life and in death, observed also in others of these monuments, is an evidence of the care and thoughtfulness with which every detail of these noble works was wrought out.

The monument of Can Signorio is not worthy of so long a description; it is octagonal in its plan, and in many respects below the idea shadowed out so beautifully in the others; and the reduplication of niches and gables, far from improving, only perplexes the design; and when to this is added that the carving throughout, as well as the other details, shows strong signs of a leaning towards Renaissance, one may see some reason why this, the most elaborate and complicated of all the monuments, is after all far from being the most successful.

Mastino II. died in the year 1351, and we may therefore, I think, look upon his monument as a fair enough example of Italian architecture just at the period at which in England it had reached its culminating point; a careful examination of it cannot, therefore, be thrown away. In the first place, I must notice that the sculpture, which has the air of being rather sparingly used as too sacred a thing to be idly or profusely employed, is exceedingly good. The foliage is almost always very closely copied from natural forms, very thin and delicate in its texture, and thus really presenting to the gazer that idealized petrifaction of nature which it ought always to be the sculptor's effort to give, and not, as is, I fear, too frequently the case, even in good English work, so profusely scattered over the whole surface as to give one a sense of its lack of great value. The worst part of the carving is, as I

have before said, that of the crockets, which are as bad as the worst modern Gothic could be. The sculpture of the human figure is throughout very noble; remarkable for simple, bold, deep folds in the draperies, quite Gothic in its spirit, and much more akin to our best fourteenth-century work than to any classic examples.

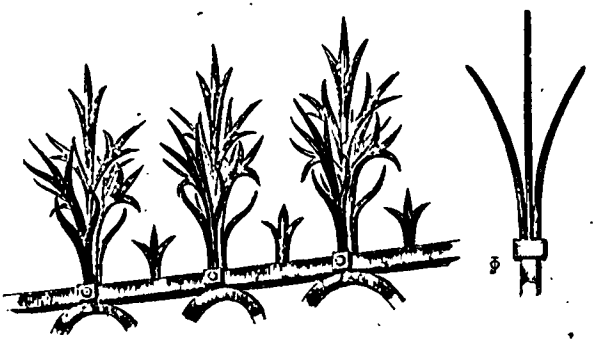
As an example of the science of moulding this work is however valueless; there is absolutely no moulding upon it; and why should there be? Would it have been well that the lovely marble, whose brilliant white gloss was sure ere long to be stained with dark streaks of black by the beating of rain and the staining of age, whilst here and there the white would stand out more brilliantly than ever,—would it have been well, I say, that this should have been still further streaked with deep lines of many mouldings? Most assuredly not: the architect had to deal with a material which best takes its polish and exhibits its beauty and purity when used in flat surfaces and in shallow carving, and he did right therefore in not moulding it as he would have moulded stone.

But the grand point in which such work is an example to us is in the value which it shows us that we ought to place upon the simple detached circular shaft, and, next, in the beauty and strength of effect which the cusping of a large arch in a proper manner gives. In these two points this monument and all its class teach us a lesson which we ought not to be unwilling to learn, and which, if we at all wish to develop beyond the point at which our own ancestors ever arrived, we must not fail to adopt in our own work.

There is a sharpness and hardness about the lines of the arches however which perhaps almost verges upon rudeness, and, though I can see that it may be fairly

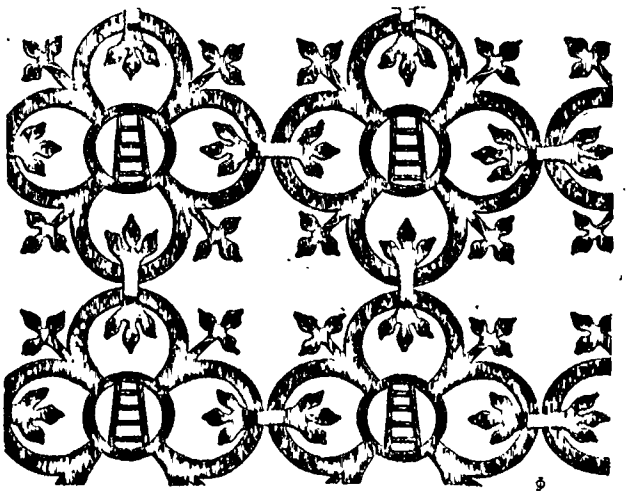
defended, I could yet wish that it might have been softened.

And now I must bid farewell to this lovely spot, the most attractive certainly, to me, in Verona. The situation of the monuments, rather huddled together, with the old church behind them, the archway into the Piazza dei Signori on the other side, and the



Crest of metal railing — Verona.

beautiful iron grille which surrounds them, the number of saintly and warlike figures, and the confused mass of pinnacle and shaft, half obscured by the railing,

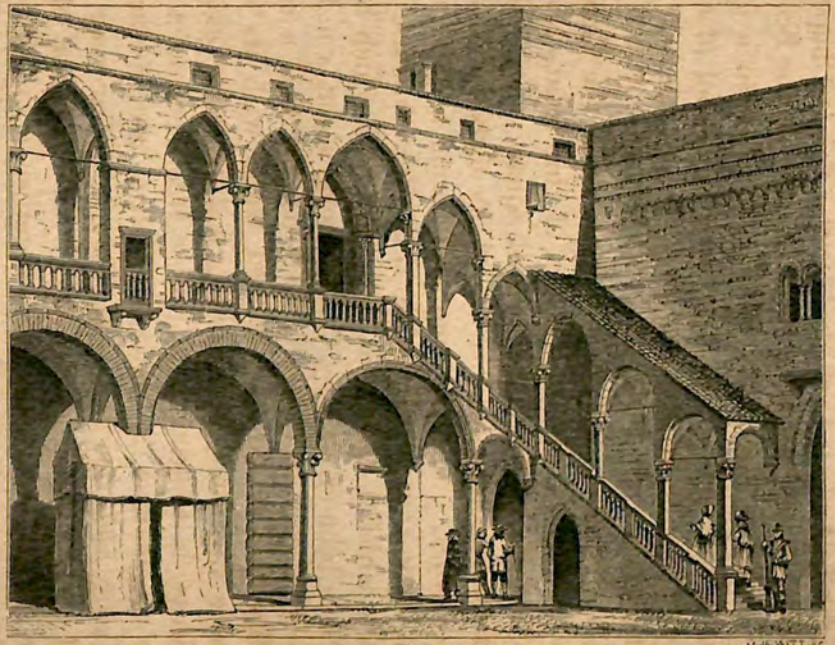


Metal railing — Verona.

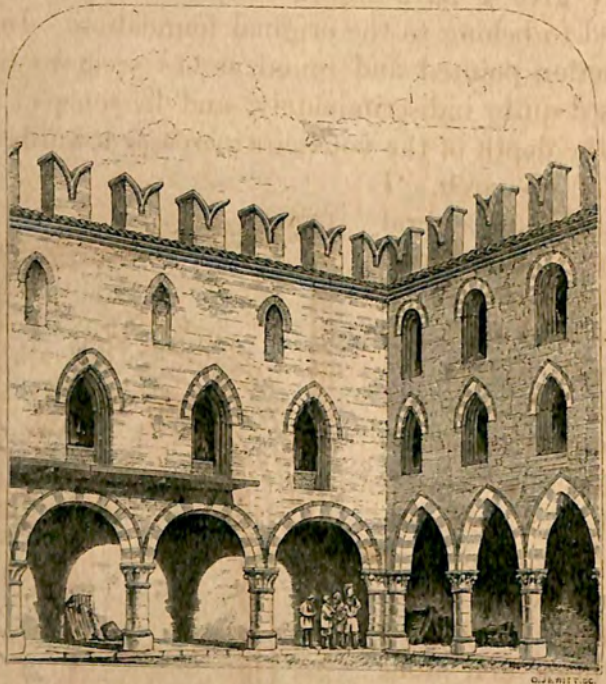
do, I verily believe, make the cemetery of Sta. Maria l'Antica one of the most striking spots in the world for the study of Christian art in perfection. What either Cologne Cathedral, or Ratisbon, or the Wiesen-Kirche at Soest is to Germany, the Choir of Westminster Abbey or the Chapter-House at Southwell to England, Amiens Cathedral or the Sainte Chapelle of Paris to France, that is the Cemetery of the Scaligeri in Verona to Italy,—the spot, *i. e.*, where at a glance the whole essence of the system of a school of artists may be comprehended, lavished on a small but most stately effort of their genius.

Close to their burial-place stands also the Palace of the Scaligers. The old portion of this fronts towards the Piazza dei Signori, a small square used only by foot-passengers, and surrounded by elaborate Renaissance work. The building still forms a quadrangle, out of one angle of which rises the immense campanile which I have already noticed, and which is said to have been erected by Can Signorio about A.D. 1368, though I confess I should have thought that a rather earlier date would have tallied better with its style. Beside this the most striking feature is the external staircase in the courtyard, whose treatment, of a kind not uncommon in ancient Italian architecture, is striking and very beautiful, though I fear very weak and unstable, if I may judge by the number of the iron bars by which it is held together.

In a street close to the monuments of the Scaligers, whose name I have forgotten, but in a line with the Vicolo Cavaletto, I found a most valuable example of domestic work in a very fairly perfect state. As far as I could make it out, it consisted originally of three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side towards the

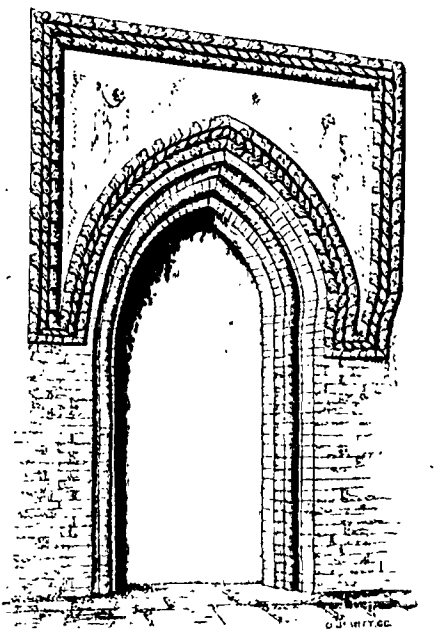


10.—COURT-YARD OF THE PALAZZO SCALIGERI, VERONA. Page 92.



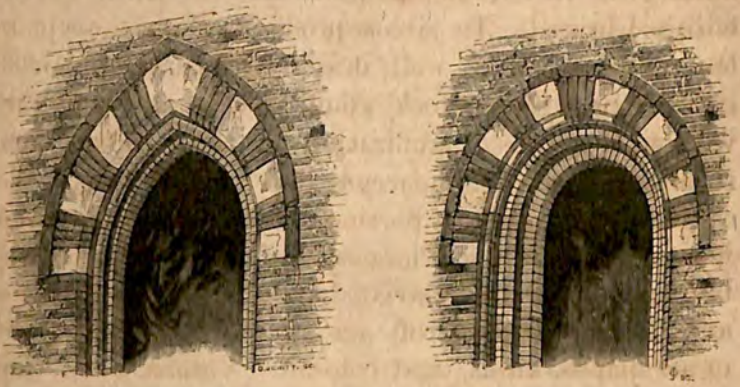
II.—COURT-YARD OF OLD HOUSE, VERONA. Page 93

street being enclosed by a wall and arched gateway. The buildings all had arcades on the ground-line, forming a kind of cloister, and the staircase to the first floor was external, and built against the wall on the road-side. A great many alterations have been made in the house at various times, but in the sketch which I give I have shown so much only of it as appeared to belong to the original foundation. In its construction pointed and round arches seem to have been used quite indiscriminately, and in some of the arches the depth of the voussoirs increases towards the centre of the arch. I noticed this in several buildings afterwards, and I was always as much pleased as at the first with the noble effect of strength and good proportion which it produces. Most of the arches are built with alternate voussoirs of brick and stone, but beyond the outside line of the brick and stone arch there is invariably a line of very thin bricks laid all round the arch, delicately defining without pretending to strengthen the main arch, just as a label does with us: I noticed too, generally, that this thin brick was of a deeper better colour than the other bricks, which are seldom any better than the common English



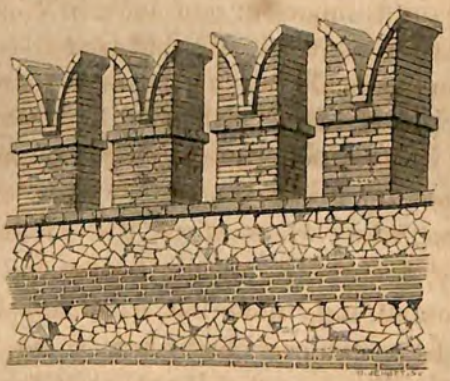
Doorway — old house, Verona.

ones, and are always built with very coarse joints. This house is finished at the top with the quaint forked or swallow-tailed battlement, so characteristic of Verona, that I must call it the Veronese battlement for distinction, and which, as we found afterwards, was



Windows — old house, Verona.

in use at Mantua, Cremona, and for some distance south of Verona, but which must, I think, first have arisen in Verona.



Brick battlement — Viccolo Cavaletto, Verona.

I am not pretending to journalize regularly, but rather to note down the remarkable points of the

various buildings as they occur to me, and, before I forget that it was Sunday when I was first looking at the Veronese churches, I must mention that in the evening we found our way to the great Piazza di Brà, surrounded by barracks and public buildings, and containing the vast Roman amphitheatre for which Verona is so celebrated. Its size is prodigious, and, except in the outer circuit of wall, it is nearly perfect; indeed, it is impossible to look upon such a vast structure without a degree of admiration for the men who ventured to conceive and carry it into execution.

All the Austrian portion of the inhabitants of Verona crowded the Piazza di Brà on Sunday evening to hear a glorious Austrian band, and we enjoyed not a little a strange stroll among a crowd of uniforms of all shapes, kinds, and colours. Verona more than most towns, even in Austrian Lombardy, seems to be devoted entirely to Austrian soldiery. It is quite melancholy to walk along a street of palaces, some of them converted into old-furniture stores, others going to ruin; and when suddenly you come upon a palace flourishing and smart, if you look in you are sure to see an Austrian sentinel, and find that it is an officer's quarters; and equally when you meet a conveyance, if it is smart and dashing, with good horses and a stylish coachman, it is quite certain to be occupied by some dignified-looking military man. So, too, on the Monday evening, when we went to the French opera—a very pretty, tastefully got-up theatre by the way—there were absolutely none but Austrians in the house—in the boxes officers and their wives, in the pit subordinate officers and privates. Who can see this immense staff of foreigners in occupation of a city like Verona without feeling sadly for the people who live under such a rule, and for the ruler who is compelled

to maintain such a force to keep his subjects in order?

This, however, is a digression, and I must go on to describe the remaining architectural features of the old city.

On the way to San Zenone Maggiore, which is quite on the extreme western verge of the city, one passes the Castello Vecchio, a very noble pile of mediæval fortifications erected in the fourteenth century by Cangrande II. There are several towers and lofty walls, all topped with the forked Veronese battlement; and connected with it is the magnificent Ponte di Castel-Vecchio, a grand bridge across the rushing Adige, built entirely of brick, the parapet of the regular Veronese type, and the piers between the arches rather large and angular, and finishing with battlements rather above those of the bridge. The main arch is of great size—according to Murray, not less than one hundred and sixty feet—and one of the most remarkable points in its appearance is, that, instead of being in the centre, it is on the side of the river next the castle, while the other two arches, descending rapidly to the north bank of the river, give the bridge an odd, irregular, and down-hill kind of look. The architectural features of this bridge are, however, not the only objects of interest on this spot; for just after passing the castle the road bends down to the side of the river, and presents a most noble view of the campaniles, steeples, and spires, with the steep hills on the opposite bank of the stream, and the mountains in the distance, with the rapid, turgid, white-looking Adige flowing strongly at one's feet.

A longish walk through squalid suburbs leads us to the open space in front of the noble basilica of S. Zenone; it is a desolate waste-looking space, and the

poor, old, uncared-for church looks now as though its day was well-nigh past; as if neglect and apathy were all that men could give now where once they were wont to lavish so much of their treasure and love and art.

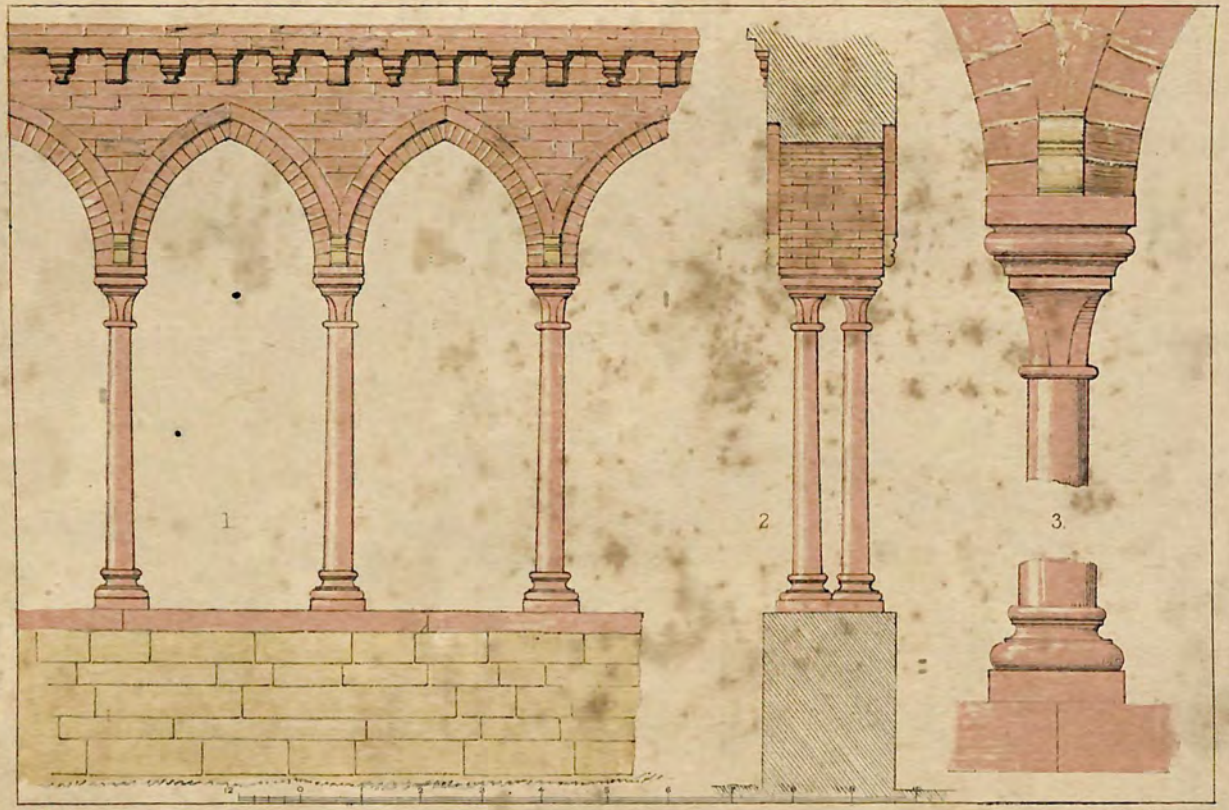
The church, as it now stands, seems to have been entirely rebuilt in the course of the twelfth century, and its proportions are so very grand, and its detail generally so perfect, that I think it may certainly be regarded as one of the noblest examples of a very noble type of church; for, next to the very best pointed work of the best period, I doubt whether any work of the middle ages so much commands respect and admiration as this noble Lombard work. There is a breadth and simplicity about it, and such an expression of deep thought in the arrangement of materials and in the delicate sculpture, which with a sparing hand is introduced, that one cannot sufficiently admire the men who planned and executed it; beyond this, the constructive science was so excellent and so careful, that with ordinary care such a church as S. Zeno would seem still likely to last for ages.

The west front is very simple, and is divided by a great number of vertical lines which run up to the arcaded eaves-course, the nave finished with a flat gable, and the aisles with lean-to roofs of the same pitch as that of the nave. There is a grand west doorway, full of noble and elaborate sculpture, having round the arch representations of the signs of the various months of the year, with detached shafts standing out on monsters and supporting a low canopy. The doors themselves are of bronze, very elaborate and of great interest, owing to their excessively early date and good character. A row of small windows, one in each of the many divisions of the front, extends all across near

the top of the porch; whilst above is a very noble circular window, filled in with wheel tracery.

We went first into the cloister on the north side of the nave. The arches are very small, and of brick, supported on coupled shafts of red Veronese marble, which have marble caps and bases, and rest on a dwarf wall of stone capped with a thin course of marble. The arch bricks are of a rich red colour, and contrast well with the brickwork of the ordinary kind above them; they are used without any kind of moulding or ornament—and yet I doubt whether I have ever seen a more lovely cloister than this. The arcades on the north and south sides have round arches; those on the east and west are pointed; and on the north is a projecting arcade of the same detail, which once formed the lavatory. The whole of this cloister is in a very sad state of filth, neglected and unused, and will, I fear, ere long become ruinous.

From the cloister you enter by a side door into the north aisle of the choir; much better, however, would it have been to have entered from the west, for it is there, when looking down the great length of the church, with its singular perspective of timber roofing and the gloriously clear and shining marble shafts which support its clerestory walls, that one feels most deeply the great and religious effect of the church. To an eye used to northern Gothic there is something very new in such a building. Its shape, its materials, its arrangement, are all so unlike what an English eye is used to, that I paused for an instant in doubt as to whether I might really admire or not; but it was only for an instant, and I soon felt how very glorious the work was, not only in its general effect, but as much, or even more, in the treatment of the details of sculpture and the like.



G.E.S. del

Ford & West. Chromolith.

1. Elevation.

SAN ZENONE, VERONA.

2. Section.

3. Basis of [illegible]

The general plan is very simple—a great parallelogram, divided into a nave of vast width with northern and southern aisles; the aisles terminated with square east ends, the choir with an apse of five bays, which is, however, of very much later date than the rest of the church. The chief singularity in the design is the division of the piers of the main arcades into primary and secondary—the first being large heavy piers supporting great arches spanning the nave and aisles, which are finished in a line with the top of the walls; and the latter delicate circular marble columns of very classical character, with finely carved capitals, and looking almost too slight to support the vast height of clerestory wall which towers up above the arcade which they support. The roof is curious; the framing all concealed, with the exception of the collar-beams, which connect the points of the trefoil which forms the internal line of roofing. This trefoil outline is all boarded, divided into panels, and painted. The effect of this great length of singular roofing, partly concealed by the great arches which cross the nave, is certainly fine. The roofs of the aisles, too, are original, and their beams are painted very much like the Austrian sentry-boxes, in zigzag lines of black and buff. Much of this painting did not appear to me to be old.

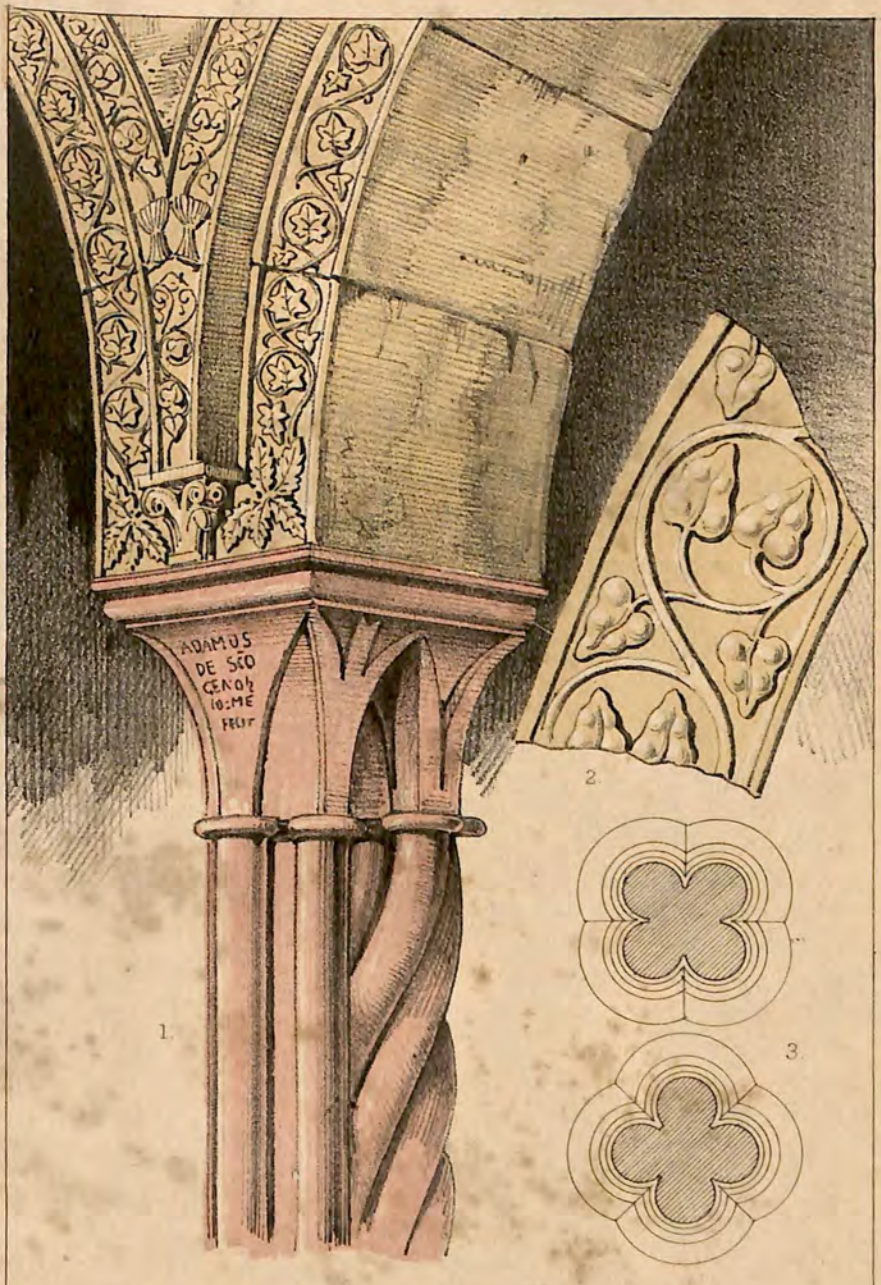
At the west door there is a *descent* of ten steps into the nave; and the effect, on entering, of a portion of the church sunk deep between the two flights of steps at its east and west ends is singular and well-like. As far as I could make it out, however, it certainly appeared to me to be original, as the earth does not seem to have accumulated against the west front. If so, it shows a curious seeking after a peculiar effect, and forms a parallel case to the old cathedral at

Brescia, which is similarly entered by a downward flight of steps.

At the entrance to the choir there is an ascent of thirteen steps from the nave, whilst on each side, in the aisles, a flight of some twenty steps leads down to the crypt; and one of these downward flights deserves special notice for the exquisite beauty of the coupled shafts, with their capitals, which support the two arches forming the entrance to the northern side of the crypt, and of which the drawing which I give will explain the peculiarity and beauty. These two shafts, with their capitals, are of red Veronese marble, the archivolt being of stone. The section of both shafts is similar, though one of them is twisted in its upward course. Nothing can be better than the sculpture of the archivolt; it is very slightly relieved, and its outline is so graceful, its imitation of nature so close, and its fitness for its position so complete, that I think I have rarely if ever seen anything so satisfactory, and certainly never anything the elements of which were more severely simple.

The crypt itself, too, is singularly fine, the main piers being continued down from above, and the intermediate spaces divided by numerous slender marble shafts supporting the groining. Some points in the relative arrangement of these piers and shafts induced me at the time to think it probable, or at any rate possible, that this crypt had been formed in the church at a date subsequent to the original foundation —just as in the church at Wimborne, where the fourteenth century crypt is clearly built up in the thirteenth century church.

The colour of the whole church is very striking, the walls being built in alternate and very irregular courses of red brick and stone, and here and there



G.E.S Del.

Ford & West Chromolith.

SAN ZENONE, VERONA.

1. Sketch of Shafts, Capital and part of Archivolt.
2. Detail of Sculpture in Archivolt.
3. Plan of Shafts at base.

frescoed, the whole of the apsidal portion of the choir having its groining very elaborately painted, though with but little gold; the groining ribs are richly coloured, and on each side of them is a wide border, generally subdivided into regular geometrical figures, and the space between is painted blue and powdered with gold stars. The number of frescoes is very great; and it is curious that the same subjects are repeated over and over again. In the south aisle is an altar under an ancient baldachin, supported at each angle by four clustered shafts knotted together in mid height—a capricious custom of which Italians seem to have been especially fond, and the only excuse for which, so far as I can see, is that it proves that all the shafts were cut out of one block, and therefore of more value than four plain detached shafts cut out of separate blocks could be. There is perhaps, also, a relief to the mind, after looking at a long series of similar shafts, to come at last upon some one or two marked by capricious singularity such as this. Be this, however, as it may, the eye certainly always feels inclined to admire them, though the reason is never quite satisfied; and perhaps some better excuse does exist in nature for their use than I have as yet been able to discover.

I must not leave S. Zenone without mentioning the construction of the exterior, which—with the exception of the west end, which is of stone and marble—is entirely of red brick and very warm-coloured stone. The courses of stone are, as a general rule, of about the same height, whilst those of brick are very varied, some only of one course, others of four or five. The cornices at the tops of the walls, too, are very noble, supported upon corbel-tables with round arches resting upon corbels, and much improved in their effect by

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the judicious introduction of thin deep-red bricks between the courses of carved stone, which are thus thrown out wonderfully.

It is in this use of red brick, and in the bold and successful way in which brick and stone are shown in the interior, that this church is so full of instruction to an English eye; and I could not see such a work without regretting bitterly the insane prejudice in which most people indulge against anything but the cold, dreary, chilling respectability of our English plastered walls.[1]

I left this noble church really with great regret; its exceeding grandeur appeared to deserve a better fate than the careless irreverence to which it seems now to be abandoned. To see all these painted or coloured walls, all these marble piers, and all that vast expanse of wall and roof shut up and desolate, apparently half-used and never filled with a throng of worshippers, reminded me too strongly of the sad and similar fate of our own dear English cathedrals not to awaken a sigh as I looked at it. To some men it is a comfort to find that their neighbours are no better than themselves in these matters, but I confess that to my mind a noble church disused is a subject only for mournful recollection, just as a noble church much used and filled with crowds of worshippers is, so far, an object for our emulation and admiration.

Beside San Zenone I think the only very grand church as yet unmentioned is that of S. Fermo Maggiore—a vast Romanesque basilica without aisles, but with small transepts, and a chancel and north and south chancel-aisles opening into the nave by

[1] A view of the interior of San Zenone is given by Gally Knight, but it fails to convey the grand effect of colour which is one of its great beauties. He also gives drawings of the magnificent west doorway.

14.—S. FERMO MAGGIORE VERONA. Page 103.

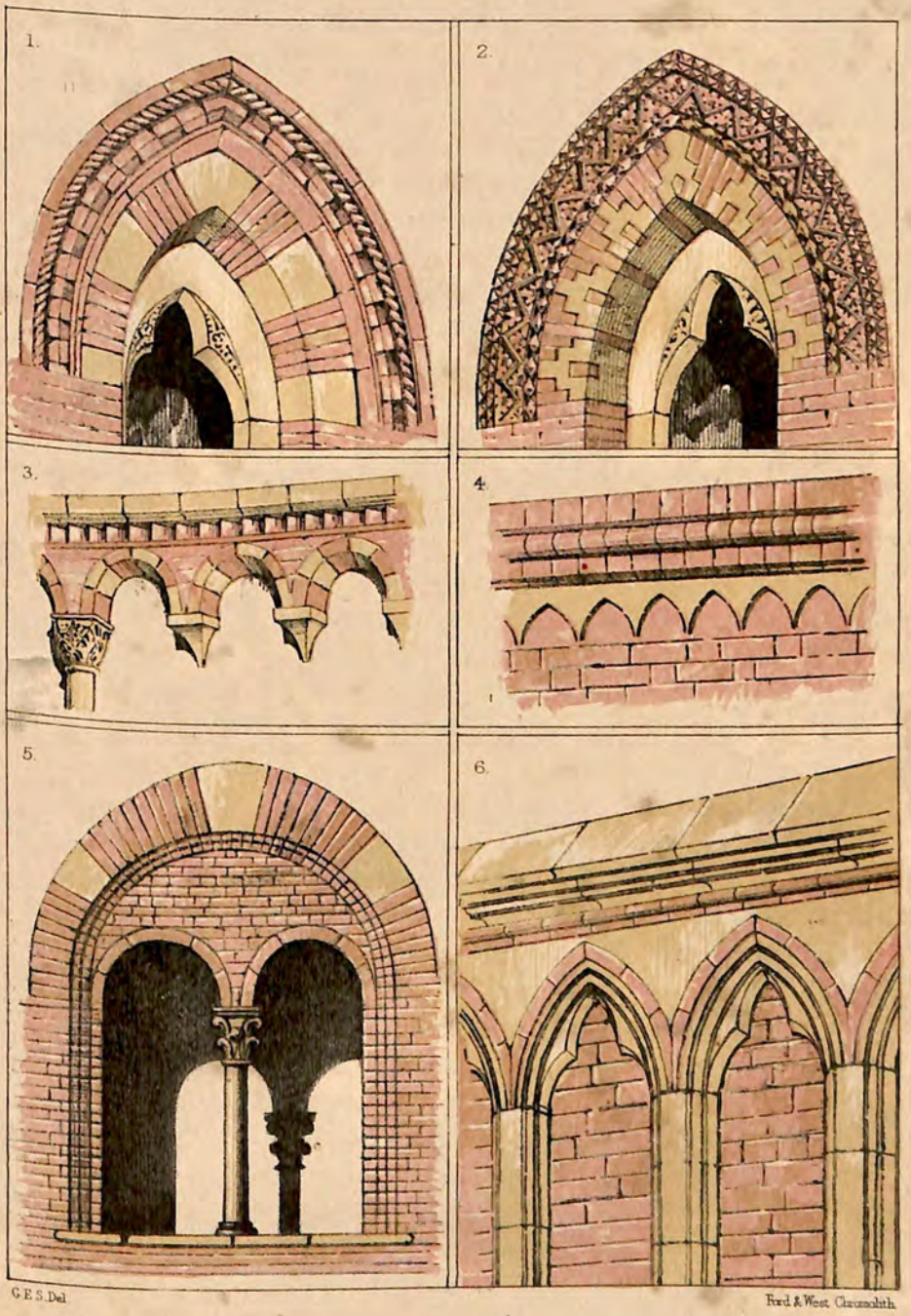
three arches, which exactly correspond with its vast width; an ugly arrangement, which we shall meet with again in the church of the Eremitani at Padua. The church seems to have been entirely altered in the fourteenth century, and except the crypt little now remains to mark its original character. Inside, the most remarkable feature is the roof, of a curious, heavy, depressed-looking design, whose construction is almost entirely concealed by boarding on the under side. This boarding is arranged in a succession of small curves or cusps, and gives one the idea of a roof with a succession of concealed hammer-beams. Besides this (which by the way is richly painted), the pulpit is the most noticeable thing. It projects from the wall on the south side about half way down the nave, and has a delicate spiral canopy, the whole in marble and very beautiful. I was distressed at not being able to get a sketch of it, but the church was so dark that, though it was tolerably early in the afternoon when I was there, I could not see to draw.

The west end will be best understood by the accompanying sketch. It is constructed entirely in red brick and warm-coloured stone, and I confess that it impressed me most pleasantly, as having in its four delicate lancet windows an affinity to our own English work. The north porch is very fine of its kind, and the jambs of its doorway are constructed of black, white, and red marble, used alternately. The arcading against the walls is noticeable as showing the use of red brick for the purpose of defining the lines of stonework.[1] The east end and transepts are gabled with steep sham gables, and have elaborate cornices, and at the north-east there is a brick tower with a conical capping of tiles, the whole of which, seen from the bridge which

[1] See plate 15, "Italian brickwork," p. 104.

crosses the Adige just by the east end of the church, forms one of the most picturesque groups in Verona.

With the mention of one more church I believe I may bring my notes in Verona to an end, and this is a small chapel which stands just opposite the south side of the Duomo, and whose name I could not learn. It is much like S. Pietro Martire in its general arrangement, but remarkable for the exquisite beauty of its windows, the arrangement of the bricks and stonework in which is beyond all praise. I have endeavoured in the accompanying drawing to do justice to them, though this is a matter of no little difficulty in a print. These windows are constructed with trefoiled heads of stone, enclosed within an arch of mixed stone and brick, round whose outer edge runs a band of delicate terra-cotta ornament. The spandrels of the trefoils are filled-in with delicate sculpture, not pierced with the dark eye invariably found in the north. There is, too, an entire absence of mouldings, yet, notwithstanding this, the general effect is one of combined delicacy and richness of no common degree, so much does carefully-arranged and contrasted colour do for architecture. A third window is entirely of brick, save the trefoil head of the opening. The side elevation of this little chapel is very singular in its whole arrangement; there are three bays divided by pilasters, which finish in an arcaded cornice of brick; in each of the two western bays is a lancet window, and the centre bay has in addition a doorway, and a corbelled-out monument above it; in the eastern bay the window looks just like one of those curious English low side windows, as to the use of which we have had so many ingenious theories; the east end has no trace of any window, and is finished with a flat roof, and a brick corbel-table running up the pedi-



G.E.S. Del

Ford & West Chromolith.

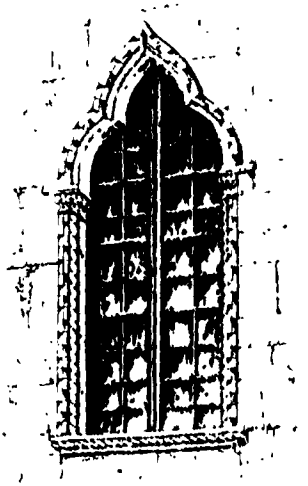
ITALIAN BRICKWORK:

1. 2. Windows at Verona.
3. Cornice. S. Ambrogio, Milan.
4. D? Brolletto. Brescia.
5. Window in Brolletto. Monza.
6. Wall Arcade. S. Ferme Maggiore.

ment. There is no stone used except in the window-heads and arches.

There are many other churches in Verona on both sides of the river, and into several of them we went, but really without finding subjects for description here. S. Eufemia has a fair west front, of late pointed, and we found one or two good cloisters just like those mentioned at Brescia. Other churches have fronts built, and interiors remodelled, by Sanmicheli and his successors, in a style which by no means approved itself to me; others there were which I did not succeed in reaching, and among them one dedicated in honour of S. Thomas of Canterbury, which is not however otherwise, I believe, of any interest.

It is impossible to walk about Verona without meeting at every turn with windows whose design recalls that of Venetian windows, but the execution and arrangement are generally so inferior to what they are there, that I shall defer saying much about them until I am describing the palaces and ancient buildings of Venice. They are almost always finished with ogeed trefoils at the top, and are arranged singly, or in couples or more together, one above the other, the same in each story of the house; their mouldings are thin and reedy, and the carving of their finials, when they have any, is very poor.



Domestic window, Verona.

The views from the bridges across the Adige are very striking. The main part of the city is on the right bank, and the river describes nearly a semicircle

round it. The opposite bank is only partially built over, and has a kind of suburb, upon rather rapidly rising ground; beyond this the walls of the city are seen with occasional towers, and marked all the way by their serrated battlements climbing the irregular outline of the hills in the boldest fashion. Then crossing over to the other side and turning round, you see the thickly-built city full of towers and churches rising far above the turmoil of the crowd below into the pure sky, and, by their number and size, making Verona one of the most striking old cities I know.

Of course no one goes to Verona without thinking of Romeo and Juliet. I fear, however, that when I was shown the Casa de' Cappelletti, a small inn in a narrow street, and asked to connect it in any way for the future with the creation of Shakspere's brain, my fancy refused to be sufficiently lively to perform the required feat. The fact is simply that, real relics not existing, the good people of Verona have wisely met the demand which Shakspere has created, and have got up to order a tomb for Juliet, and other reminiscences of the fair Veronese, which I dare say satisfy very well the majority of travellers.

At Verona, as in the other towns through which we passed in Italy, we were quite astonished at the number of mis-shapen dwarfs that we saw; we could not account for this at first, but I believe that we afterwards found out the true cause, namely, that children, until they can walk, are tied up in rolls of linen so stiffly as to deprive them of all power of motion. The only wonder to my mind is how they can expect any of these unfortunate children ever to walk at all.

In the courts of the houses at Verona there are generally wells, with ingeniously contrived arrangements for enabling the occupants of the different

houses or balconies to let down their buckets for water without themselves going down to the wells. There are guide-ropes from each angle of the courts round which the houses are usually built, along which the buckets run, suspended by rings and held by ropes from the balconies, until they reach the iron-work over the well, and then fall perpendicularly down to the water.

We left Verona sooner than we intended, for the weather for two days was so very bad and windy, with constant heavy showers, that we could do little in the way of moving about or sketching. On the second of these wet days the waiter at our hotel honestly told us that when these storms commenced they generally lasted several days, and that we should be very likely to find fine weather at Padua, whither we were next to journey. We took his advice, promising ourselves another day on our return—a promise, as it happened, which we were not able to keep—and then, getting into an omnibus contrived to hold thirty persons, and I should say at least five-and-twenty feet long, with four horses harnessed with long drawn-out traces to increase the already prodigious length, we were soon at the terminus of the Verona and Venice railway.

CHAPTER VII.

"'And whither journeying?'—'To the holy shrine
Of Saint Antonio in the city of Padua.'"—*Rogers.*

Neighbourhood of Verona — The two schools of art — Padua: Palazzo della Ragione — Giotto's Chapel — The Eremitani — S. Antonio — The Duomo — Few antiquarian remains.

MANY of the villages near Verona are remarkable for the remains of castles of the middle ages. I was unable, however, to find time for the examination of any of them, and, judging from hurried views which I had of three or four castles south of Verona, I suspect that they would scarce repay a long détour; they seem generally to be more remarkable for their general contour, and their quaint forked battlements, than for any of that delicate detail and appliance to ordinary wants which it was especially my object to collect and inquire into.

The railroad from Verona to Vicenza and Padua is not interesting; the country is beautiful and luxuriant in detail, but rather tame, flat, and over-green in the general view. The Veronese mountains, however, are in view on the north, and as one approaches Vicenza the hills throw out their spurs into the flat country, covered with vineyards, orchards, and fruit trees; village follows close upon village, each with its white church and white campanile, contrasting strangely with the rich colour above and around, and at last the towers and roofs of Vicenza are descried on our left.

And is it possible, my readers will exclaim, that you, an architect, can have dared to pass within sight of Vicenza without making long sojourn there to drink in the lessons which the works of your great master Palladio are there to instil! Even so, reader; for in this world there are unhappily two views of art, two schools of artists—armies of men fighting against each other: the one numerous, working with the traditions and rules of their masters in the art, exclusive in their views, narrow in their practice, and conventional in all their proceedings, to the most painful forgetfulness of reality in construction and in ornament; the other young and earnest, fighting for truth, small in numbers, disciples of nature, revivers of an art to all appearance but now all but defunct, yet already rising gloriously above the traditional rules of three centuries: the one class representing no new idea, breathing no new thought, faithful to no religious rule; the other rapidly endeavouring to strike out paths for themselves as yet untrodden, gathering thoughts from nature, life from the intense desire for realtity and practical character, faithful moreover to a religious belief, whose propagation will be for ever the great touchstone of their work: the one class, the disciples of Palladio, journeying towards Vicenza with reverence to learn how he built palaces of compo with cornices of lath and plaster, already in two short centuries falling to decay, wretched and ruinous! the other stopping long at Verona, dreaming over the everlasting art of the monuments of the Scaligers, and of the nave of Sta. Anastasia, still, though five centuries have passed with all their storms about their heads, fresh and beautiful as ever, fit objects of veneration for the artist in all ages!

A disciple, therefore, of the last of these two schools, I stayed not at Vicenza, and, noting only one or two

great fortress-like towers, I was soon on my way again, and for Padua.

There was nothing to see on the road, and we were very glad when our engine gave token by its whistle of our approach to Padua; a melancholy omnibus discharged us in a few minutes at the hospitable doors of the Stella d'Oro, and we were soon out again with the view of making the most of our time.

Padua is a most melancholy city; grass grows in the streets, the footways are all formed under dark and dismal arcades, and not the externals of the palaces only, but those even of all the houses, look squalid, dirty, and miserable; nor is there any relief when one gets into the more open spaces, for the large piazzas on either side of the Palazzo della Ragione, or town-hall, look as squalid and uncared-for, as dirty and unprepossessing, as they well can: nor is this universal squalor rendered at all less remarkable by the fact that Padua rejoices in a recently erected café, which in size and smartness is said to surpass any other even in Italy, for certainly its smartness, and the array of well-dressed gentlemen who frequent it, make the neighbourhood look more wretched by contrast than it otherwise would.

The Café Pedrocchi was however soon passed, and our first object was the Palazzo del Ragione, whose vast and singular hall, about two hundred and fifty feet long by eighty feet wide, is one of the greatest architectural curiosities in the city. Its exterior has been modernized, so that now it is only remarkable for its long expanse of roof, but the interior is still in its original state. The walls are low, arcaded, and covered with paintings, some of which are said to be by Giotto, and the whole of which, at any rate, I believe, were planned out by him, but have, one and all, probably,

been repainted and retouched long after his time. The windows are small, and admit scarce more than sufficient light for the lower part of the hall. The roof shows in section a vast pointed arch of timber, boarded and divided into panels by a succession of heavy vertical ribs scarcely at all moulded. The construction is obviously so weak as, from the very first, to have made the iron ties which hold it all together absolutely necessary. A curious feature in the design is, that instead of having gable walls the roof is hipped, and shows therefore at the end just the same section as at the sides. What little light finds its way into the dark obscurity of the roof is admitted through some small dormers high up in its framework.

This hall is gloomy, and, compared to our own great halls, certainly shows some lack of knowledge of construction on the part of its architect, and its gloomy heaviness makes it far from being fitly comparable to Westminster's noble hall, though their very similar dimensions might naturally tempt us to compare the two. It dates from about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and is said to have been designed by a certain Frate Giovanni, who, travelling in India, saw the roof of a great palace whose construction so pleased him that he brought back drawings of it with him, and erected its fellow here at Padua. How much truth there is in such a tradition I cannot say, but this much seems clear, that in some way Padua has, if not a very beautiful, at any rate a very remarkable Sala, and one which is quite unlike, so far as I know, any other room in Europe.

From the Palazzo del Ragione we found our way to what must, so long as it lasts, be the great glory of Padua,—Giotto's Chapel. Most unfortunately for us, just as we reached it, and as we walked up the long

desolate green walk which leads to the private house of which it seems now to form a kind of appendage, a cloud, black as ink, came over the sky, and we had a tremendous storm of thunder and rain. We were glad enough to take shelter in the chapel, and to devote ourselves to the examination and admiration of the paintings; and when at last the storm left off, we were unable to get even a hasty sketch of the exterior of the little covering of so much that is most glorious in the history of the painter's art. I am obliged, therefore, to content myself with a rough description of the interior of the chapel, which is most interesting, as remaining in all respects nearly in its original state, and as being said to have been designed by Giotto himself for his own painting, whilst he was living with, and himself the most intimate friend of Dante.

I know, therefore, no one building, of such very small size and cost, which can claim the same degree of interest as this small Chapel of the Arena, to which all pilgrims in Italy anxious to study and to admire truest art ought at all sacrifices to turn their steps. It is, indeed, one of the marvels and glories of art that the works of its great masters cannot diminish in value, or even be competed with by subsequent masters: when once done, they are done for ever; and so the Pietà of Giotto, in this little chapel at Padua, is now—as it was when first painted in the commencement of the fourteenth century, and as it will continue to be so long as the neglect with which it is now treated allows it to exist—one of the great paintings of the world, one of those fountains from which school after school and age after age of artists may drink instruction and knowledge, and never fail to gain more, the more they study its many excellences, and its intensity of feeling and conception.

The architectural portion of the work may be first of all described. In plan it is a simple parallelogram, with a small apse thrown out to the east, and a sacristy to the north of the apse. The apse is simply a sanctuary, and the chancel is formed by marble screens on each side of the nave, leaving a broad entrance-way between them, and enclosing about one third of its length. Against the west side of these screens are altars, each with a small carved marble reredos; whilst on the east are steps leading to the two ambons; that on the north being a book-rest, carved in marble, and fixed with its face to the east; that on the south of iron, and turning upon a pivot. Between these screens and the sanctuary arch are stalls on each side, very ugly, and I think modern, though really it is rather difficult to say positively whether they are not old. The sanctuary has seats all round the apse (except in the eastern bay), each with a delicate white marble canopy. The sacristy is groined, and has a thirteenth century press of wood of a design rather curious than beautiful.

In the nave the walls have neither cornices nor string-courses to break their even surfaces, and their face is continued on in a semicircular waggon vault. There are six lancet windows on the south, none at all on the north, and a three-light window very high up in the gable at the west end above the doorway.

The architectural merit of the building is simply, I think, that it performs satisfactorily the office of giving ample unbroken surfaces of wall for paintings.

The arrangement of these is very regular. The vault is divided into two parts by wide coloured borders, the space between which is painted blue, powdered with gilt stars, and in each bay there are five small medallions with figures on a gold ground.

The side walls are divided by borders into three divisions in height; the upper division containing subjects from the life of the Blessed Virgin; the central, those illustrative of the life of our Blessed Lord; whilst those nearest to the ground are representations of the Virtues and Vices opposed to each other; the last division tinted only in one colour, the others richly painted in beautiful colours upon a field of deep blue.

The borders which divide the paintings are very satisfactory, their patterns always very clearly defined with white leading lines, a line of red on either side always accompanying each line of white. The paintings themselves are very wonderful: there is an earnestness of purpose and expression about them such as one rarely meets with: each subject is treated with a severe conscientiousness, not always conventionally where a departure from strict rule is for any reason necessary, but still, generally speaking, in accordance no doubt with the ancient traditional treatment. This, illuminated as it is by the thought and love and earnest intensity of feeling which Giotto lavished on all that he did, makes his work here the most perfect example of a series of religious paintings which I have ever seen. Of course in such a large series of subjects there must be great variety of excellence, and I am content to agree with the rest of the world in awarding the palm of excellence to the Pietà, in which the expression of intense feeling in the face of the mourners over the body of Our Lord is certainly beyond anything of the kind that I know.

Throughout the subjects our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the apostles are represented always in vestments of the same colour.

The series is very complete, and, beginning with the

history of Joachim before the birth of the Blessed Virgin (the seventh subject), is continued down through the leading acts of our Lord's life to the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

I rejoiced, as I looked at these wonderful paintings, to think that before long the Arundel Society's publications will enable us in England to realize to some extent the exquisite beauty of the series of pictures in this little chapel of Sta. Maria dell' Annunciata at Padua.[1]

Close to Giotto's Chapel stands the great and singular church of the Eremitani. It has a very broad nave of immense length, unbroken with aisles, and roofed with one of the singular roofs already noticed at Verona, in which the real construction is (with the exception of the tie-beams) entirely concealed by boarding on the under side; this boarding being generally, as here, arranged in a succession of large cusps or curves: their effect is, I think, always very heavy and unsatisfactory, but we must bear in mind that their span is generally prodigious, and their pitch very flat. The chancel and an aisle on either side of it open into the east end of the nave with three arches, and look so small as to be more like recesses than important integral parts of the plan: there are in this church a great many frescoes and paintings of much interest—some by Mantegna—and against the walls some fine monuments of the Veronese type.

[1] Since this was written many of the subjects have been published by the Arundel Society, and Mr. Ruskin's notice of them has also been given to us: both are very valuable as exemplifying, as well perhaps as colourless engravings and descriptions can exemplify, the exceeding value and originality of this series of paintings. It is to be wished that they may produce some effect upon the minds of our modern artists, who much require to take home to themselves the lesson of sincerity and earnestness of purpose which Giotto so eminently teaches in all his works.

Such a church as this to be admired must be seen crowded with an immense congregation; but I confess that, perfectly empty and desolate as I saw it, the effect was rather chilling and unsatisfactory. It was a mere immense hall with a depressed roof, and no beauty of proportion or detail to make its immense spaciousness gratifying.

From the Eremitani we found our way with some diffiulty through miserable streets to the church of S. Antonio, probably the most remarkable architectural work in many respects in this part of Italy.

It seems that about A.D. 1231 it was determined to erect a great church in honour of S. Antony, the patron of Padua, and Niccolo Pisano, then one of the most eminent men of his day, was sent for to undertake the work. The view of the exterior given by Mr. Gally Knight will best serve to show to those who can refer to it in how singular and original a manner he accomplished his work. S. Mark's at Venice must have been in his eye when he designed his church, and the crowd of cupolas which form its roof remind one forcibly of its most distinguishing feature.

On first sight S. Antonio certainly does not prepossess the beholder in favour of such a bold departure from every-day rules of art. It is built almost entirely of a light-coloured brick, as much like the common London brick in colour as possible—a most vile material wherewith to attempt the construction of a noble church. Stone is used very sparingly in the voussoirs of the arches and elsewhere. The cupolas are heavy in their effect, but relieved by that over the intersection of the nave and transepts, which rises higher, and is certainly striking in its design and outline, which is, for the main portion of its height, that of a simple cone. Round and pointed arches are used

indiscriminately, and the walls are divided everywhere by pilasters, and surmounted by arcaded corbel-tables, in all these respects giving one the idea of a much earlier building than it is. The west front is very unique. One great flat gable with arcaded eaves-cornice finishes the whole, and out of its apex rises a tall polygonal turret, almost as high as the dome, in front of which it stands. The lower part of the west front has a central entrance of mean character, and two unequal arches of construction, the walls within which are pierced with windows on either side. Above these, and just beneath the great pedimental gable, is a long arcade of simple pointed arches, behind which are a passage and three windows opening into the church. This front is a sham front, and not excusable on account of its grandeur or its beauty. Indeed, had it followed the outline of the fabric, it would have been neither ungainly nor heavy, both which it most assuredly is now.

The interior is striking from its height, but cold in the extreme in effect; the domes are all whitewashed in the brightest and freshest manner. The plan gives three domes to the nave, one and an apse of seven bays to the choir, and one to each transept. The aisles open into the nave with pointed arches—two to each dome. The choir aisle is continued all round the choir, and a chapel is thrown out to the east of this again.

The north transept contains the chapel of the patron saint, full of gorgeous ornaments of all kinds, but not very ancient. Opposite it, in the south transept, is a curious chapel, divided from the church by five pointed and trefoiled arches of yellow marble, resting upon classical-looking columns, groined and very richly painted and inlaid. Above the arches are five statues

in niches, and the intermediate wall-surface is inlaid with white and red marble in a regular pattern, such as we have seen in the pavement of Sta. Anastasia at Verona, with very good effect.

The cloister on the south side of the church is very large and good, and some fine arches occur in it, composed of black and yellow marble with bricks of varied colour introduced. On its east side three open arches, filled in with a double iron grille, open into a kind of sacristy. I cannot say that I was at all satisfied either with the internal or external effect of the church—though it must be confessed that, when seen from a distance, there is excessive grandeur in the grouping of the multitude of domes, with the steep cone rising in the centre, and giving distinctness to the whole. The arrangement of the windows and arches round the apse, for instance, is confused and weak to a degree; and I do not feel that Niccolo Pisano has fairly settled the question of the adaptation of the dome to pointed buildings by his treatment of the domes here.

The question is still, I think, an open one; and though it may be doubted whether it will ever be satisfactorily answered, I still feel that it would not be difficult to answer it far more successfully than has yet been done.

In the evening we heard some very fine music of ancient character in S. Antonio, after which there was a sermon; and though it was a week-day, there was a large congregation, very attentive and quiet.

The Duomo is a wretchedly cold, unattractive church—said, however, to have been designed by Michael Angelo, and rather bold in the treatment of the pendentives under its dome. By its side stands a Lombard baptistery, the interior of which I did not succeed in getting a sight of; and I believe that I

missed some valuable examples of fresco-painting with which its walls and domed roof are covered.

We wandered about the melancholy streets of Padua, searching in vain for objects of any interest to our antiquarian eyes. It is true that the columns and arcades which support the houses are, many of them, ancient; but they are of a character very common throughout the north of Italy, and were not sufficiently novel or striking to draw off our attention from the melancholy and dilapidated look of the houses and shops which they half concealed and half supported. We saw also one or two old monuments at the corners of streets—one of them called the tomb of Antenor—similar in their idea to those which are so frequent in Verona.

The next morning, therefore, saw us making our way to the railway station for Venice, sad only, in leaving Padua, that we could not spend another day there for the study, more quietly and carefully, of the lovely little Arena Chapel and the paintings of Giotto.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Tennyson.

Padua and Venice railway — Venice: the gondola — Piazza and church of S. Mark — Beauties of the city — Inferiority of its churches — Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari — SS. Giovanni and Paolo — Sta. Maria dell' Orto — S. Stefano — Domestic architecture — The Fondaco de' Turchi — Especial fault of the Venetians — Description of an ordinary palace — House in the Corte del Remer — The Ducal Palace — Archway — Other palaces — Balconies — Venetian architecture — A festival — Paintings.

LITTLE is to be seen as one leaves Padua to distinguish the city at all vividly, save the oriental-looking cupolas of S. Antonio, and the great roof of the Sala dell' Ragione, looking like the inverted hull of some great ship, with its convex sides towering up above the otherwise not remarkable-looking city.

And now our destination was Venice, and anxiously we looked out ever and anon, impatient, long before the time, to see the tall outline of S. Mark's campanile against the horizon. The view was contracted enough; on each side of the railway rank and luxuriant hedges of acacia sprouted their tall branches above the carriages, and beyond them might be seen plantations of maize, flax, and other crops, all remarkable for their prodigious growth and size, and watered with endless small canals, and here and there with turgid, muddy-looking streams rushing on from the mountains to discharge themselves into the Adriatic, and gliding between great artificial banks which gave them the appearance rather of canals than rivers. Nothing

breaks the dead monotony of the scene, for it is misty, and the Tyrolese Alps, which ought to show their snowy peaks to the north, are invisible. The stations follow each other in quick succession, and at each stands some diligence or carriage whose ingrained panoply of white dust, added to that which rises here and there white and cloud-like in the dry glare of the Italian sun which beams overhead, makes one feel grateful that—however unpoetical such a mode of approach may be—a railroad carries us to Venice. Nor is such a country as this along which one passes from Padua to Venice without its moral. I suppose there is nothing more certain than that, ordinarily, the appreciation of high art, and success in its practice, has never been so marked in countries whose natural features are lovely as in those in which the devoutest student of nature's beauties can see nothing to admire or love. So Venice, surrounded by waters, and then by a tame and uninteresting country, fell back on her own resources, and provided herself with that substitute for the loveliness of nature which—alone of man's works—the loveliness of beautiful art can be. And perhaps, too, for the traveller, it is better that no interest should be felt save in the end of the journey.

At last, however, the broad watery level of the Lagoon is reached; Venice rises out of the water at a distance of some two miles; and then across an almost endless bridge the railway takes us into the outskirts of the city—a confused idea of steeples and domes is all that is obtained—and one finds oneself going through that most painful of processes to an excitable man, the production, namely, of the passport, followed by permission to stop no more than three days in the city without a renewal of the permit.

Then comes a search of luggage, and at last we are outside the station, the Grand Canal lies before us, and we are vehemently urged to get at once into an omnibus gondola. But no, this is too absurd a bathos for our first act on entering Venice, and we step therefore into a private gondola, and, propelled rapidly and lightly over the still, unruffled water, sink at once into that dreamy kind of happiness which of all conveyances in the world the gondola is best calculated to encourage. A short reach of the Grand Canal is soon passed, and then, with the picturesque cry of warning, "Ah, stali!" we turn sharply into a narrow canal to the right, and, shooting down the tortuous street of water, presently cross the Grand Canal again midway between the Rialto and the Foscari palace, dive into another canal still narrower than the former, and at last, after frequent glimpses of mediæval houses and palaces, find ourselves safely housed at the Albergo d' Italia, an inn which we found every reason to recommend, and which, from its position, close to the Grand Canal, and within two or three minutes' walk of the Piazza San Marco, was exceedingly convenient.

We stopped but a short time at our inn, so impatient were we to obtain our first glimpse of the very wonderful church and palace of S. Mark, to which Venice owes so much of her fame. We passed along some narrow tortuous alleys, lined on either side with open shops, on whose counters lie exposed for sale not over dainty-looking edibles, and in whose dim interiors little light of day seems ever to enter to help the busy workmen who may always be seen there plying their trade; and then, going under an archway crowded with busy folk in rather noisy consultation, we found ourselves in four or five minutes standing under the arcade at the upper end of the great Piazza San Marco. Long

lines of regular architecture, arcaded below, heavy with cornices and elaborated windows above, carry the eye not unpleasantly down to the lower end of the piazza, at the right of which towers up into the air a vast campanile, simple and unbroken in its outline, without visible window or any buttress-like projection, until its upper stage, where it has a very simple open arcaded belfry, capped with a pyramidal roof; and then across nearly the whole width of the piazza, and partly concealed by the curiously irregular position of the campanile, stretches the low singular eastern-looking church of S. Mark. Before it rise the masts from which of yore hung waving in the wind the banners of the old Venetian state, now probably useful only to show that this no longer is. The west front is certainly most indescribable; and I confess to feeling a doubt, as I looked at it, as to whether it was not more akin to some fairy-like vision, such as in dreams one might see, than to any real and substantial erection of stone and mortar; for, to a mind educated in and accustomed to the traditions of northern architecture, there is something so very *outré* in the whole idea, so startling in its novelty, that it is hard to know whether to admire or not. It is far from imposing in size, but yet, as it is looked at more and more carefully, it grows much and rapidly on one's love, and at last imprints itself on the mind as a very beautiful vision, which could never however be absolutely reproduced or taken as a model.

As you pace down the broad level space of the Piazza, the feeling of the strangeness of the whole scene increases. There are of course no horses, and no vehicles of any kind; it is a large square in which all the space is footpath, and on which, in addition to the many men who pace it rapidly with busy brow, or idly lounge

whilst enjoying the weather and the place, hundreds of pigeons are constantly fluttering or walking about in quiet confidence, sure that they will not be molested by any one. And then, as one draws near to the church, it is easy to understand rather better than at first in what its real charm lies: this no doubt is in its beautiful colour; the whole front is shafted to a greater extent than almost any building I know, the shafts all rather heavy, but of marble of the richest kind; the groining of the seven entrance arches is filled with mosaics, and the walls are encrusted everywhere with marble. Instead of ordinary gables masking the roof properly, the front finishes with great ogee gables most extravagantly crocketed, and clearly an alteration of the original Romanesque finish; behind these a cluster of cupolas completes the view. Of the seven arches which compose the façade, four have doorways; the outer arches on either side are very narrow, and answer in width to the kind of cloister which masks the church on the west and north sides: the central arch is both much wider and loftier than the others, rising indeed so high as to break through the line of balustrading which runs across the front just above the other arches.[1]

Within this central arch is a grand doorway of three orders, the central plain, the others covered with carvings, and its semicircular arch considerably stilted. The piers supporting the main arches have two heights of shafts; the lower tier corresponding in height with those of the doors pierced within the arches, and the others, which are smaller in diameter, and more

[1] One of the most remarkable instances of inaccurate architectural drawing with which I am acquainted is afforded by a view of S. Mark's in Gally Knight's work, which shows the main arches of the south side as pointed instead of round.

numerous than those which support them, rising to the springing line of the main arches. The side doorways have very eastern-looking arches, the semicircular line being carried on nearly to the centre, and then turned up into an ogee. There are some insertions of the fourteenth century, as, *e. g.*, the windows over two of the doors, and the pinnacles between the gables; the finish of the gables themselves, in great ogee crocketed gables with figures at the apex, is probably of the fifteenth century.

And then, on entering, the deep tones of an organ are heard reverberating through the old building; many people kneel devoutly at their prayers around us; the hot glare of the sun is gone, and in its place a cool, quiet, dim light reveals the whole magnificence of the interior. It is quite in vain to describe this architecturally. The colour is so magnificent that one troubles oneself but little about the architecture, and thinks only of gazing upon the expanse of gold and deep rich colour all harmonised together into one glorious whole. The mosaics commence throughout the church at the level of the crown of the main arches dividing the nave from the aisles, and are continued up the remainder of the wall and into the domes; even the angles or arrises of the arches are covered with gold and mosaic; so that all architectural lines of moulding and the like are entirely lost, and nothing but a soft swelling and undulating sea of colour is perceived. The lower portion of the walls is encrusted with slabs of marble of all sizes, joined together with small rivets, and arranged without much symmetry or apparent design, except in one particular: the slabs of marble, being cut into two or more thin pieces, are then so arranged next to each other that the pattern of the marble on one piece may just meet and touch the corresponding

pattern on the other, so as to make a regular kind of form or pattern; just in the way in which cabinet-makers at the present day arrange walnut and other decidedly-marked wood in furniture-making.

The plan of S. Mark's is well known; it is a Greek cross, the centre and arms of which are surmounted by domes, through windows in which almost all the light is admitted to the interior. A kind of additional aisle forms a cloister on the north side of the nave, communicating with, and forming a continuation of, the cloister or porch at the west, which opens, with the seven archways already described, to the Piazza. On the south side, and corresponding with this, is the baptistery, which also has a small dome. The choir ends in a semicircular apse, and beyond this is a large and very striking sacristy, filled, like the church, with mosaics, and seeming to be, when we saw it, well used by numerous clergy, who were either vesting for service, or attending to the affairs of the church. The choir is divided from the nave by a screen of marble, upon which stand figures of the twelve apostles, the date of which is said to be late in the fourteenth century, but the detail of which is very classical; the high altar, and another small altar in the nave, stand under very fine baldachins of date very nearly coëval with the main fabric. But of all the features in this very noble interior, that which, next to the gorgeous colour of the mosaics on the walls, most attracted me, was the wild beauty of the pavement; for I know no other word that quite describes the effect it produces. It is throughout the whole church arranged in beautiful geometrical patterns, just like those of the noble Italian pavement in the choir of Westminster Abbey; but these, instead of being level and even, swell up and down as though they were petrified waves of the sea, on which those

who embark in the ship of the Church may kneel in prayer with safety, their undulating surface serving only to remind them of the stormy seas of life, and of the sea actually washing the walls of the streets and the houses throughout their city. It can hardly be thought that this undulating surface is accidental or unintentional, for, had it been the consequence only of a settlement of the ground, we should have seen some marks, too, in the walls, and some tokens of disruption in the pavement itself, none of which, however, could I detect.

Of the mosaics with which the interior of the church is covered I cannot pretend to give an account; but it is worthy of notice that the most prominent figure in the whole church is that of our Blessed Lord, who, seated and surrounded by the twelve apostles, is represented in mosaic in the principal dome; and I believe that their arrangement throughout the entire church is a lesson to those among ourselves who so often, in selecting scripture subjects for representation in churches, do so without reference to their proper consecutive order or their relative importance.

We went into the treasury to see the treasures and plate belonging to the church, but I was much disappointed to find that, in an artistic point of view, there was really very little to admire. The treasury is a dark room lighted up by a few wax candles, but so badly that it was difficult to see at all satisfactorily.

We were unable to obtain a sight of the Pala d'Oro, as the altar-piece or front for the high altar is called; I was very anxious to do so, as it appears from drawings to be a most magnificent piece of workmanship in precious metals, and similar in its use to the altar-front which is still preserved at Westminster under a glass case in the aisle of the choir.

In the choir I should have observed that I noticed a brass eagle so precisely like the eagles common in English churches, that I gave it credit for having come from over the seas.

Over and over again when at Venice must one go into S. Mark's, not to criticise but to admire; and if ever in any building in which the main object is the study of art, assuredly here it must also be to worship. I think I never saw an interior so thoroughly religious and religion-inspiring as this, and it is well, therefore, not lightly to pass it by as useless for our general purposes. It seems to show, as strongly as any one example can, how much awe and grandeur even a small building may attain to by the lavish expenditure of art and precious materials throughout its fabric; for it is to this that S. Mark's owes its grandeur, and to this only. There is nothing imposing either in its size or in its architecture; on the contrary, they appear to me to be both rather mean, and yet this grand display of mosaics upon a glorious gold ground makes the work appear to be both larger and better than it is. Could we but place one of our cold, bare places of worship by the side of S. Mark's, and let the development of Christian art in the construction of the fabric be ten times as great in our northern church as in the Venetian, we may yet rest assured that every religious mind would turn at once to the latter, and scarce deign to think of the former as a place for worship at all. If this is so, does it not point most forcibly to the absolute necessity for the introduction of more colour in the interior of our buildings, either in their construction, or afterwards by the hand of the painter? And architects must remember that this ought all to be within their province as directors or designers, and, therefore, that

they must not, as now, venture to design cold shells which may or may not afterwards receive the necessary and indispensable decorations, but from the very first must view these decorations as part and parcel of the work in which they personally are concerned; then, and not till then, shall we see a satisfactory school of architects in England.

I have lingered on paper, as I did in reality, about S. Mark's; but I must go again to the exterior. We will go out by the baptistery, and here we are on the Piazzetta, the noble façade of the Ducal Palace on one side, and a great work of Sansovino's—the library of S. Mark—on the other; at the end between them two monolithic granite columns, one of which bears the lion of S. Mark, the other the figure of the ancient patron saint of Venice, S. Theodore; between them the dark-blue line of the sea rippled in a thousand twinkling waves, and beyond this the Isola S. Giorgio, remarkable for one of Palladio's churches—a building, as I think, irredeemably ugly, but, nevertheless, much admired by many. If you walk down to the strand, where a hundred gondolas wait for hire—some black and funeral-like, others dressed up with gay awnings, and all of them proud and swan-like with their bright steel prow rising lightly and high out of the water—and then, turning round, look first down the Riva dei Schiavoni, taking in the long sea-front of the Ducal Palace, then the narrow gap bridged by the famous Bridge of Sighs, and on again, noting bridge after bridge, and the Gothic palace now turned into the Hôtel Danaeli, and then on to the promontory running out towards the Adriatic, occupied by the Public Gardens and planted with the only trees that Venice boasts—how lovely is the scene! or if, looking back up the Piazzetta to S. Mark's, noting the tall campanile and

the quaint clock and clock-tower beyond, and the domes and turrets, niches and figures, which crown the church, how much more vividly does it not impress the mind!

Venice is full to excess of striking pictures, and it would be endless to say in how very many respects it has a character of its own which can never be forgotten. The strange silence of its watery streets, broken only by the cry of the gondolier or the delicate plash of his oar in the water, is not the least singular thing that a stranger feels; and when, after trying in vain to thread on foot the labyrinth of passages which confuse him irrecoverably in a few minutes, he commits himself to the dark recesses of a gondola, how delightful is the quiet, smooth, and yet rapid way in which, without more labour than is necessary in looking about, he finds himself now following the narrow winding of some small canal, awakening the echoes between the high walls of palaces or warehouses on either side of the way, or anon, upon turning with a graceful sweep into the smooth broad reach of the Grand Canal, making his gondolier move gently and slowly, as one by one the great palaces which grace its banks and form its retaining walls are carefully scanned, whilst the various and ever-changing perspective of the whole is dwelt upon, to be remembered afterwards with such intense pleasure!

From S. Mark's I remember trying to find my way to S. Stefano; and, taking a map of Venice, and calculating upon the orientation of the churches being fairly correct, I flattered myself that I might without difficulty make my way: the result was simply that for half an hour I was threading the mazes of all the passages around the church, and at last reached it only by chance; and I found afterwards that it would not at all do to take the churches as marking the car-

dinal points of the compass, for, as may be seen from the campanile of S. Mark, there are scarcely two churches in the city exactly alike in their orientation.

I was lucky in falling in with a gondolier who quite entered into my views, and who, after I had sketched some half-dozen Gothic palaces, always stopped, or offered to do so, whenever he came near another, and, as I succeeded in making him understand that we wanted to see all the byways as well as all the highways, I believe that we saw almost all that was to be seen of architectural interest in the city.

Few even of those who have never been at Venice are ignorant of the more prominent features which meet the eye there; and I shall therefore pass on to the description of the churches and domestic buildings which most impressed me.

I must confess that I was as much disappointed with the former as I was delighted with the latter. I had not expected larger churches, but I had imagined that their style would be more pure, and at the same time more unlike what I was accustomed to elsewhere. The impression they left on my mind was decidedly that they were very inferior in almost every respect to churches of the same size and degree of ornament in the North of Europe, whilst in scarcely any point did they seem to me to have features which could with any advantage be imitated by us. I had certainly been led to expect a very different result, and was proportionately disappointed. There is no church in Venice—(in what I am now saying I mean always to except S. Mark's)—at all comparable either to Sta. Anastasia or to the cathedral at Verona in the interior; and the exteriors, though fine as examples of the bold use of brick, are never-

theless not first-rate, nor at all superior to what one sees elsewhere.

Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari ought first to be described, as being certainly the finest of its class.

The first impression of it on landing from the gondola on the desolate-looking piece of pavement which here, as in many of the Venetian churches, forms a court between the canal and the west front, is not pleasing. The design of this west front is nothing short of being positively ugly; it is finished with a great sham gable, with a curved outline,. somewhat akin to our bad Elizabethan, but entirely foreign to any beauty or even picturesqueness of appearance; the doorways, too, are particularly poor, consisting of a succession of twisted and reedy mouldings, thin and shadowless, like so many cords stretched from cap to base, and round the arch without any proper distinction of jamb and archivolt.

The internal effect of the church of the Frari is much finer than its west front would lead one to expect. The plan is simple; a nave and aisles of six bays, transepts with three eastern chapels to each, and a choir of one bay with an apse of four bays. The columns are simple, cylindrical, and very lofty, their capitals carved with foliage, which looks late and poor in its execution, though grouped in the old way in regular tufts or balls of foliage. The arrangement of the wall above the main arcade is very similar to that of the Veronese churches, and, indeed, to that of most Italian pointed; a plain wall is carried up to the groining, relieved only by a small clerestory window at the highest point. One is apt to compare this arrangement with the noble arrangement of clerestory and triforium in our own churches: but herein we do not fairly to Niccolo Pisano (who designed the Frari)

16—INTERIOR OF STA. MARIA GLORIOSA DEI FRARI VENICE. Page 132.

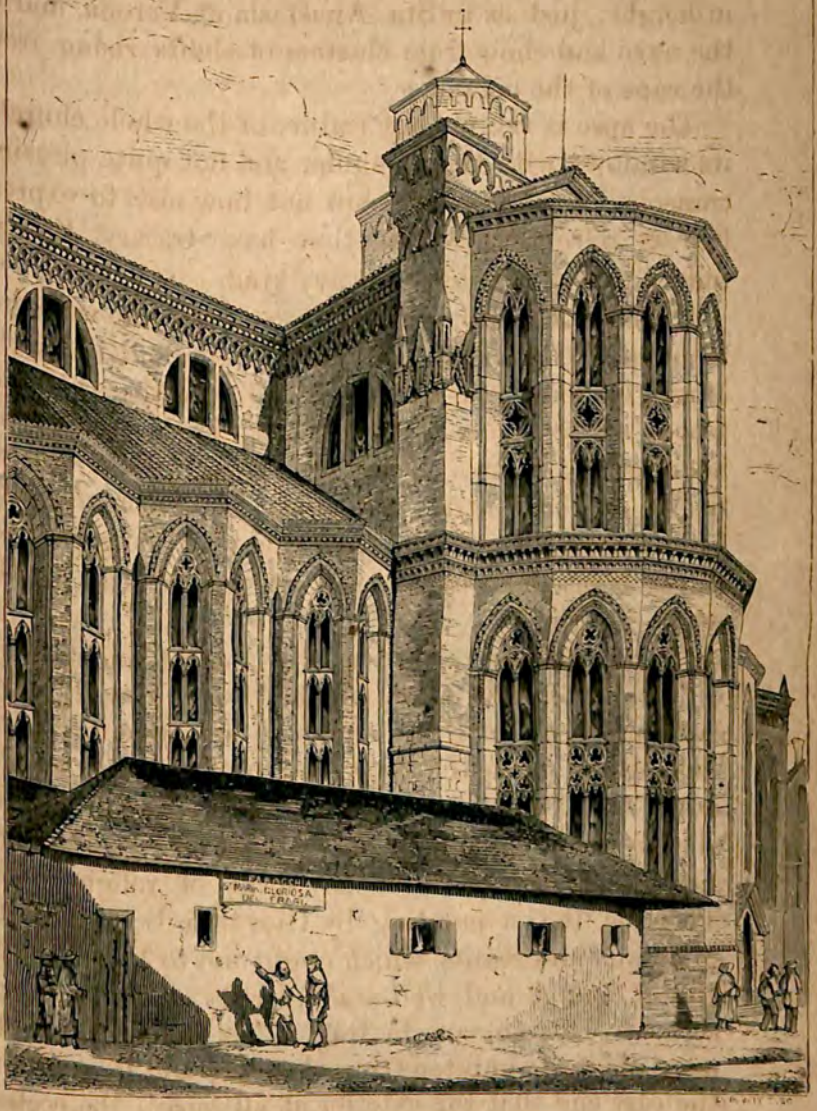
and his brethren. They had to work in a country where light must be admitted very sparingly, and where therefore it is impossible to revel in the rich traceries which fill the bays of the churches of the North; and they lived among a nation of artists, and deemed, perhaps, that these plain surfaces of wall would one day glow with colour and with scripture story. For these reasons then I defend them for the bareness and over-great plainness which is certainly at first felt to be so remarkable in their work. But the real beauty of these interiors is owing, I believe, more to the noble simplicity and purity of the quadripartite groining which arches them in, and which, even where other features would seem to tell of debasement and absence of feeling, invariably recalls us to a proper recollection of the infinite value of simplicity in this important feature, a point lost sight of in England almost from the first, to the incalculable detriment, I really believe, of the beauty of our great churches. It is not difficult to prove that this must be the case, for I take it for granted that we all feel that ornament for its own sake is valueless, and equally, that doing in a troublesome, and therefore costly way, that which may as well be done in a simpler manner, is unpleasant and distasteful as an exhibition of the wasteful expenditure of human skill and energy; and therefore, as simple quadripartite groining with diagonal and transverse ribs, and none intermediate, is quite sufficient for construction, and is in no degree whatever strengthened by the multiplication and ramification of perplexing ribs, common even in our early work, and in later days sinking into the effete and senseless luxury of fan tracery and its contemporary modes of vaulting, —that, therefore, the simplest is the only true and thoroughly defensible system of roofing in stone.

The simple groining of the Frari springs, in the aisles, from pilasters corbelled out of the walls midway in height, just as in Sta. Anastasia at Verona, and in the nave and choir from clusters of shafts rising from the caps of the columns.

The apse is the noblest feature of the whole church; its windows, with their singular and not quite pleasing transome of tracery—I know not how else to express it—are refreshing because they have tracery, though indeed it is of a rude and heavy kind.

There is something grand, too, about the arrangement of the church. The choir is prolonged by the length of about one bay and a half into the nave, and fenced off to the west by a great classic screen, surmounted by figures of the Apostles, with a crucifix rising in the centre. The nave is, of course, quite free from any fixed seats, and this with the great area of the transepts gives an air of spaciousness to the whole interior.

There are two or three fine ancient monuments of Doges (one of them of the Doge Foscari), and last, but not least, two immense monuments facing each other, near the west end of the nave, to Canova and Titian, preposterous in size, quite unsuitable to a church, and, so far at least as I could judge, entirely devoid of merit as works of religious art. There is, too, a painting by Giovanni Bellini of the Madonna and Saints, which ought not to be forgotten, and a grand and well-used sacristy, such as never seems to be seen save in Italy. To the south of the nave are large uninteresting cloisters, and it is only at the east end that the exterior at all repays the ecclesiologist for the pains he must take to get all round it. The view which I give will best illustrate its general character. The windows are all transomed, the tracery



17—STA. MARIA GLORIOSA DEI FRARI, VENICE. Page 131.

and portions of the arches being executed in stone, the rest of the wall being entirely of brick or terra-cotta; the bricks not particularly good, and the terra-cotta borders, cornices, and the like, poor and meagre in their design. The most observable point about the detail is the great and ugly splay on the exterior of the windows, and the fact that all the apsidal terminations in the church finish with an angle in the centre, a peculiarity which I do not remember ever to have met with before, and very much to be commended on every account.

There is a degree of clumsiness about the way in which the arches of the windows are set upon the jambs which is very characteristic of this kind of work; but this, and other points open to criticism, do not prevent the east end of this church from being a very noble conception, broad and grand, unbroken with the lines of buttresses which generally too much confuse apsidal terminations, and yet very vertical in its effect. There is no attempt at relieving or ornamenting plain wall where it occurs, but it is left in the native rudeness of the rather rough-looking red brick, which is in no respect better than the bricks one may get anywhere in England. The cornices are very marked, and those in the clerestory have the ungraceful corbelled arcading in brick, to which I have a special antipathy. The clerestory windows of the transepts and choir are, I need hardly say, quite modern, and of a kind, unfortunately, most popular throughout the north of Italy. North of the choir is a tall brick campanile, finished with an octagonal upper stage, but not very remarkable.

Next in order of merit to this church are those of SS. Giovanni e Paolo and of the Madonna dell' Orto, both of them savouring most strongly of the

school of the Pisani, and both in very many points remarkably like the church of the Frari.

We will take SS. Giovanni e Paolo first. The apse is so like that of the Frari that one might easily be mistaken for the other,—both being full of windows with traceries arranged in a similar manner,—and its transepts, furnished to the east with a row of apsidal chapels side by side, afford another point of similarity; indeed, this is throughout so great, that I do not feel that I should be justified in taking up space and time in a detailed description of it. Those who visit this church for no other reason do so to see the painting by Titian of S. Peter Martyr. There are some other paintings of merit as well as some mediæval monuments against the walls. The west end is unfinished, but bad as far as finished, and in front of it a small square, bordered by a canal, is known by the fine equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni da Bergamo, and by the singular building which stands at right angles with the west front of the church, the Scuola di S. Marco, elaborately constructed with coloured marbles, arranged, in gross violation of all proper architectural rules, in imitation of perspective, and with an attempt, by means of dark and light materials, to give the idea of light and shade, distance, and the like; an attempt which has failed so completely as to be useful as a warning to us.

Next in order of merit to SS. Giovanni e Paolo I should place the church of S. Maria dell' Orto. The church is in a very bad state, and so far ruinous as to require to be supported in its interior by a forest of shores and scaffold-poles, which make it quite impossible to get a good idea of the general effect. It appeared, however, to have fair pointed arcades resting upon very classic-looking columns, with capitals of

poorly grouped and executed foliage. It is decidedly inferior to the others in every respect save the treatment of its west front, which, poor as it is, sins less against all acknowledged rules than do theirs; its character is of a kind of pseudo-pointed, very flat, hard, and awkward. The cornice, with the open Italian pinnacles above it, over the central portion, is better in its effect than the singular row of niches which stands in lieu of cornice for the ends of the aisles; but it is worth while, nevertheless, to observe how simple is the design of these niches, taken separately; and how far this simplicity and genuine beauty of cusping and arching goes towards redeeming the want of taste which is shown in the choice of their location. The windows at the end of the aisles are remarkable for transomes of tracery supported upon two heights of delicate marble shafts, and entirely independent of the glazing which is fixed in frames within them. This kind of arrangement, incongruous and unsatisfactory as it is here, is worth recollecting, as being suggestive of an obvious opening for the use of traceried windows in domestic work; and it is a plan of not uncommon occurrence in the best Italian ecclesiastical architecture. Many of the windows of Sta. Anastasia at Verona are constructed in this way, showing on the outside elaborately-cusped and pierced plates of stone, against which on the inside the glazing is fixed, surrounded only with a plain circle of stone.

S. Stefano is another and really striking pointed church. Its interior, notwithstanding the gaudy red damask with which the Venetians here and elsewhere delight in clothing the columns of their churches, is very fine and unlike what is common in the North of Europe. The arcades of six pointed arches dividing the nave from either aisle are very

light, and supported on delicate marble columns, whose capitals, with square abaci and classic-looking foliage, hardly look like Gothic work. The moulding of the arches is not arranged in a succession of rims, as is the case in almost all good pointed work; but, in the fashion of classic arches, has a broad, plain soffit, with a small and shallow moulding at the edge, finished with a kind of dentil ornament, which, originally invented by the architect of S. Mark's in order to lighten the lines of constructional stonework within which his encrusted marbles were held, was afterwards, down to the very decline of pointed architecture, used everywhere in Venice—not only in its original position, but, as at S. Stefano, as a kind of label round the arch. Its effect is much like that of the English dog-tooth ornament—a succession of sharp hard lights and shades, useful as giving value and force to a very small piece of stonework, and therefore exceedingly valuable and praiseworthy when used as it is at S. Mark's, and equally contemptible, I am bound to say, when used, as it is in later work at Venice, simply as an ornament; for this it is not and cannot be, as it is the result of no skill or taste on the part of the workman, but just such an enrichment as might be rather better done by machine than by hand.

I must not forget to add that the interior of S. Stefano requires to be held together by iron ties in every direction—a sin to which, in Italy, the eye soon becomes accustomed.

The roof of the nave is a curious painted timber roof, boarded on the under side of the constructional arrangements, so as to hide them. The whole of the exterior is very carefully executed in brick, the moulded work being well done, but the whole very late in date and not good in its effect. The doorway is of a

favourite type, with a debased ogee arch, and above it —also a favourite plan in Venice—is a large circular window, unadorned with tracery or filling-in of any kind.

There *are* other mediæval churches in Venice; but, after in vain attempting to make notes of them, I at last gave up the attempt. The late work, of which they are specimens, was so exceedingly poor, cold, and distasteful to me, that I felt much inclined to give up ecclesiology in despair. The truth is, that, S. Mark's excepted—and a very wonderful exception of course it is—the churches in Venice in no respect came up to my anticipations. There is, indeed, not a tithe of the real delight experienced in visiting them which I remember to have felt in visiting the churches of much smaller cities in France, Germany, and our own dear England. True, indeed, there are some fine points and a certain breadth and dignity about the general effect of such a church as that of the Frari; but for all those lovely points of detail which in every direction amaze by the art they display and the rich array of beauty with which they clothe the walls of Northern cathedrals, there is here no kind of equivalent.

When I had thoroughly come to this conclusion, and settled in my own mind by actual inspection that my judgment was not harsh or unfair, I confess I felt a weight off my mind. I was now free to indulge myself to the full in the search for what Venice really has in greater abundance, perhaps, than any other city in Christendom—remains, namely, of mediæval domestic work. Nothing can be conceived more delightful than such a search. You seldom go a hundred yards—often it is much less—without coming upon some remains, or perhaps some nearly perfect

example, of an old Venetian palace; and then, with the gondola fastened to one of the great posts which line all the canals, the well-satisfied gondolier lying stretched on his back behind the awning, and the merry party laughing and talking within its dark recess, you sit most luxuriously and make your notes and sketches with a degree of quiet comfort which is the more gratefully felt by comparison with the misery which, nine times out of ten, accompanies all attempts to sketch in foreign cities, with all the idle, graceless fellows in the place looking over your shoulder and criticising your performances.

Venetian palaces divide themselves naturally into two great classes, the Byzantine and the Gothic; and it surprised me very much to find remains so perfect and so extensive of the former class even on the banks of the Grand Canal itself, where change has been ever so frequent and so rife. Indeed, so far as I saw, all the Byzantine palaces are situated on its banks, with one exception,—a house just out of it in the Rio de Ca' Foscari.

Of these palaces, certainly the most striking by far are the Ca' Loredan, the Ca' Farsetti, and the Fondaco de' Turchi. They all agree singularly in the general idea of their design, and consist of a grand scheme of arcading over the entire front. Divided generally into two stories in height, they are again divided in a marked manner in width into a centre and wings. This division is effected solely by a great difference in the space of the arches forming the arcades, which in the wings are much narrower than in the central division. In the upper arcade the spaces between the columns, and indeed the whole arrangement, appear to be very studiously unlike the lower range; but, at the same time, there is so very much similarity in the

detail of the whole, that this variety, far from being perceived as an irregularity or a fault, does in truth just suffice to give force and vitality to what might otherwise appear to be monotonous and too often repeated, and recalls to mind not a little the very similar kind of difference between the upper and lower order of shafts already described in the west front of S. Mark's.

We cannot do better than take, as an example of the finest type of a Byzantine palace, the magnificent, though now desolate, decaying, and ruined façade of the Fondaco de' Turchi, the whole of which was originally cased with a thin facing of marble, like the coëval works at S. Mark's — a kind of decoration which, neglected as this fine relic has been for years, we cannot be surprised to find almost altogether destroyed; small fragments do, however, still here and there remain to tell of the original magnificence of the work. The lower stage of the Fondaco consists of a continuous arcade of ten open arches, with three narrower arches at either end, forming the wings, so to speak; the upper stage has eighteen arches in the centre and four in each wing. In the wings the piers supporting the arches are, I think, all moulded pilasters; in the centre all the arches rest upon columns; and throughout the whole building the arches, which are all semicircular, are considerably stilted. The entire building is constructed in brick, which was originally, as I have before said, covered all over with a thin veneer of marble; in the spandrels of all the arches this is relieved by small circular medallions delicately carved, and over the upper stage is a string-course, above which there would seem to have been a long series of slightly sunk panels with round-arched heads, filled in with delicately arranged and beautifully

sculptured patterns in marble. These panels are immediately below the eaves of the roof. Many of the abaci and string-courses, and all the thin pieces of marble which form the soffits of the arches, have their projections finished either with a nail-head or dentil moulding; and between the shafts of the upper stage there are traces of balconies.

A very noticeable point in the general effect of the façade of the Fondaco de' Turchi is that, from the peculiar shape and great projection of the capitals of the shafts and the narrow span of the arches, the whole of the arcading has, at a small distance, almost the effect of a series of trefoils, and so seems to pave the way for the continuous traceries of the Ducal Palace and other later buildings.

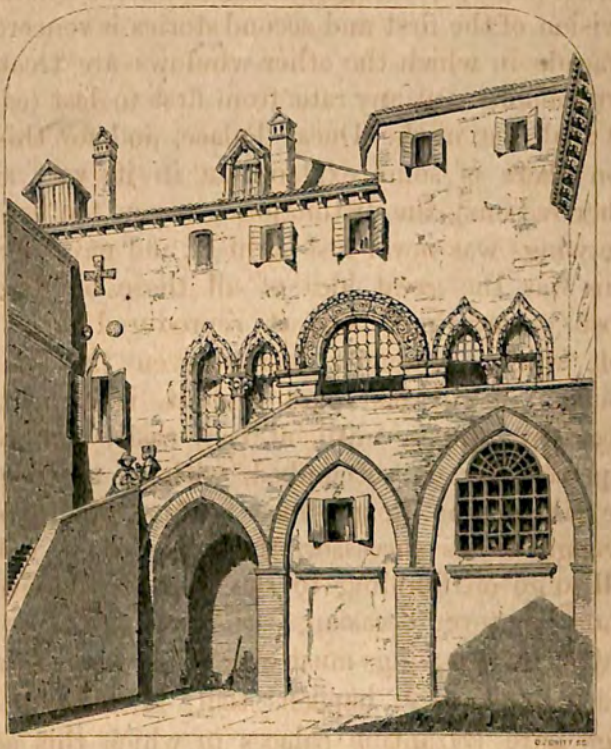
One especial fault of the Venetians seems to have been their proneness to repeat the same architectural idea an infinite number of times; and there is something in this so characteristic of the place and the people, that the reason for it is worthy of some consideration. Venice, surrounded by water, and cut off from that kind of emulation which in other places always has the effect of producing life and change very rapidly in the phases of art, seems to have contented herself, when once she had well done, with the conviction that improvement was either impossible or unnecessary, and so, whilst changes were going on in the mainland, to have rested satisfied with a slight alteration only, and that one of detail always, for centuries; and it is thus that I account for the singular sameness which characterized all the efforts of her Gothic artists. The façade of the Ducal Palace is really precisely the same in its idea as that of the Fondaco de' Turchi or the Ca' Loredan, altered only in detail—its very beautiful

traceries taking the place of, but doing the same work as, the simple encrusted arcades of its predecessors. And again, in the fronts of other and much smaller palaces—indeed, in all the fronts of the Gothic period—it is singular how exactly the same idea in the general arrangement is always preserved. Let me describe an ordinary palace. It is divided probably into three or four stories in height, the several stages generally separated by string-courses. The lower story opens, by an arched doorway in the centre, to the water; and on either side of this doorway a few small windows serve to light the basement. The second stage has a grand window of some five or six lights, divided by shafts of marble, and rich with tracery, in the centre; and on either side, one or two single lights, with tracery corresponding with—and often, as it were, cut out in a slice from—the traceries of the central windows. The third stage is nearly a reproduction of the second, though perhaps slightly less important; and the upper stage is either again a repetition of the others, or else consists of a few small windows placed over the others, and very unimportant and unpretending. The whole is crowned by a slightly-projecting eaves-cornice, generally very meagre in its character, and with a line of genuine dog-tooth ornament on its lower edge. Above this, probably—for only one or two examples remain at all near to their original state—was a parapet like that which still in part remains on the Ca' d'Oro and on the Ducal Palace, light and fantastic to a degree, and almost masking the flat roof behind.

Such, as will be seen by the views with which, I doubt not, almost all my readers must be familiar, is the general idea of the Gothic palace in Venice, and it admits of very slight modification. Occasionally, as

in the Ca' d'Oro, the windows are enclosed within a square line of delicate moulding, the space within which is encrusted with marble and entirely distinct from the string-courses, so as to give very much the impression of a plain wall veneered here and there with a window; or, again, sometimes the whole central division of the first and second stories is veneered on to a façade in which the other windows are treated constructionally; at any rate, from first to last (except, as we shall see, in the Ducal Palace, and for this exception there is some explanation in its vast size and other reasons), the distinction between the centre and the wings was never lost sight of, and never forgotten. This was the great idea of all these buildings, and most perseveringly was it reproduced down to the last, when, gradually losing even the life which beautiful detail had once lent it, it sank through successive stages, until, at last, easily and well-nigh imperceptibly, it succumbed, without a struggle, to the rise of the Renaissance feeling, giving only, in revenge, to its successor, the curse of an obligation still to go on building to the last, for whatever want or on whatever occasion, with the conviction that a centre and two wings must ever be necessary to a grand façade; and it so happens that, in addition to the large pure Byzantine palaces in which this arrangement is preserved,—in a delicate manner, it is true,—there still remains one remarkable example of the period of transition from Byzantine to Pointed, in a house which forms one side of the Corte del Remer (which opens to the Grand Canal just above the spot where it is spanned by the Rialto), which serves to show clearly enough the first attempt at translation of this Byzantine idea into Gothic.

In the principal story of this house the central



18.—CORTE DEL REMER, VENICE. Page 141.

feature is the entrance doorway, whose finely ornamented arch of markedly horseshoe outline is very conspicuous. On either side of this, and connected with it in one group, are two windows divided by shafts and with arches of very singular shape; it is as though a stilted semicircular arch had suddenly been turned up in the centre, not with the graceful ogee curve of later days, but with simple, hard, straight lines. Beyond these windows, one of late date, probably inserted in the place of the original window, completes the similarity which the arrangement of the openings in this house bears to that common to all the later Gothic palaces. The arches which support the staircase in front of this house are entirely executed in brick, and are probably later in date than the house itself, though it is noticeable that they are of a very early and pure type, and that here, as generally throughout the north of Italy, the pointed arch was first used in construction, and then, some time after its first introduction, and very generally in some modified form, for ornamentation also.

And now, having so far cleared the way, let me ask my reader to go with me to the Ducal Palace, and there undertake a somewhat hasty examination of its very glorious design.

I shall not enter into a general description of the entire building, because, as this has undergone prodigious alterations since its first erection, it is unnecessary to do more than to refer to the two fronts, which still retain, nearly without alteration, their original design.

The whole building forms three sides of a hollow square; one side rises out of the deep recesses of the Rio del Palazzo, spanned near its outlet by the famous Bridge of Sighs, and is entirely of Renaissance work;

the next side, rising from the Riva dei Schiavoni, faces the Giudecca, and is of the purest Gothic; and the third, facing the Piazzetta di San Marco—the small square which opens S. Mark's to the water—is also Gothic, and of the same type. The back of the palace abuts upon S. Mark's.

I cannot pretend to decide at all absolutely upon the vexed question of the dates of the mediæval portions, because, as the reader will find in an interesting discussion on the subject in the second volume of Mr. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' it is a source of very hot disputes. But the following appear to me to be the main points.

It seems to be clear that we may take the year 1301 as that in which the earliest works now existing were commenced, and that again in A.D. 1341 further works were undertaken, with the view of providing a grander council-chamber than had before existed, and that by about A.D. 1369 the structure was completed. These dates are very important, and, I believe, undisputed, the only question being as to which part of the building they refer to.

And now, before I say more about dates, let me describe these two Gothic fronts—the sea front and the Piazzetta front—and then we may perhaps see our way to some clear comprehension of the relative ages of the various portions of the fabric.

In height the whole design is divided into three stages, the upper nearly equal to the united height of the two lower stages, and faced entirely with a delicate diaper of marble cut in small oblong pieces, and looking, save in their texture and colour, much like bricks.[1] In

[1] The arrangement of the marbles in this stage is worth noting. They are arranged in a kind of diaper carried in diagonal lines over the entire wall; the centre of each square of the diaper is a piece of red surrounded

this marble-faced wall are pierced a number of windows with pointed arches—the tracery of which has been taken out—and in or near the centre of each façade a much larger window and balcony, which looks rather as though it had been subsequently inserted: but these were so obscured by scaffolding when I was at Venice that I could not judge decidedly on this point. The lowest stage consists of a long and uniform arcade of very simple and noble pointed arches resting upon circular columns with elaborately carved caps. The intermediate stage is a magnificent arcade, supporting very glorious tracery, too well known to everybody to require much description, and divided from the stages above and below it by large and prononcée lines of carved and moulded string-courses.

It is important to observe that up to the top of the second string-course the whole of the architecture is of the noblest type of Venetian pointed; the arches of the lowest stage are well proportioned, and, though very simply, still well moulded; and the detail of the whole of the second stage is, to say the least, not at all inferior. They form together, without exception, I believe, from all I have either seen myself or heard, the very noblest and truest specimen of Christian architecture south of the Alps.

Above this noble work the third stage comes, and I confess, to my eye, with patent marks in every stone of which it is composed that it was designed by some other hand than that which had been so successful below. There is something quite chilling in the great waste of plain unbroken wall coming above the won-

by four pieces of grey marble; then comes a row of white, of red, and of white, and finally the dividing lines of all the diapers of red. A nearly similar diapering is to be seen on one of the Gothic palaces on the Grand Canal.

derful richness of the arcades which support it; and, moreover, this placing of the richer work below and the plainer above is so contrary not only to all ordinary canons of architecture, but just as much to the ordinary practice of the Venetians, that I feel sure, now that I have examined the work itself, that an impression which I have had from my first acquaintance with drawings of it is substantially correct, viz. that the line at which alterations and additions have been made is to be looked for in a horizontal and not in a vertical direction; that in all probability, consequently, the builders of A. D. 1301 commenced with some portion of the sea façade, and gradually carried on the building to, at any rate, the height of the two stages as we now see them; and that then, when in A. D. 1341 the Council Chamber was found to be too small, and larger rooms were required, another architect suggested the advantage of obtaining these by raising an immense story above the others, and, without destroying much of his predecessor's work, providing rooms on the most magnificent scale for the Doge and his Council.

This view is, so far as I understand Mr. Ruskin's, exceedingly different from his, which seems to make the *entire* sea front to be the work of the architect of A.D. 1341, whilst the erection of the Piazzetta front in imitation of the other is not mentioned at all in any of the old accounts, and the destruction of the work commenced there in A.D. 1301 is equally unaccounted for. Moreover, there is no mark of diversity of style between the two fronts beyond some slight differences in the treatment of the sculpture; but it is quite impossible to argue with any certainty from this, because it is plain that this difference might arise from the employment of two sculptors at the same time whose minds were as different in tone as their hands were in

power, or from the completion of a portion only of the carving at first, and the delay for some reason, which might easily arise, of that in the Piazzetta front until a later period.

But if we take into consideration the extreme probability that the mode I have suggested was resorted to, we shall see at once how very important a clue it gives as to the explanation of the very evident difference in design between the lower part and the upper. There is, it is true, but little to guide us, but still I think enough. In the first place, the shafts at the angles of the building, which in the earliest Venetian work were simple roundings off of the sharp angles, afterwards three-quarter shafts formed by rounding the angle and then sinking a line on each side a few inches from it, became in time detached shafts projecting from the face of the wall and apparently independent of it, and held in their places by occasional bands bedded into the wall; in short, these later expedients were just as unreal, unnatural, and ugly expedients for marking the angle of the wall, as the others were lovely and simple modes of delicately softening its contour. The shafts at the angles of the upper stage of the Ducal Palace are of the late type, both ugly and weak, and, I am confident, never devised by the original architect of the finer work below.

Besides this, the windows—which are indeed arched—are poor in their detail, which is small and entirely wanting in bold spirit: and where the tracery remains, as it still does in two windows at the extreme end of the sea front, it is of much later and poorer character than the traceries below.

Finally, the parapet is not at all equal in its conception to any of the lower work, and crowns with an

insignificant grotesqueness the noble symmetry of the two lower arcades.

The new council-chamber was not completed entirely until A.D. 1423, and in A.D. 1429 the Doge Foscari built a gate called the Porta della Carta at the S. Mark's end of the Piazzetta façade. I only notice this, because, above the picturesque but debased work which he put up, there is a small portion of plain wall diapered with marble so as to correspond exactly with the upper stage of the palace, against which it is built, whilst the parapet and window over this gateway are also similar to those in the upper stage of the palace. He could imitate work near his own in point of time, he could not imitate the purer early work—he did the one, and not the other; it is ever so in the history of art, and in this case it proves, I think, that no long period of time could have elapsed between the execution of the two similar works; this, therefore, makes the supposition that the upper part of the palace was of late date still more probable than it would have been had we only had the intrinsic evidence afforded by its style to go upon. But I think that we have a curious confirmation of my view in another way; for in the Bodleian Library there is a manuscript of the fourteenth century (the Romance of Alexander) which contains a most curious and remarkable view of Venice. It has been engraved at p. 26 of the second volume of the 'Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages,' to which I must refer my readers; they will see that, with the usual amount of licence which characterizes most mediæval representations of places or towns, it has, nevertheless, been intended as an absolute representation of what its draughtsman had seen. The columns with S. Theodore and the lion of S. Mark on their capitals, the bronze horses

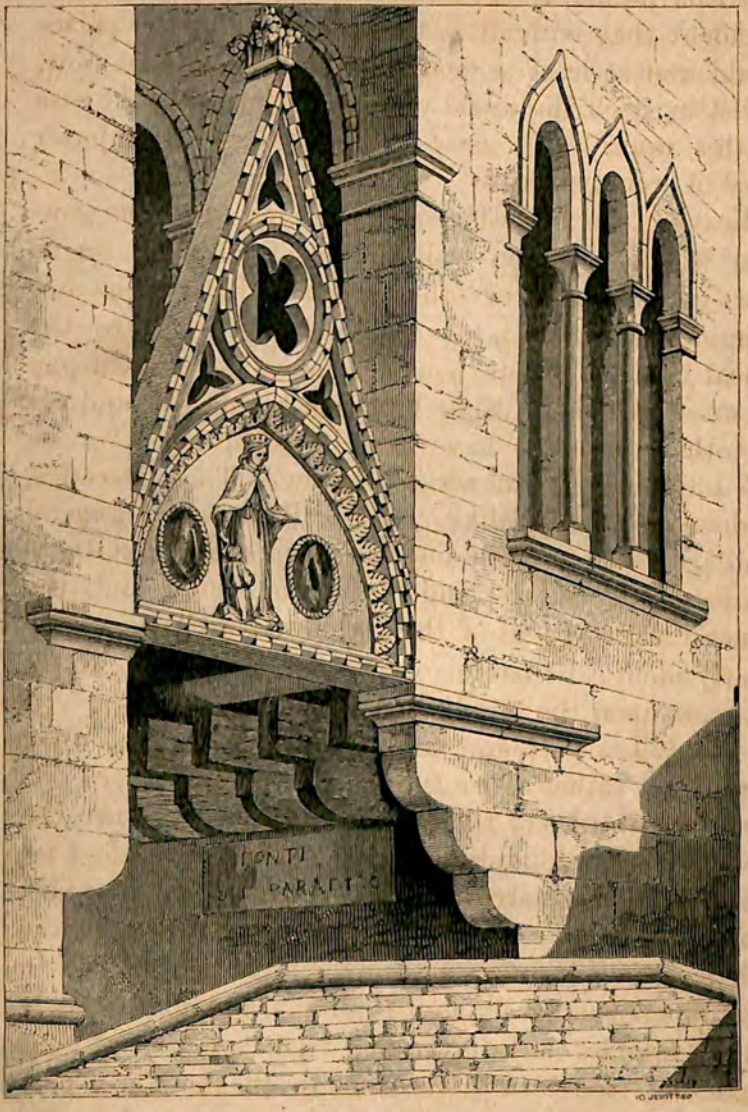
and the domes of S. Mark's, the position by the water-side, and the representation of the Ponte del' Paglia, are all proofs of this; but the important point for my present purpose is, that he drew the Ducal Palace as *a building of two stories in height*, the first a simple arcade, the second an arcade with tracery. In the distance behind this his drawing shows a picturesque assemblage of buildings, whilst figures are represented behind the upper arcade as though it were only a kind of immense balcony. There can be no doubt whatever that this old drawing tells most strongly in favour of my view that the upper stage was not built until after a considerable interval; for it is almost impossible—looking at the way in which the rest of the drawing is made—to believe that all reference to it would have been omitted had it had any existence at the time.

It will be seen that my supposition that the original design of the Ducal Palace was of considerably less elevation than the present building, would tend to make it very much more like the Byzantine type than it now is; but even now no one can dispute the family likeness. The amount of constructive art is as nearly as possible the same. The weight is supported by a succession of shafts placed at very short intervals from each other, and in neither is there any approach to the system of pier, and arch, and buttress, so distinctive of pointed art in the North. The pointed arch is used, it is true, in the palace; but, after all, the mere use of the pointed arch does not make thorough pointed architecture, and, therefore, all-glorious as it is as a variety of pointed architecture, the Ducal Palace is, I think, scarcely to be placed in the first class of pointed buildings. Indeed, the second stage, whose exquisite beauty is the charm of the whole building, does not

exhibit the pointed arch at all in a properly developed form, and is strong enough to support the great weight of wall above only by reason of the massy character of its tracery, and not by the proper application of constructional arches. I have already said that there is no approach to buttressing; but the angles require some help, and this is given partly by increasing considerably the size of the shafts, and partly by iron ties at the springing of the arches running for some distance in each direction.

All the mouldings are very simple; generally composed of three-quarter beads, small fillets, and large flat hollows, and constantly arranged in the same order. The label of the main arcade is a plain bead. In the string-courses boldly carved flowers are repeated with a slight interval between each, and the upper string-course has a row of nail-heads in one of its members. The cusping of the tracery is quite square in its section, and the cusps finish with a square end, to which is attached—and with good effect—a small circular ball of red marble. The parapet is of the somewhat peculiar kind I have already mentioned, and I confess I was not long enough in Venice to bring myself to admire its extreme peculiarity of both outline and design.

Such, then, is the Ducal Palace; a building certainly in some respects of almost unequalled beauty, but at the same time of unequal merit; its first and second stages quite perfect in their bold nervous character, and in the almost everlasting-looking succession of the same beautiful features in shaft, and arch, and tracery, forming perhaps one of the very grandest proofs in the world of the exceeding beauty of perfect regularity in architecture, when it is possible to obtain it on a very large scale. It is, however, in spite of, not in



19.—ARCHWAY, PONTE DEL PARADISO, VENICE. Page 153.

conjunction with, the treatment of the upper stage that this façade is so eminently beautiful, and I am confident that without it the remainder of the palace would find at least as many admirers as it does now, whilst by itself the world with one consent would pass by this upper stage as a very worthless and inferior piece of architecture.

Leaving the Piazzetta, and stepping into the gondola, which has been waiting for us hard by, let us now go in search of other palaces; but let us not imagine that we are to see anything equal to the Ducal Palace. There is, it appears to me, a great gap between it and all other Venetian buildings; and yet all others seem to have been founded on it, or on the buildings out of which it grew. Their traceries, seldom absolutely alike, have still so much general similarity that at first one may well fancy that there is no variety at all; and, as I have before said, the general arrangement of their windows and doors is so nearly identical that this impression is the more likely to grow upon the mind.

We will not attempt to take the buildings as they come; but rather as we think of them, and to some extent in the order of their merit, let us note down the glories of the domestic work of Venice. And first let us stop in this narrow canal, for we have by our side one of the most exquisite little pieces of detail in the whole city. It is an archway, simple and delicate in its proportions, lovely as it is simple, and appropriately placed hard by the bridge called "del Paradiso." I trust that my sketch is clear enough to show how pure and good the work is. The main points to be noted are, the characteristic flatness of the details, and the kind of dentil moulding, which defines all the leading architectural lines, originally invented for borders of

incrustations at S. Mark's, and here, as everywhere in Venice, used for decoration afterwards. The incrusted circles of marble on each side of the figure give great life to the spandrel beneath the arch, and the windows seen behind show us a late example of the not unfrequent use of the semicircular and ogee arches together in the same window.

In another, and rather desolate, canal in the outskirts of the city, wider than usual, and with a footpath at the side of the water, instead of having the walls of the houses running down into it, and forming its boundary, is the Palazzo Cicogna, as it is called; which I remember gratefully because it is one of the few exceptions to the rule of regularity. The whole design of the house is very irregular; a detached shaft at one angle supports a portion of the house which overhangs and forms a sort of open passage-way; to the right of this opening is a four-light shafted window, and then a plain wall pierced with two windows, each of a single ogee trefoiled light. The upper story has two single windows over the others, whilst over the larger windows and the passage-way is a large window conspicuous by its size and the peculiarity of its tracery. It is of six lights divided by very good shafts, and properly arched with pure and good trefoiled arches; above these, and enclosed within the perpetual indented string, is a complicated system of intersecting circles pierced at regular intervals with quatrefoils. The section of this upper part is very much thinner than that of the arches beneath. This window is in a most shaken and decayed state, and not likely, I fear, to be long preserved. The whole elevation is finished with a shallow cornice supported on corbels.

And now let us go back to the Grand Canal; we

shall enter it by the side of the Palazzo Foscari, which, with two other contiguous palaces, occupies quite the post of honour at the bottom of the principal reach of the Grand Canal, and commands the whole view of its noble and ever-busy way to where the arch of the Rialto and another bend in the canal close in the view. We will go a few strokes only towards the Rialto, and then turn round to look at the palaces we have just passed. They certainly form a most magnificent group, and are in every way worthy of their conspicuous position. The palace at the junction of the two waters is that of the Foscari; the others belonged, I believe, to two of the Giustiniani family, and but a few yards up the canal, which runs by the side of the former, is one of the smaller remnants of Byzantine work already referred to. This group is so well known as scarcely to need any description—suffice it to say, therefore, that throughout these palaces the windows are shafted, and the glass is fixed in wooden frames behind the stonework. This is beyond all doubt what we ought to do; it is the only sensible and rational mode of adapting the system of traceried and shafted windows for domestic purposes, and has here, as elsewhere, the prestige of ancient authority to recommend it to the consideration of those amongst us who will do nothing without it. I have enlarged on this point elsewhere, and will, therefore, say no more upon it now, save that in Venice such a thing as an English monial ordinarily is was never known. Windows were *invariably* shafted from the earliest period to the latest, and so far invariably of the highest order, inasmuch as they admitted of the definite expression of the point at which the monial terminated and the arch commenced, and inasmuch, too, as the polished surface of the detached marble shaft must ever be far more lovely than

the lines of tracery mouldings carried down even to the sill.

The angle-shafts of the Palazzo Foscari have caps and bases in each stage of the building; those of the other palaces continue up without interruption.

The date of the smaller palaces, and probably of the large one also, is very early in the fifteenth century; and the latter had, in 1574, the honour of being the grandest palace that the Venetians could find in which to lodge Henry III. of France.

They are all three very similar in their design. Their water-gates are pointed, and the windows in the water-stage small and unimportant. The second stage is more important, and has cusped ogee window-heads and balconies. The third stage is, however, the most grand, all the windows having deep heads of tracery and large balconies. The fourth stage is very nearly like the first, save that instead of balconies there is a delicate balustrading between the shafts of the windows, which is very frequent in good Venetian work, and always very pretty in its effect. All the windows in these three palaces have ogee heads generally finished with carved finials, and enclosed within a square outline formed by the small dentilled moulding, and giving what I have before had to refer to—to some extent the effect of a panel with a window pierced in it veneered on the front. The Foscari Palace is the only one of these three that has any string-courses. The arrangement of the windows—large in the centre and smaller at the sides—is so nearly regular and of a sort of two-and-two kind of uniformity, that one scarcely notices that, nevertheless, when internal arrangements make it necessary, a departure from this strict rule is allowed.

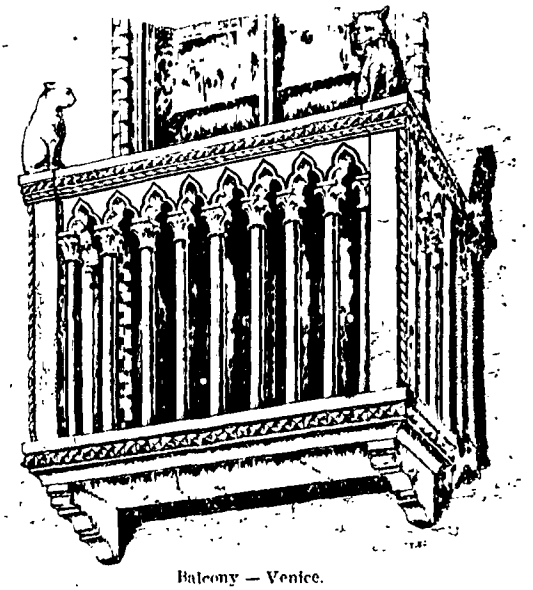
In a small court-yard, desolate and dreary, reached

after crossing the Ponte della Paglia and one or two other bridges on the Riva dei Schiavoni, is the Palazzo Badoer, a fourteenth century palace, the ogeed arches of the windows in which are more than usually good, whilst the beauty of the central window, enclosed within a square line of moulding, within which the wall is encrusted with marble relieved by medallions, is very great. The structure of this, as probably of most of the palaces, is brick which has been frescoed; but it is now in a very lamentable state of decay. The balconies of the lower windows are clearly modern, but there is a trace of the original balustrade between the shafts of the windows in the second stage; and in front of the side-lights to the upper window is a grille of iron-work taking the place of a balcony, and composed of a combination of quatrefoils. The arrangement of the windows in this front is not absolutely regular, but still the centre is very marked; and though it is of early date, the true use of the arch nowhere appears. The usual[1] dog-tooth cornice finishes the walls under the eaves. In this court-yard are two of the wells which give so much character to all the courts in Venice. They appear generally to be of early date, and look, frequently, like the capitals of large columns, taken down and placed upon the ground. Those in front of the Palazzo Badoer are perhaps more like fonts.

Another palace, whose name I omitted to note, is remarkable as an instance of the way in which windows were sometimes placed absolutely at the very angles of the building. The upper central window is

[1] I say "usual" because it is really quite curious to see how repeatedly either the dog-tooth or the nail-head is used in this position. The commonest eaves-cornice consists of a simple chamfered stone—the chamfer covered with dog-tooth—supported on moulded corbels at short intervals.

curious. It is, in point of fact, three windows united in one group; the four centre-lights divided from each other by shafts, and from the outer lights by pilasters. The quatrefoils in the head are enlarged into ovals in order to meet this difference in width. The traceries are not pierced, and the original balconies remain in front of the windows. Venetian balconies are very beautiful and very characteristic. Nowhere else are they seen in such perfection; nowhere else, perhaps, were they ever so absolutely necessary. The palaces rose out of the dark water which washed against their foundations, and no ground could be given up for shady arcades as in other Italian cities, nor were there any paths to be strolled along; the only resource was, therefore, to gain from the air that which the land could not afford, and by projections in front of the windows to obtain that power of enjoying the delicious evening atmosphere, so cool and pleasant after the fatigues of the too sultry day. These bal-



Balcony — Venice.

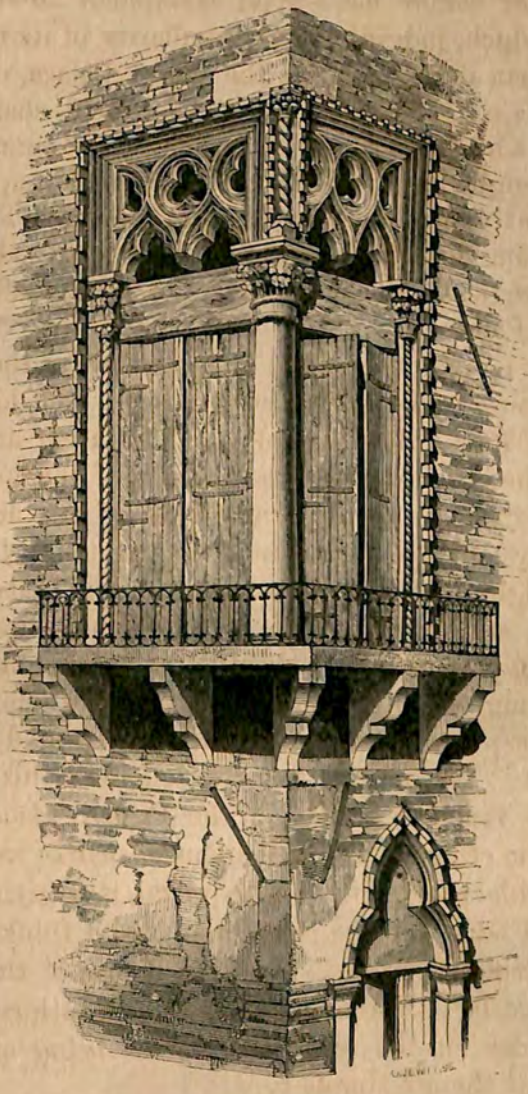
conies are almost always very similar, consisting of a number of delicate shafts with carved capitals, supporting a piece of stone whose under side is notched up in a series of trefoils (generally ogee), resting upon the capitals of the shafts. These are divided occasionally by pilasters, under which are corbels jutting out boldly to support their weight; and above which sit, generally, eying quaintly and placidly the gondolas as they shoot silently by, small lions, dogs, or other animals—a quaint finish which one soon learns to like; their angles are often marked by corded mouldings, and the edges of their floors and copings are almost always moulded and specked with the perpetual notchings of the nail-head.

There was great variety in the planning of these balconies. In the Palazzo Persico, for instance, in which the central windows of the second and third stages form one great panel, the lower balcony is continuous across all four lights of the window, whilst the outer lights only of the upper window have balconies, the two middle lights having a balustrade only between their shafts. In other cases the balcony extends to four lights only of a six-light window, whilst in most they are confined to the central windows, to which they give much additional dignity. The Ca' Fasan affords, I think, a solitary example of tracery in a balcony; and the effect of this is so vastly inferior to the usual shafted balconies, that it seems scarcely necessary to pause to consider why it should be so. Obviously, however, it is not very convenient to have the fretful points of cusps and traceries set, as it were, to catch every projection or point of your dress whenever you lean over the edge of the balcony to inhale the fresh air or scan the busy scene below.

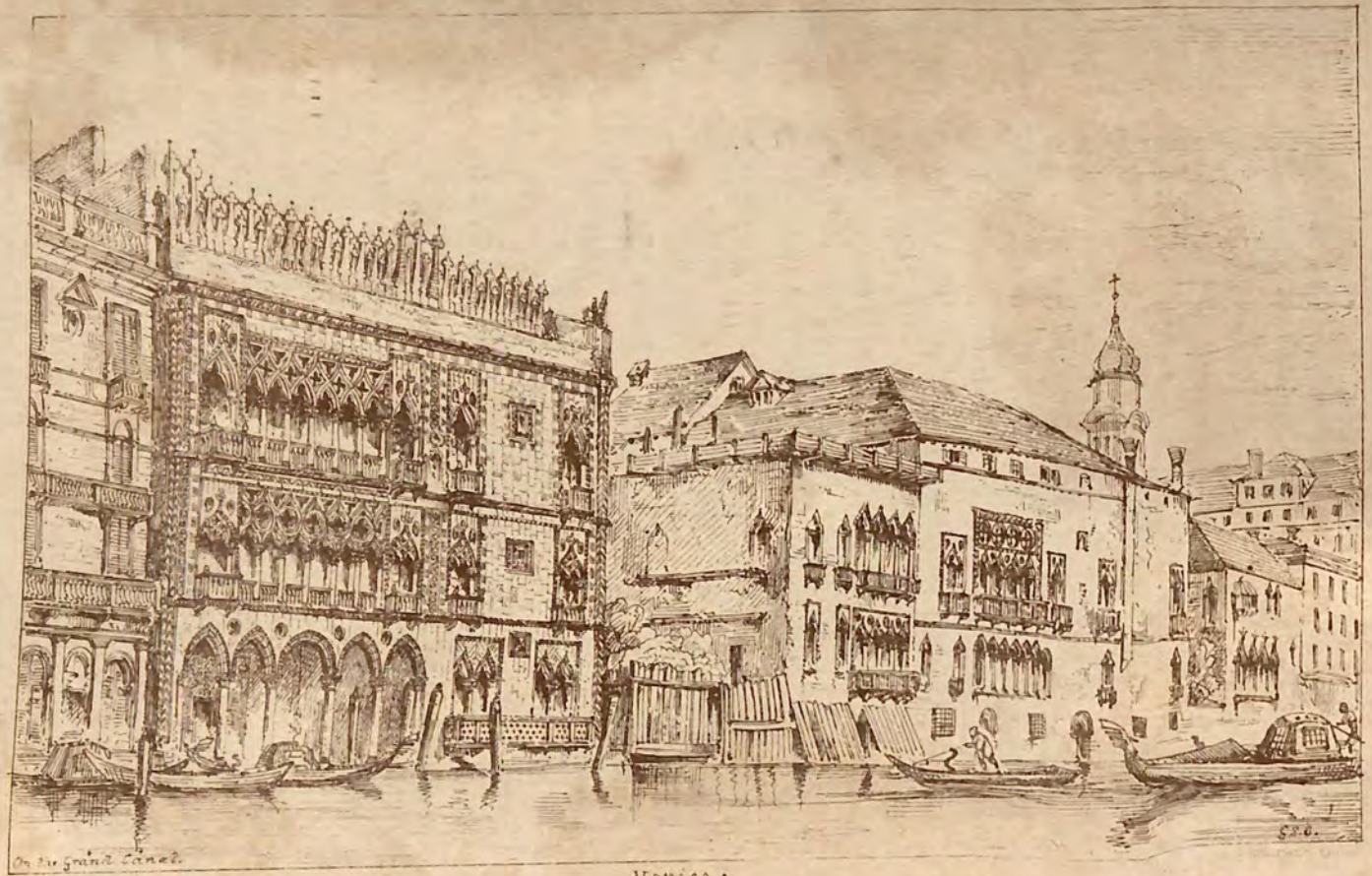
Another palace—also, I am sorry to say, unknown to me by name—has a good example of an angle window, which, judging by the similarity of its tracery to the Porta della Carta in the Ducal Palace, must date about A.D. 1430. It has a very bold shaft at the angle, whilst the jambs have pilasters ornamented at their angle by a twisted cord-like moulding, which is frequently met with in the later work. There is a small angle-shaft elaborately twisted just above this window, and very much like the angle-shafts of the Ducal Palace.

The composition of the main window in the front of this house is, I think, very striking. The lower window of four lights (one of which is larger and loftier than the others—a curious instance of the junction of regularity with irregularity), and whose arches are ogee trefoils, is surmounted by another window of four lights, with delicate balustrading between the shafts; and on each side of this upper window, and forming part of the composition, is a single light, with projecting balcony. The effect of the whole arrangement is pleasing, and is frequently repeated in other palaces. The marble incrustation over this window is very much like that in the Palazzo Badoer; and from the centre of the medallions of marble small balls of marble project, fixed with metal, and giving great life and beauty to the medallions, and I think without any sacrifice of truth. The main fabric of this building must be of the middle of the fourteenth century—the arches of the principal window being of a very excellent though simple type.

In the Casa Persico, to which reference has already been made, the central window is an elaborate composition of the same kind; but the lower one is of more importance, and has a continuous balcony: and



20.—ANGLE WINDOW, VENICE. Page 160.



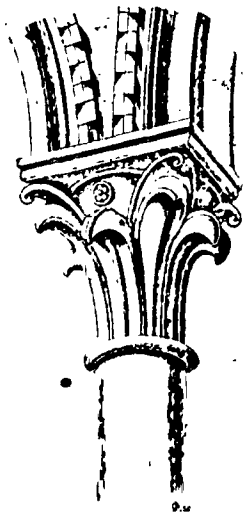
Venice :

here I may notice the finials with which the ogee arches of Venetian windows are so often finished. They appeared to me to be invariably tasteless and poor in execution, and very mean in their outline. I did not see one finial in Venice which was satisfying, even when found in conjunction with otherwise fine work, and I used to wish heartily, when I reached some palace not before seen, that I might find its arches finished without them. There was some reason for the wish, too, in the fact that I believe it is in the later work that these tasteless ornaments are commonest. I saw them first at Verona, and lamented over them there, but at Venice I was positively annoyed by the persevering and endless thrusting of their poverty and badness upon my wearied eyes.

And now let us go again into the Grand Canal, and we shall not have gone very far up the broad water above the Rialto before we shall find, on our right hand, one of the most striking groups of mediæval palaces and houses which can be seen anywhere, even in Venice, where the famous Ca' d'Oro unites with some three or four other houses, of rather early date, to give a very fair idea of what the water scenery of the ancient city once was.

There is some difficulty in criticizing the Ca' d'Oro, because, in the first place, it has been restored to render it fit for the occupation of Mdlle. Taglioni, and, in the next place, much of the elaborate decoration, from which it derived its name, has perished or been destroyed: as it is, however, it is still a very sumptuous example of the later fourteenth century Gothic. Its whole face is inlaid with squares of red and white marble, and a great amount of carving is spread over the entire surface, round and between the windows. This is very flat, but good in its effect.

The open arcade on the water story, and the traceried arcades above, all open into recessed courts, an arrangement peculiar, I think, to this house, and so far similar in its purpose to the arcades in the Ducal Palace. Some of the balconies are good, and the carving of the capitals and moulding of the window traceries are very characteristic of Venetian pointed. The whole design is one-sided, and gives the impression of a house to which an additional wing has been added. The water-stage consists of an open arcade of five arches, the central arch round, the remainder pointed, and to one side of these two windows with a continuous balcony. The second and third stages have, above the five open arches, elaborately traceried windows, of no less than eight lights in width, filling almost the entire front, the outside lights having balconies, whilst the others have balustrading. Over the two windows of the water-stage are single-light windows in each stage. There are throughout this front many medallions of dark marble, which, let into a field of light marble, are most brilliant in their effect.



Capital of Window-shaft—Venice.

The most remarkable features in the Ca' d'Oro are, however, the triple and elaborately carved and chevroned angle-shafts, which I have nowhere else seen, and the very singular parapet. The height of this is greater about the centre and at the two ends than elsewhere; but this appears to have been done rather with the intention of carrying up to the very top

the noticeable division in the building itself than for any other reason. A very small portion only of the parapet is perfect, and this it is rather difficult to get at, but its general effect will be understood on reference to plate 21, in which I have drawn the whole palace. The small balls of marble affixed to the outer edge of the trefoils are like those in the tracery of the Ducal Palace, and in the centre of the medallions of marble everywhere throughout the city. Their effect is certainly very piquant.

Beyond the Ca' d'Oro there are three ancient houses of considerable interest, and the second from the Ca' d'Oro is a very good example indeed. They are all more than usually irregular in the arrangement of their windows.

Lower down the Grand Canal, and nearly opposite the Post-office, is the Palazzo Pisani Moretta, a very late building, in which all the balconies are Renaissance, with ordinary balustrading; but this occurs so often in connection with the latest examples of pointed work, that I was tempted to believe that they were possibly, after all, contemporary in their erection. This palace, too, is remarkable for its double entrance-doors, with ogee arches, and for the manner in which the central window is carried up in an uninterrupted way to the very cornice; the lower traceries being very fair, those in the upper story very weak and bad.

With notices of two more buildings, the Palazzi Cavalli and Barbaro, I shall conclude my remarks upon the existing examples of Venetian domestic work. Neither of them calls for much remark. The traceries of the Cavalli Palace are heavy and unsatisfactory, and contrast unfavourably with the greater

simplicity of the windows in the Palazzo Barbaro. The two palaces stand, however, in a very noble position on the Grand Canal, commanding the view from the Foscari Palace in one direction, to the church of the Salute and the mouth of the canal in the other. Nearly opposite them is a very striking house, the Ca' Dario, built, I imagine, about the commencement of the sixteenth century, before the revived classic feeling had fully possessed the Venetians, and displaying some effective and beautiful arrangements of constructional decoration with coloured marbles. It is, in fact, an attempt, to some extent, after a revival of the art of incrustation, as practised at S. Mark's, and so successful is it, that I wondered much that more examples were not met with.

In the Grand Canal, and near this spot, are many other buildings, all worthy of illustration, but adding, I think, nothing to what we already know. The Ca' Fasan is the most unlike the other mediæval houses of any; but it pleased me so little that I could not bring myself to waste time by sketching it. It is only fair to say that in its traceried balconies it approaches more nearly to the latest northern pointed than any other building in Venice, and that it has perhaps at the same time less breadth and dignity than any.

Two fine palaces are now turned into hotels, and the hotel at which I stopped was another with remains of pointed windows; indeed traces of pointed work are singularly plentiful, and I might go on to an interminable length were I to attempt to describe them all.

And now that we have so far passed in review a series of the finest remains of mediæval architecture in Venice, it is time to inquire how much is to be learnt by what we have seen, and in how great a degree it

differs from the developments of pointed architecture with which we are familiar in northern Europe.

And I think the very first point to be observed is that in Venice architecture was never essentially constructional in the sense in which it was in our own land. The pointed arch is rarely used except in churches, and in its place traceries, increased in size and scale to do their work, are often made to carry the entire weight of walling above them, as is the case, to take the noblest example, in the second stage of the Ducal Palace. And it is remarkable that, when the arch was used, from a very early date it was the ogee arch, and not the arch formed by two simple curves: indeed it may almost be said that the pure pointed arch was never used, save where it would have been quite impossible with any other contrivance to bridge the necessary gap, or provide sufficiently for the weight to be supported. How striking a contrast this is to the way in which in England men worked with, and exhibited, the pointed arch, evidently as if, and because, they loved it!—using it not only as a sturdy servant to do heavy work, but as the friend of whose friendship they were ever the most anxious to boast. I do not complain of the flatness and lack of breaks or indentations in the masses of their great buildings, because this no doubt arose in part from the value of every foot of ground so hardly gathered from the sea, and the difficulty of throwing out buttresses into the narrow depths of the canals out of which they rise. And the same conditions which enforced this flatness are grateful because they involved the charming balconies which are so peculiarly Venetian.

In the science of moulding I cannot but think that it is exceedingly useless to compare works executed for

the sunny skies of Italy with those fitted for the gloomy sunlessness of a northern climate. The one kind are as properly soft, gentle in their alternations of light and shade, and delicate, as the other are piquant and sharp, rejoicing in the dark shade of deep hollows and endless intricacy of outline and arrangement. But I feel no doubt whatever that, unfair as it may be to compare one school with the other, seeing that each worked for its own wants, it is yet most clear that the northern architects were developing a much deeper art, and working with much more consummate skill, than were the Venetian. The endless variety of the arrangement of capitals, and the necessary grouping of mouldings to fit their varying outlines, was carried to the extreme point of perfection by the one school, whilst in the other not only was there much less depth and relief, but also very much less of variety. The abacus was almost always square in plan, and, as an almost necessary consequence of this, mouldings remained very much in the same arrangement and shape for the whole period of the prevalence of the pointed style, and generally rather leaned to the side of heaviness than of delicacy. Venetian mouldings are composed of the eternal combination of a three-quarter bead and a shallow hollow, divided by small fillets, and so invariably arranged in almost exactly the same order that it requires very great care to decide upon the date of buildings by their mouldings with anything like an approach to certainty.

Besides this department of pure moulding, there are also the ever-recurring ornamental mouldings which are so peculiarly characteristic of Venetian works of all dates. These consist generally of mouldings which in England we should consider Romanesque, but which in Venice appear to be much more common in the

latest work than in the early; chevrons, cable-mouldings, billets, and the like, are seen everywhere, and suggest the question whether this class of ornamental mouldings, so largely used in the early days of architecture in England and so little afterwards, might not with some advantage be rescued from the contempt into which it has fallen with modern builders. They have the advantage of being within the power of any ordinary workman to execute, and do not, therefore, require the handiwork, which is so rare and so precious, of thoroughly good carvers. Add to this that some features, originally invented for use in the way of holding together marble incrustations, were afterwards used universally for their own sakes as ornamental mouldings, for which office they were in no way fitted, and I think nearly as much has been said as can be of Venetian mouldings in stone. Those in brick are even less satisfactory; but they occur mainly about the churches, and, as I do not recognise anything at all distinctively Venetian in their design or arrangement, it will be better to say more about them after we have seen the noble brickwork in other cities in the north of Italy, compared with which that at Venice is not of the first order.

In the practice of carving, as in that of moulding, I see no reason for yielding the palm to the Venetian. It is true, indeed, that the early capitals—of which most magnificent examples exist at S. Mark's—are some of the most exquisite I have ever seen, true and precise in their sculpture, revelling in the utmost delicacy of intricate work, and always refined and elaborated with great evidence of care and thoughtfulness; but after the earliest school, and those later examples in which these were copied and regarded as models, there appears to me to be much less to admire. There

is a confusion and want of fixed purpose about many of those which are commonly referred to as the noblest types of pointed sculpture which is at best not satisfactory; and I confess that I came away pleased much more with some of the Byzantine capitals than with any others. They have some notable points of difference from those to which we are used. They are generally much larger in proportion to the shaft than ours; and instead of having a regular neck-moulding, they rise out of the shaft with a kind of swell, which, as being less definite, is to me less satisfactory than our neck-moulding. And then in all ages they are very generally similar in their outlines—this in part arising from the constant occurrence of circular columns with capitals whose abaci are square, and in part from the imitation, more or less closely, of Byzantine models. Indeed, it is impossible not to see how great an influence the earliest remaining work—that of the eleventh century—had in Venice until the end of the fourteenth and far into the fifteenth; the most beautiful and striking arrangements of the former age are reproduced and only slightly modified in the finest work of the latter to a very remarkable extent; so much more decidedly and frequently, than are the traces, in Northern pointed, of any hankering after the features of Romanesque buildings, that I think but one conclusion can fairly be drawn from their sculpture as well as from their architecture, viz. that pointed architecture was never developed as purely and thoroughly in Venice as in the North of Europe; and that, though it retained its sway there nearly as long as it did elsewhere, it never thoroughly understood or felt its own strength, and worked and toiled tied down and encumbered by Byzantine fetters and classic sympathies. There is much, notwith-

standing this, to admire—and, above all else, the greatest beauty of the style, wherein it so far left us behind, the thorough appreciation and unsparing use of the shaft. It is quite astonishing how very little this was ever used in England. Occasionally, indeed, it was freely used in grand buildings, and in some individual features—as, *e. g.*, in Eastern triplets—it was frequently seen in thirteenth-century buildings; but, at the very period when, if ever, architecture was in its perfection, in the early part of the fourteenth century, it was almost entirely forgotten and thrown aside. All honour, therefore, to the men who so perseveringly and determinedly used it as did the builders at Venice for three centuries! And all shame to us if we do not attempt for the future so far at any rate to follow in their steps! So rare are any but shafted windows in Venice, that at present I hardly remember a single instance of a window with monials formed by the continuous mouldings of the tracery; and it is obvious that this gave occasion, not only to the use of beautiful marbles—never so well used as in shafts—but also to the constant use of carved capitals. In domestic buildings, as I have before remarked, this arrangement of shafted windows is very valuable, because it suggests one obvious way in which we may unite traceried windows with the very newest arrangement of window-frames or sashes in the most comfortable nineteenth-century houses; for in these Venetian palaces the glass was always contained in a separate wooden frame within the marble shafts and tracery.[1]

[1] This arrangement is not by any means unknown in Northern Europe, though certainly comparatively uncommon. There is an example of the thirteenth century at Easby Abbey, Yorkshire, whilst in France the wonderful collection of ancient houses at Cluny all have it, and at Ratisbon,

Besides the use of the shafts in the ordinary way, I must not forget to say that parapets frequently (or perhaps it were better to say balustrades)—as, *e. g.*, at S. Mark's—and balconies everywhere, are composed of a vast number of very delicate shafts, set very close to each other, and surmounted by long pieces of stone cut out in imitation of arching, and not really to be regarded as a succession of arch-stones, but rather as coping-stones to hold the shafts together. And, again, they are used very beautifully for the support of open pinnacles, one at each angle, enclosing a figure, just as in the monuments of the Scaligers at Verona. Examples of this are to be seen in the pinnacles which have been added between the gables of S. Mark's, which are exceedingly good in their effect; and again in the pinnacles which terminate the church of the Madonna dell' Orto.

One more point is worthy of remark—the treatment, namely, of the angles of buildings. These were almost always marked either by a roll-moulding or by a succession of nook shafts, sometimes extravagantly chevroned or otherwise ornamented. This, when done simply, was always satisfactory, but, in its later and more elaborate form, was, I think, as unsatisfactory. The delicate rounding off of the angles of walls was a point not unthought of in England. In the thirteenth century a nook shaft was the common contrivance; in the fourteenth a chamfer; and in the fifteenth men reverted entirely to the square form. Here, however, there is a great and very interesting variety in this apparently simple feature. The most satisfactory plan of all is where a quarter-circle forms

one of the most interesting cities in Germany, every one out of a great number of houses of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, of prodigious architectural interest also, has it.

the angle, and is finished with a small incision in the form of a V on either side, as it unites simplicity with strength of construction and softness of contour, and does not force itself too prominently upon our observation; and, next to this, the most satisfactory form is where, instead of the moulding being round, it is pointed at the angle. The twisted shafts of the upper stage of the Ducal Palace, and the triple and chevroned shafts of the Ca' d'Oro, are not improvements upon the refinement of the earlier mode.

I have already spoken of the exquisite beauty of the Inlaid marbles in S. Mark's: nothing can be more glorious than their effect, and nothing seems more wonderful than that they should not have been used more frequently in later buildings. I was, perhaps, a little disappointed in not finding, as I had expected, the marble arranged generally in geometrical patterns; but this is quite the exception; and one sees only, in a medallion here and there, the exquisite beauty which their arrangement in this way may produce. As a rule the walls are faced with thin slabs of marble, each of the size in which it came to hand, sawn into as many slices as its substance would allow, and then riveted to the walls and held in place securely by projecting thin lines of stonework built into the wall, and cut with indented dentil ornaments along their edges. There is, however, a degree of weakness which is not at all satisfactory attendant upon this system of incrustation, and I thought how much more noble such work might well become were it to be inlaid only where no strong work was required to be done, as *e. g.* in sprandrels of arches, or within arches, and not as here to the concealment of every one of the necessary constructional features. It is to be observed, however, that the slabs of marble are generally higher than

they are wide; so as at once to destroy any thought of their being really constructional.

The south side of S. Mark's is, perhaps, the place above all others in Venice where this inlaid work may be seen to the greatest advantage. Some of the great arches which stand in place of gables are divided into four or five square-headed lights by shafts supporting semicircular arches, the tympana of which are filled in with delicate and perpetually varied filigree-work in marble, whilst above them a succession of panels or medallions show all the resources of the noble materials which were to be exhibited. In another arch, just over the entrance from the Piazzetta to the church, the tympanum of the arch is filled in with large medallions, one exquisitely carved, the others plain; whilst the arch of the window below the tympanum has its beautiful marble spandrels gemmed on either side with medallions which, for exquisite arrangement of varicoloured marbles in geometrical patterns, are perfectly admirable. There is enough, therefore, in the Venetian system of incrustation, though much unhappily be lost, to give ample food for our reflections and our admiration; and its only weak point is, as I have said, its neglect or concealment of the constructional necessities of the buildings it adorns.

It is easy, however, to cavil at particular details, and scan with a critical eye the architectural beauties of Venice; but let it not be thought for an instant that all the wonderful pictures which every new turn or new point of view brings before the eyes are unappreciated. A few days spent there suffice almost to fill a lifetime with reminiscences of all that is novel, beautiful, and strange; and days such as I spent, rejoicing in the daytime in the full brilliancy

of a September sun, and at night in the calm loveliness of a Venetian moon, were, I am sure, just the very most delightful in every way that could be passed.

We were at Venice on the festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, a great feast-day which it had been my fortune to spend some two or three times before in Roman Catholic countries. I confess that here we were not edified. We came in, as we went from church to church, for rather more than the usual number of the *désagrémens* which always seem to attend the decoration of the churches, and especially the altars, for such festivities abroad. The strongest impression, I believe, left on my mind, was one of wonder at the paltry character of the long array of what by courtesy are called, I suppose, wreaths of flowers, manufactured of pink gauze, or some equally unnatural material. These, with vulgar draperies hung outside the church doors, and in additional quantity about the altars, with the most noisy and gladsome ringing of bells, completed the external demonstrations; all the shops were most studiously closed, and the churches and open places were thronged with people. At S. Mark's we heard some abominably light opera-music, which sounded, as may be imagined, very discordant within its solemn walls. We enjoyed the day, however, thoroughly; and in the evening, after dinner, got into our gondola and went to the Public Gardens, where I remember being very much amused by the absurd performances of three gentlemen on sorry hacks, who galloped up and down the only available piece of ground for horse-exercise in Venice, much to the edification of the bystanders, but, I fear, not so much to ours, as unfortunately their skill was but small. The Gardens do not deserve the name, and

are indeed very wretched. In fact, I doubt whether the people take pleasure in them; their real delight is in thronging the well-worn pavements of the Piazza when the sun is low and when the stars begin to light up the sky, which, in such nights as those we enjoyed there, was of a deep blue colour, and not in the least black. A stroll in the Piazza di S. Marco by moonlight, with a dense crowd thronging round a most glorious Austrian band, and the air resounding with sounds of men's voices or of music, is indeed a kind of pleasure such as can be appreciated nowhere so thoroughly as in Venice.

One morning we devoted partly to the ascent of the campanile in the Piazza. The ascent is entirely by inclined planes; the outer walls of the tower are in fact double, and in the space between them these inclined planes are formed; and it is worth notice that to this day, in all buildings which we have seen in progress in this part of the world, inclined boards are used instead of ladders for obtaining access to scaffolding; and in one of the mosaics in the entrance-porch of S. Mark's, where the building of the Tower of Babel is depicted, precisely the same kind of arrangement is shown. This is interesting as showing the tenacity with which old customs are adhered to. The view, when the top is reached, quite repays the labour of the ascent, as it gives the best possible idea of what Venice really is. We get an impression of a very densely populated town, hemmed in on all sides by water, and looking very flat and low; in the distance small islands pave the way to the mainland, or shelter us from the sea; these, where they are more distant, look like mere black spots on the smooth, unrippled expanse of water; and in the far horizon we

see to the west the purple outline of the Veronese mountains; and to the north of these, and rising grandly into the sky, the snowy peaks of the southern range of the Tyrolese Alps. Below and around are countless churches, all placed confusedly without respect to east or west—a neglect, if anywhere excusable, surely so here, where land is the exception and water the rule.

The last day we spent in Venice was most enjoyable. We had been all day in our gondola, now stopping to sketch some Gothic palace, anon shooting into some narrow canal to escape the bright heat of the sun, winding our way now here, now there, just as the fancy of the moment seized us, and realizing more than ever that "the longest summer's day was all too short" for a last day in so fair a place. In the evening, just before sunset, we went out into the Lagoon, and, rowing round the small island of Giudecca, watched the gradually waning light reflected on the smooth, calm water, which seemed too silent and too soft to be disturbed by a word from any of us; and then at last, turning back and coming suddenly through a short canal into the main stream just opposite the Dogano, we moved on gently till we came abreast of the Ducal Palace. It was just dark; the moon was rising behind us in all her beauty, and in front, suddenly, lamp after lamp was lit along the Piazzetta, then along the palace-front, all along the Riva dei Schiavoni, until at last, before we landed, as far as we could see, the bright lights, reflected in a hundred gleaming, flashing lines, were fitfully dancing in long streams of light upon the bosom of the waters.

We stepped on shore to find ourselves led on by the

sound of military music, and to be tempted by the luxury of ices eaten *al fresco* in the Piazza; and then, when the crowd gradually dispersed, we too, among the last, found our way to our hotel, charmed so much with our last night in Venice, that it is impossible not to recollect that evening with deepest pleasure.

It is not without purpose that I have held silence with regard to the churches and buildings generally of the Renaissance school in Venice. These have had in their time many more admirers than have the noble pieces of architecture which it was alike my business and my delight particularly to examine; and to the present day I doubt not that nine people out of ten, led by their valets-de-place, go to see what is worst in point of taste, and so reap the reward of allowing themselves to be made to see with another's eyes instead of enjoying the intense pleasure of working out and exploring for themselves all the treasures of this mine and store-house of ancient art. It is partly because I feel the greatest repugnance to the buildings themselves, and partly because I fear to make my notes, already lengthy, far too long for the patience of my readers, that I do not venture upon this additional field of inquiry; but not in the least degree because I doubt the result, for I believe firmly that, tried by the fair rules which must regulate merit in a constructive art, the Renaissance buildings of Venice would be no nearer perfection than those of any other city. Something perhaps there is in the gloomy grandeur of their vast masses rearing their rusticated walls and deeply recessed windows black and gloomily above the comparatively cheerful and bright-looking walls of the neighbouring Gothic palaces, which may impress the minds of some, but they must be of a sombre temperament

who really love them. Still more must they be of a tasteless temperament who can endure with patience the succession of eccentricities with which Palladio and his disciples have loaded their churches. I pretend not, however, to discuss the point. I had not time for everything, and preferred giving up the attempt to like what from my heart I have ever disliked, and what nothing that I saw in Venice would make me dislike at all less heartily.

Neither do I pretend to say anything about Venetian pictures; guides without number may be found of more service and more knowledge, and to their hands I leave their proper charge. A word only upon one point—their adaptation, namely, to the sacred edifices of which they are the most notable ornaments.

Now I must at once say that there is no church, so far as I saw, in Venice, with the single exception of S. Mark's, which is to be compared in this respect (in its effect, that is, as heightened by colour) with such buildings as the Arena Chapel at Padua or the church of Sta. Anastasia at Verona—the one an example of the very noblest art working under strict architectural limitations; the other, of simple decorative painting. The fact is, that the Venetian pictures give the impression that they might do elsewhere as well as in a church, and therefore entirely fail in identifying themselves with the walls on which they hang; whilst no one can ever think of the noble works of Giotto at Padua without recalling to mind the religious order of his works and their identification with the building which contains them; and at Verona the result of the system adopted in the painting is marvellously to enhance the effect of the architecture without in any

way attempting to ignore or despise it. In Venice the case is quite different. The church of San Sebastiano, in which Paul Veronese is buried, and which internally is almost entirely covered with his paintings, is an example of what I suppose I must call the best Venetian treatment. This consists, however, of immense oil paintings covering entire walls, and absolutely requiring, in order that they may be at all properly appreciated, that the spectator should stand in a particular spot—in some cases by the side of the altar—and that the windows should first have blinds drawn down, and then, when he goes to look at another painting, have them drawn up again. This is all very unpleasant. But besides this, there is no very sensible advantage to the colour of the buildings from their decorations; certainly they are far behind mere decorative paintings as vehicles for bringing out the architectural features; and so they are visited very much as pictures in a gallery, and without in any case being identified with the churches in which they are preserved. The mosaics at S. Mark's are, on the other hand, some of the very grandest examples of the proper mode of decorating interiors with representations of religious subjects, all conceived and arranged with some order and relation to each other. But of the other Venetian churches there does not seem to me to be any one whose artists at all followed in the same line.

I do not pretend in this journal to speak at all of paintings irrespective of architecture, or I might find much to say upon the store of works, of a very noble school, in which this great city is so rich. The immense rooms of the Ducal Palace, covered as their walls and ceilings are with the works of Tintoretto,

Titian, and Paolo Veronese, cannot be forgotten; but this is one only among the many collections of these famous painters' works. I am sorry that I was obliged to take their great merits somewhat on faith; it was in vain to think of actually studying them in a short time, and, educated as I have been to love the works of an earlier date and another school more heartily than these, I must confess, barbarous as the confession may appear to be, that I was not thoroughly pleased with what I saw. The magnificence of the chiaroscuro and colouring of these great pictures scarcely atoned to me for the degree to which—owing generally to the immense array of figures and confusion of subject—I failed to carry away distinct conceptions of the story intended to be told. I am aware that this is the result mainly of want of education, but still the feeling is so different when for the first time pictures by Fra Angelico, Giotto, Raffaello, Perugino, or Francia are looked at, that it is hard to avoid believing that, though their power over colour may have been somewhat less, their power of attaining to the highest point of the true painter's art—that of leaving indelible impressions on the minds of all beholders—was immeasurably higher. Thus much only by way of excuse for not saying more about what the world in general rightly conceives to be the great pride of Venice.

And now we must say farewell, and, doubtful though we may be as to the claims of Venetian art in the middle ages to be considered as at all equal to art in the same period in Northern Europe, we must yet be very grateful for many new ideas gathered and much intense pleasure enjoyed in the examination of its treasures; and so, rather sadly laying ourselves

down to sleep for the last time in Venice, we began to deem that our journey henceforward must be rather less in interest than it had been; with Venice a thing of the past, instead of, as it was on our outward course, full of all the beauties with which the liveliest anticipations could crowd its walls and palaces.

CHAPTER IX.

"With all its sinful doings, I must say
That Italy 's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the sun shine every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
Festoon'd."—*Beppo.*

Venice to Verona —Verona to Mantua — Villa Franca — Mantua: its churches and palaces; the theatre.— Montenara — Canipitello — Casalmaggiore — Longadore — Cremona: the cathedral; churches and public buildings — Lodi — Pavia: its churches; castle of the Visconti — The Certosa — Drive to Milan.

OUR gondolier, anxious not to be too late for us in the morning, slept in his gondola beneath our windows, and did his best, when the sun rose, to rouse the sleepy porter of our hotel, but in vain; and at last, when I awoke, I found we should have a very narrow escape, if indeed we did not absolutely lose our train. The thing was, however, to be done, and was done. We shot rapidly—only too rapidly for the last time—along the smooth waters on which we had been so pleasantly loitering before, and soon found ourselves at the railway station. Our journey was much like what such journeys usually are: as far as Verona we were only retracing our steps, and, save that now the hot sun had quite cleared away the clouds which, when we passed before, hid the Tyrolese Alps from our sight, and that these now made the journey so far beautiful—saving this, I say, it was not very interesting.

The names of the engines on this railway are very unlike the kind of nomenclature indulged in at home: we were drawn to Verona, I believe, by the Titian,

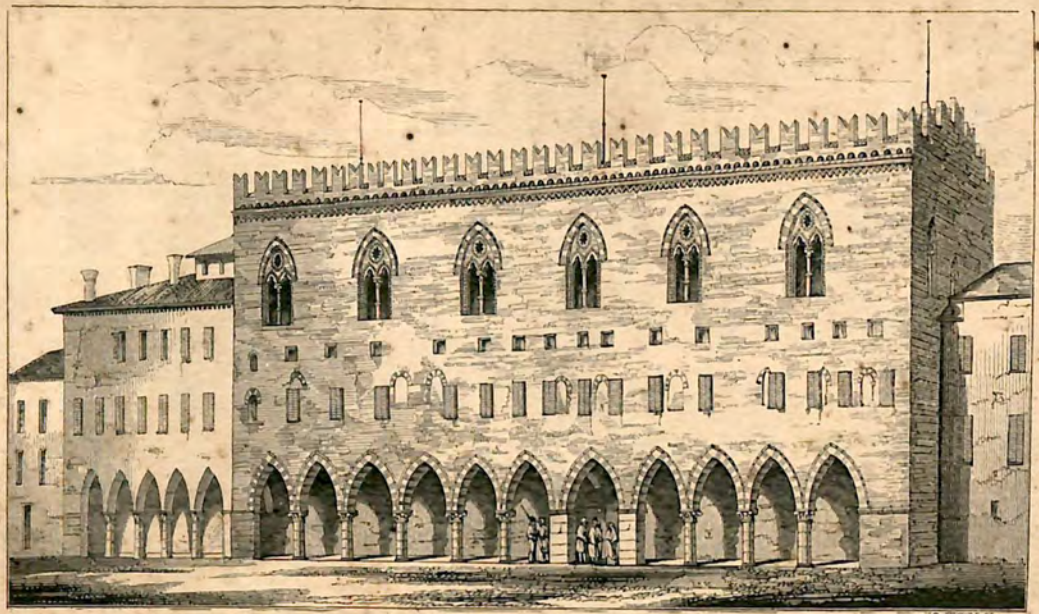
and saw, as we rushed along, engines named after Dante, Sansovino, and other celebrities.

We reached Verona at ten o'clock; the station, however, is so much out of the town, and the day was so intensely hot, that we gave up the idea of again going into it, and, contenting ourselves with the general view of its quaint and picturesque walls rising over the rugged hills which girt the city on its northern side, we sat down to a breakfast of iced lemonade and some of those deliciously light cakes which are never had in such perfection as in Italy, and amused ourselves by watching the way in which the guards and drivers of the train by which we had travelled proceeded to solace themselves with a game at billiards, upon a table provided, I suppose, by the very considerate directors of the railway company.

The railway from Verona to Mantua crosses a country which is thoroughly uninteresting in point of scenery; it carried us on well into the great plain of Lombardy, rich, teemingly rich, in its produce, but flat, arid, and sultry to a degree. This was altogether one of our hottest days, and took us fairly into a kind of district in which the heat is most oppressively felt.

On the road we passed Villa Franca, a small town which has a rather striking castle, with battlemented walls and a good many square towers still very fairly perfect; the whole built in brick, and with battlements finished square at the top, and not forked like those at Verona.

We reached the station at Mantua by twelve o'clock, but, as this was very far from the city, it was nearly an hour later before we were fairly landed at one—I forget which—of the two abominably dirty and bad inns to which sojourners in Mantua have to submit with the best grace that they can.



22.—DUCAL PALACE, MANTUA.

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Mantua is nearly surrounded by water, two large shallow and unwholesome-looking lakes giving it this far from pleasant kind of isolation. Over a long mediæval bridge between these waters the way into the city from the terminus lies. One of the lakes is higher than the other, and accordingly twelve mills, each adorned with a statue of an apostle, are formed upon the bridge, and give it its name of Ponte Mulina.

The general air of Mantua is very dreary and unpleasing, perhaps, indeed, one degree less forlorn in its appearance than Padua, but possessing little attraction to an architect. The chief architectural feature of the city is the Ducal Palace, which contains, in the midst of a mass of Renaissance work of the poorest and most unsatisfactory kind, some remains of very noble pointed architecture.

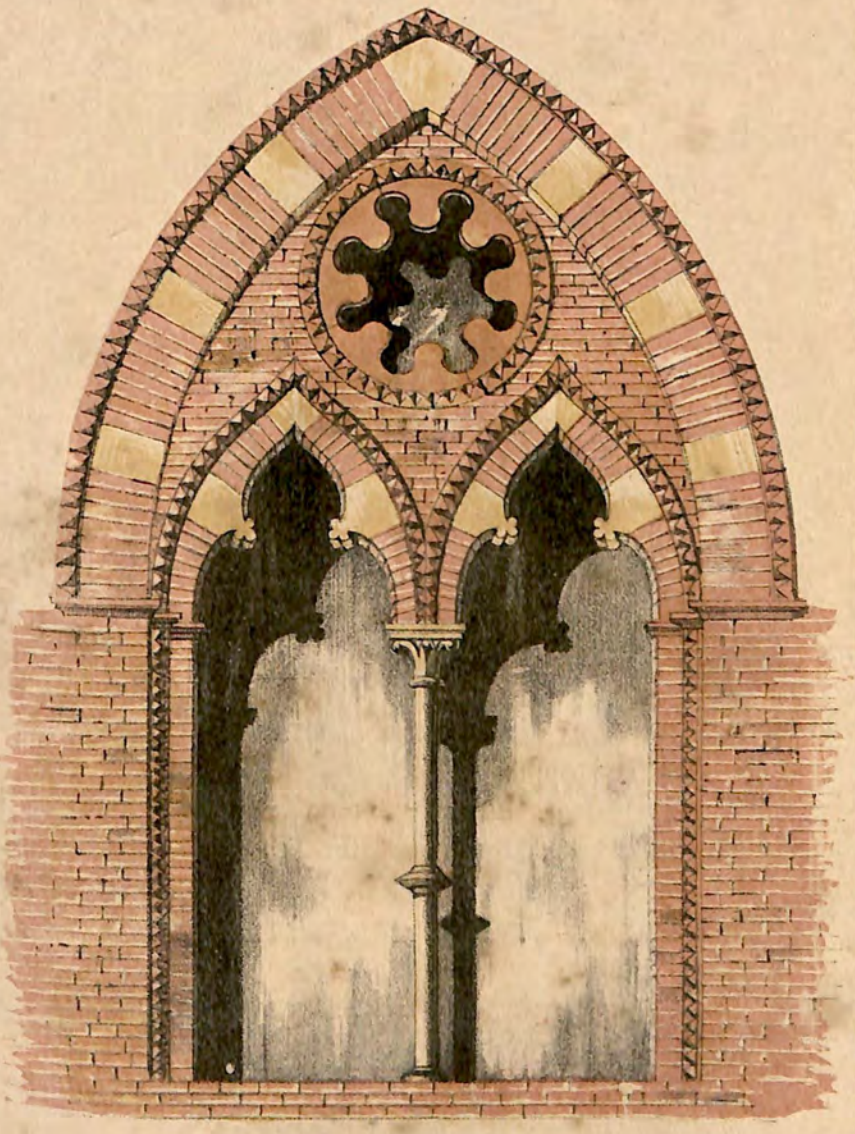
The finest portion is a long building of vast height, and retaining more or less of pointed work throughout, but especially remarkable for the exquisite character of the range of windows in its upper stage. This fronts on one side towards the Piazza di S. Pietro, and on the other with a very nearly similar elevation towards the Piazza del Pallone, one of the courts in the vast palace of the Gonzagas, of which it forms a part. According to Murray's Handbook this building was commenced about A.D. 1302 by Guido Buonacolsi, surnamed Bottigella, third sovereign of Mantua: this date quite agrees with the character of all the detail. The interior has been completely modernised, mainly by Giulio Romano, who carried out very extensive works in other parts of the palace. The windows in the upper stage of this portion of the palace deserve notice as being about the most exquisite examples of their class that I anywhere met with, though those in the campanile of S. Andrea, hard by, are only second

to them. The main arch is of pure pointed form, and executed in brick with occasional voussoirs of stone—one of which forms a key-stone—and over it there is a label of brick effectively notched into a kind of nail-head. The same kind of label is carried round the arches of the window-openings, and down the jamb as a portion of the jamb-mould, and again round a pierced and cusped circle of brick in the tympanum. In the sub-arches the key-stones and cusps are formed of stone. The whole of the jambs is of brick, but instead of a monial there is a circular stone shaft, with square capital and band and base. The whole is so exceedingly simple as to be constructed with ease of ordinary materials, and it is quite equal in effect to any stone window of the same size that I have ever seen.

The accompanying drawings will, I trust, sufficiently explain the merit of this magnificent piece of brickwork. The arcading upon which it rests, and the perfectly unbroken face of the whole, are very characteristic of Italian work.

On the opposite side of the Piazza di S. Pietro is the cathedral, the only ancient portion of which is a small part of the south aisle. It is of very elaborate character, entirely built in brick, and so far as it remains appears to have been portion of an aisle finished with a succession of gables, one to each bay, a common arrangement in German and French churches, where additional aisles are so frequently met with, but uncommon in Italy, where, as in England, churches have seldom more than one aisle on either side of the nave. The brickwork in this small fragment of the cathedral, though elaborate, was not pleasing, being of rather late date.

On the same side of the Piazza as the cathedral is the Vescovato, a large pile of ancient building,

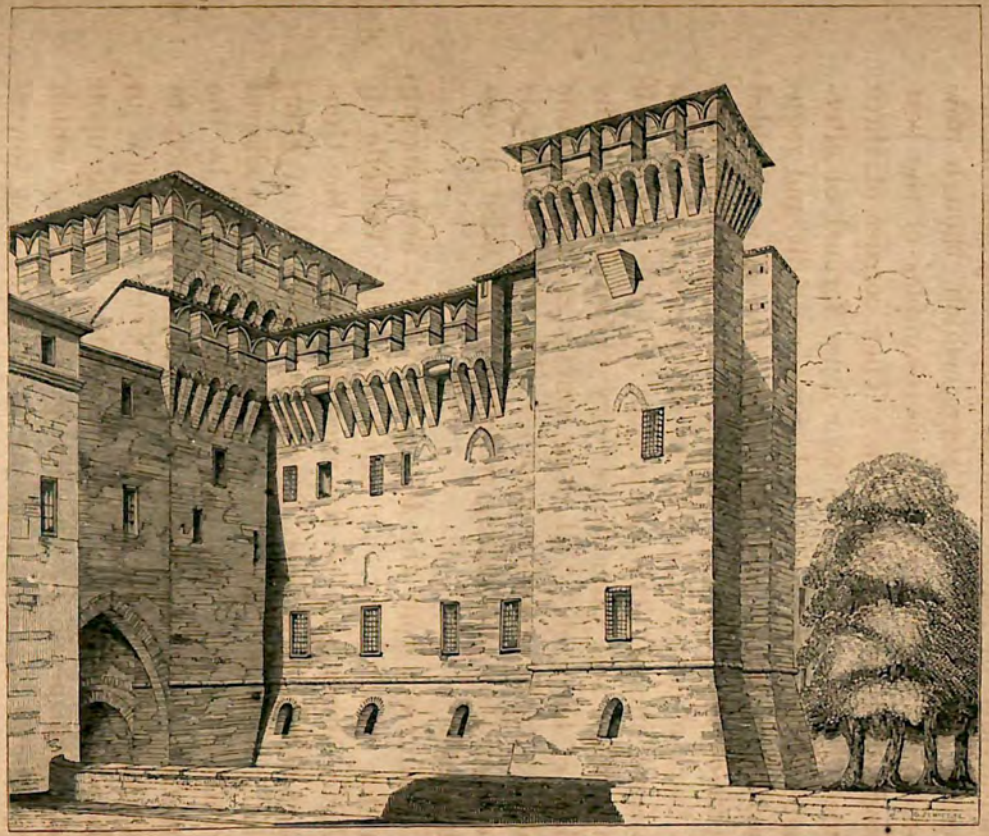


C.E.S. Del.

Ford & West. Chromolith.

MANTUA.

Window in Ducal Palace.



24.—CASTELLO DI CORTE, MANTUA.

but very much modernized. There still remain, however, some good three-light windows in the upper stage, enclosed within a circular arch, without tracery, and divided by marble shafts. Some very good arches remain also in the lowest stage, which, though now built up, are still valuable as examples of the best mode of treating brickwork. They consist of three lines of construction, the two inner formed of alternate voussoirs of brick and stone, carefully and regularly counterchanged, and the outer of a moulded terra-cotta ornament. Between each of these lines a brick of deep red colour is set edgeways, showing a dark line of little more than an inch and a half in width, and valuable as very clearly defining the lines of the arch. All these courses are on the same plane; and probably another rim of the arch is concealed by the walling which has been filled in underneath.[1]

Going on from the Piazza S. Pietro, and passing under an archway, we came upon the Castello di Corte, also a part of the ancient palace of the Gonzaga family, who were for a long time lords of Mantua. It is certainly a very noble piece of mediæval fortification, but its effect is much damaged by the erection of walls between the battlements, which in my view I have thought it much better to show in their original state, which is evident enough upon careful inspection. The heavy machicolations which run round the main building and the flanking towers have a peculiar and rather grand effect, particularly in the latter. This portion of the palace is said to have been erected just at the close of the fourteenth century.

Close to the Castello di Corte is the Ponte di San

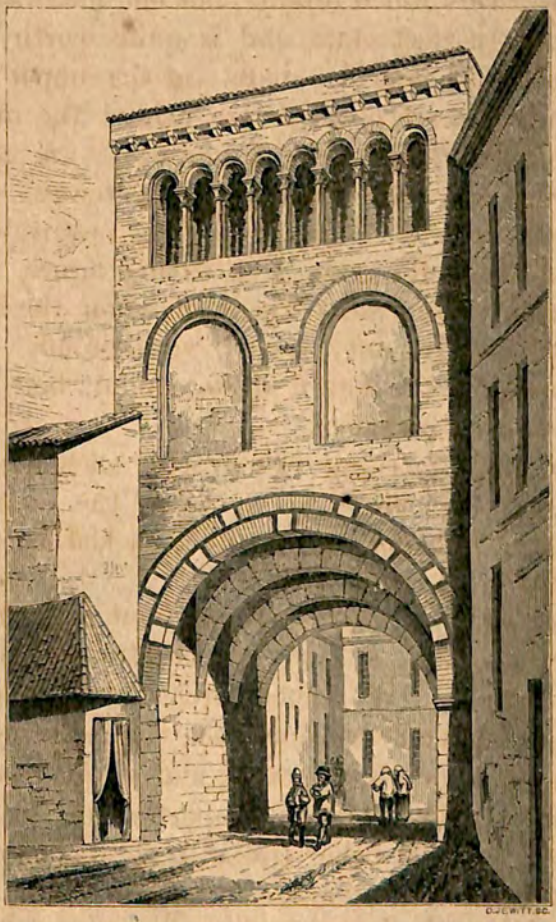
[1] See p. 272 for an engraving of this archivolt.

Giorgio, one of the entrances to the city, and built between the Lago di Mezzo and the Lago Inferiore.

Retracing our steps, we soon found ourselves at the great Palazzo della Ragione, or town-hall. It has been very much altered, but one gateway remains in a very perfect state, and is quite worthy of illustration. The marble shafts in the upper stage of the building are coupled one behind the other with very beautiful effect. Brick and stone are used alternately in the main arch of this gateway, with thin dividing lines of brick, as in the Vescovato. In a wall close to the gate is a sitting figure, intended, it is said, to represent Virgil, of whom the Mantuans are still, as in duty bound, very proud. I cannot say much for the figure or its canopy, both of which are, however, mediæval.

We found nothing else worthy of notice in this building; but close to it stands the church of S. Andrea, a hideous classic edifice tacked on to a most beautiful brick campanile.

The detail of this is throughout very fine. The tracery is all of a kind of plate-tracery, consisting, that is to say, of cusped circles pierced in a tympanum within an enclosing arch; the shafts between the lights are of polished marble, and coupled one behind the other. The relative proportion of the cusps in this and in most other Italian buildings is very good. In trefoils, for instance, the upper cusp is by far smaller than the lower; and in all good cusping it must be so. Modern men generally reverse the order, and, at the present day, so little is the subject really understood that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred cusped window-openings are designed without feeling, and quite unlike the best old examples; and this, though apparently a point of very small importance,



25.—GATEWAY, PALAZZO DELLA RAGIONE, MANTUA

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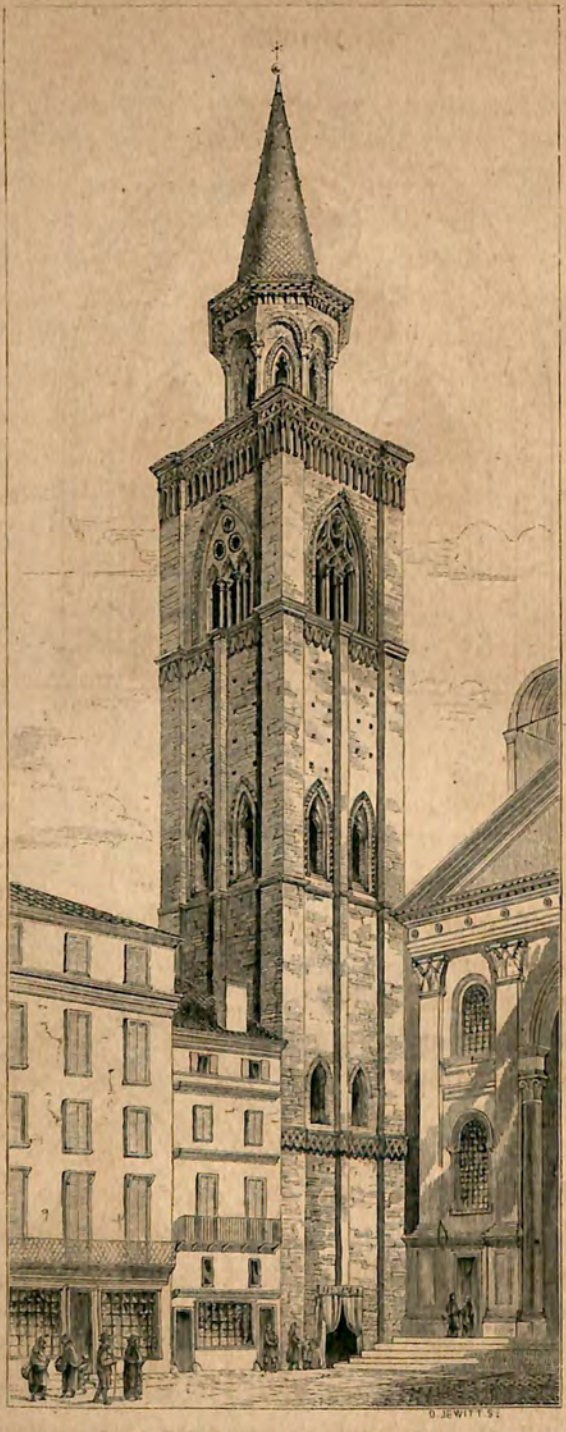
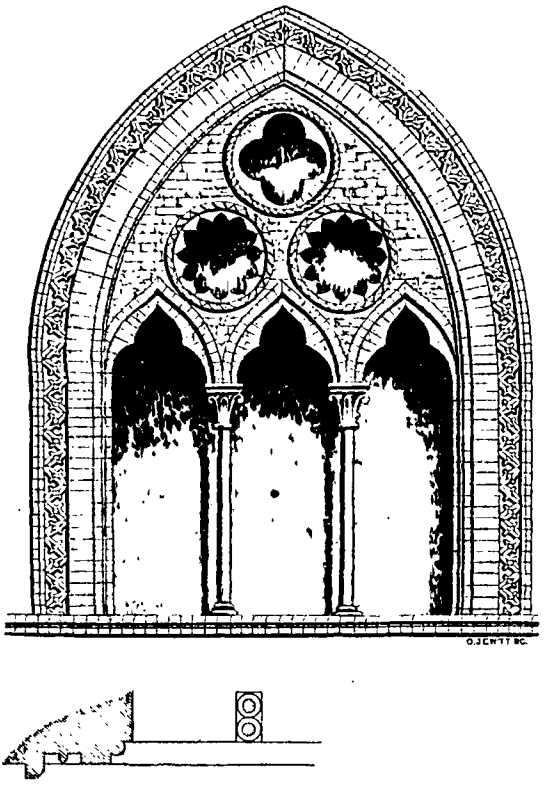


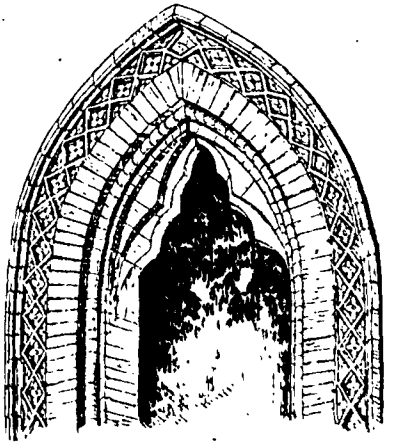
26.—CAMPANILE, S. ANDREA, MANTUA. Page 157.



Brick window — S. Andrea, Mantua.

is really of great consequence to the perfection of any pointed work.

The faulty portions of this campanile are the elaborate arcadings in brick beneath the string-courses, and the rather awkward and abrupt manner in which the octagonal stage and the round tile spire are set upon the square tower. The present appreciation of the building by the good



Brick window - S. Andrea, Mantua

people of Mantua is shown by the opening pierced in its lower stage, in front of which the modestly withdrawn folds of a green curtain disclose the interior devoted to a barber's shop, and in which the patient, seated in the middle of the shop, and looking into the Piazza, submits to the painful operation of shaving,—a common picture in almost every street of an Italian town, but not pleasant when the place is a portion of a church.

The guide-books speak of the church of S. Andrea as "among the finest existing specimens of an interior in the revived Roman style." If it really is so, I advise all architects interested in the failure of the said style to venture, notwithstanding the forbidding west front, into the nave, when they will perhaps find comfort in seeing how miserable a building "one of the finest" of its class may nevertheless be!

The people at Mantua seemed to be excessively disturbed by my attempts at sketching, and at S. Andrea they mobbed me so thoroughly that I was really beginning to think of giving up the attempt in despair, when a kindly-disposed hatmaker, seeing my distress, came down to the rescue, and gave me and my party seats in a balcony on the first floor of his house, in which, sitting at my ease above my persecutors, and talking to the good man's wife and daughters, I finished my sketch with great comfort.

In Mantua there are two or three other churches with brick campaniles, but they are very inferior in their character to that of S. Andrea, and really in no way worth notice. We owe it to the French that there are not more interesting churches, for, having succeeded in capturing the city after a very prolonged siege, they sacked it, and are said to have destroyed no less than about fifty churches.

Here, as elsewhere in this part of Italy, most of the streets are arcaded on either side, affording pleasant shelter from the hot sun, but every twenty yards we come upon one of a detestable class of shops, in which cheese, oil, and the like comestibles are sold, and the stench from which is so strong that it may always be smelt for some distance on either side.

In the evening we found an Italian performance going on at the theatre, and so thither we went, anxious to see what kind of work Italian comedy might be. I fear our inquiry was not much to our edification, for the principal favourites were mainly remarkable for the prodigious rapidity with which they uttered their facetious sayings, and so we lost more than half the dialogue. The theatre was almost entirely filled with Austrians, but still there was a sprinkling of Italians among them, which did away with the absurdly martial appearance of the only other theatre we had been into—that at Verona.

The next day was Sunday, but, upon consideration, we thought it best to push on, and so, resigning ourselves to the diligence which left Mantua at about nine, we booked ourselves for Cremona, under the promise that we should be delivered there punctually by five o'clock.

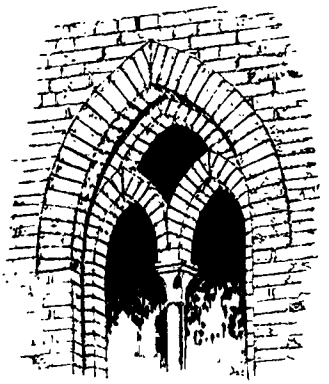
We lost sight of Mantua almost immediately, for, travelling along a dead flat and by roads whose sides are lined with high hedges of acacia or orchards thickly planted, you never see any place or building until you have absolutely arrived at it. There was not much to interest me on the road, and the weather, at first cloudy only and sultry, gradually became worse, and, before we had gone far, settled into a steady pouring rain; so we read, wrote, and occupied

the many hours in the rumbling diligence as best we might.

At Montenara, which we passed on our road, the church has a brick campanile, with pilasters at the angles, and in the belfry two-light windows, with marble central shafts and round arches. It has one of the usual brick conical spires, with small angle pinnacles,—a finish to these campaniles which certainly does not improve upon acquaintance. They are constructed of bricks with semicircular ends laid side by side, the joints being broken in each course, and so making a very jagged kind of cone.

The only noticeable point about the church at Montenara is that it has been lately rebuilt in the very worst taste, and at an angle of forty-five degrees with the old steeple!

At Campitello there are several remains of interest. There is a small domestic building, with four pointed windows of two lights at the side; the windows have central shafts of stone, but are otherwise entirely of rough brickwork. The church has a kind of double belfry-stage, arcaded similarly in each stage with round arches. There are also here the remains of a castle by the river, with a fine tower founded upon the same type as the angle towers of the Castello di Corte at Mantua, and covered with a very flat-pitched roof.

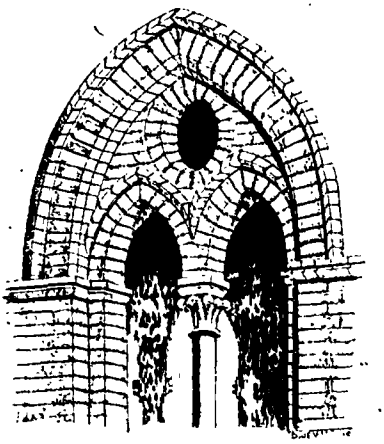


Campitello.

At Casalmaggiore, a town of some importance on

the Po, we stopped for dinner; but it was too wet to attempt to look at the river, and the only note I made was of a large new church now in course of erection, Renaissance in style, and with a large dome, and a choir and transepts, all terminated with circular ends. The redeeming feature about it was that it was entirely constructed in brick with considerable care, though probably ere long this will be covered with a coat of plaster, of which modern Italians are not one whit less enamoured than are modern Englishmen.

At a village, the name of which I did not learn, between Casalmaggiore and Gremona, the church had a remarkably good simple brick campanile. The belfry windows were pointed, of two pointed lights, with a small pierced circle in the head, the shafts of stone of course. Beneath the string-courses there was arcading, and the tower was finished with three forked battlements of the Veronese type on each face, behind which rose a circular brick spire. This tower was to the south-east of the church.



Near Casalmaggiore.

At Longadore we saw another church with a good early campanile, of which I made a sketch. This was Romanesque, with angle pilasters, and a central pilaster carried up as high as the belfry stage. The belfry windows were of three lights and shafted. The battlement was most peculiar—a quarter circle at each angle and a half circle in the centre of each side, with a narrow space between them; the whole executed in

brick and covered in with a flat modern roof; the angle pilasters finished in arcaded string-courses. Generally speaking, in these churches the only ancient features seem to be the campaniles, and these are always of brick and nearly the same in their general design, with pilasters at the angles, a succession of string-courses, generally arcaded, and windows in the belfry stage only.

It was quite six by the time we reached Cremona, and, depositing our passports at the gate, we trotted on along the smooth granite (which in these towns is always laid in strips between the rough ordinary paving for the wheels to travel on), and after traversing a long tortuous street, and getting a glimpse only of the cathedral as we passed near its east end, we were soon deposited at the Albergo del Capello, a comfortable hostelry, which we enjoyed the more by contrast with the miserable quarters with which we had to put up at Mantua.

Cremona is a city full of interest. The piazza in front of the cathedral is equal in effect to almost any small piazza I know of. On one side is the great marble west front of the Duomo, backed by its immense brick campanile, whose wide fame is proved by the old rhyme, of which the Cremonese are still so proud—

> "Unus Petrus est in Roma,
> Una turris in Cremona."

On another side is the Lombard baptistery, a grand polygonal building; on the third, a most interesting domestic building—the palace of the Jurist Consults—and the Palazzo Publico; whilst on the fourth, a narrow, busy street makes up, by the diversity of colour and costume of the crowd which is always

passing along it, for what it wants in architectural beauty.

The cathedral must be first described, and it is rather difficult to do this clearly; but so far as can now be made out it seems much as though it had at first been built upon a simple plan, with nave, north and south aisles, and circular apse; and that then to this, in the fourteenth century, had been added, with hardly any disturbance of the original fabric, immense transepts, loftier even than the nave, and so long and large as to give the impression of two naves placed by some mistake across each other. The groining of the nave is original in its outline, but barbarously painted in sham panelling so as entirely to spoil its effect, but otherwise there is little to notice in the interior, the whole of the church having been converted into classic in the most approved manner. The walls are covered with painting, and round the columns, when we were there, were hung great tapestries, all of which gave the building a rich though rather gloomy colour.

The west front (if you can forget that it is a great mask only to the real structure) is rather grand from its large plain surface of arcaded wall; it has been grievously damaged by alterations, but the old design is still not difficult to trace; the doorway is very noble, and above it the porch is carried up with a second stage, in which, under open arches, stand a very fine figure of the blessed Virgin, and figures of other saints of more modern character on either side of her; above this is a great circular window, and the wall on either side of the porch and window is nearly covered with small arcading. The marble in the wall, where the arcading does not occur, is arranged very regularly in horizontal lines alternately of red and white, each course

being perhaps about ten inches or a foot high, and divided from the next by a strip of white marble about two or three inches in height. The great rose window is all of red marble, with the exception of one line of moulding which looks like green serpentine. There are some round windows in the lower stage on each side of the entrance, but they are quite modern.

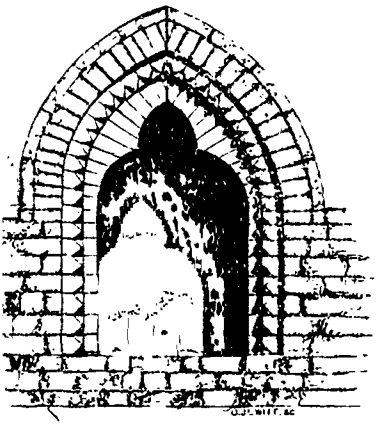
On the north side of the nave rises the Torrazzo, as the campanile is called here, the "una turris in Cremona," rising about four hundred feet from the pavement of the piazza. Its design is much like that of all the other brick campaniles in this district—a succession of stages of nearly equal height, divided by arcaded string-courses, and marked with perpendicular lines by small pilasters, and almost without windows until near the summit. The dark red outline of this magnificent tower tells wonderfully well against the deep blue Italian sky, which shone brightly behind it when we saw it; and the effect of its immense and almost unbroken outline, rising to such an extraordinary height, is so utterly unlike that of any of our northern steeples that we need not trouble ourselves to compare them. Each is fine in its way; but the Italian campaniles are made up of the reiteration of features so simple and so generally similar that we cannot fairly class their builders with the men who raised in England such a multitude of steeples, all varying from one another, and yet all so lovely.

The rest of the exterior of the Duomo is all of brick, and it boasts of two transept fronts, which are certainly most remarkable and magnificent in their detail, though most unreal and preposterous as wholes: they are, both of them, vast sham fronts, like the west front in that they entirely conceal the structure of the church behind them, and pierced with numbers of windows

which from the very first must have been built but to be blocked up. These fronts have in fact absolutely nothing to do with the building against which they are placed, and in themselves, irrespective of this very grave fault, are, I think, positively ugly in their outline and mass. And yet there is a breadth and grandeur of scale about them which goes far to redeem their faults, and a beauty about much of their detail which I cannot but admire extremely. Both transepts are almost entirely built of brick and very similar in their general idea, but, whilst only the round arch is used in the south transept, nothing but the pointed arch is used in the northern, and it is quite curious to notice how very much more beautiful the latter looks than does the former. The filling-in of stilted round-arched windows with ogee pointed tracery and much delicate cusping gives the south transept a singularly eastern look, and it is impossible not to feel that some such influence has been exercised throughout its design. It would indeed be most interesting to find out what this was, but I am not aware that there is likely to be any clue to it. The date of the work is in all probability somewhere about the middle of the fourteenth century. The detail and management of the whole of the brickwork is exceedingly delicate and effective, surpassing in its way anything I have yet seen.

The putlog-holes are left unfilled, as they almost always are in Italy. The only stone used is in the doorway and the window-shafts, and these last are almost always coupled in depth. The windows are elaborately moulded, and courses of chevrons, quatrefoils, and other ornaments are introduced occasionally as a relief to what might otherwise be the tedious succession of mouldings which are necessarily rather similar.

The cusping of brick arches is always managed in the same way; the bricks all radiate with the arch (not from the centre of cusp), and look as though they might have been built, allowing plenty of length of brick for the cusps, and then cut to the proper outline, and the edges of the cusps are almost invariably left square. Some of the terra-cotta arch ornaments and diapers are exceedingly good of their kind. The most remarkable feature, however, about these transepts is the prodigiously heavy open arcade which runs up the gables under the eaves-cornice—so heavy and so rude-looking, that, taken by itself, it would probably be put down as of much earlier date than it really is. The façade finishes with three heavy pinnacles arcaded all round, and finished with conical caps.

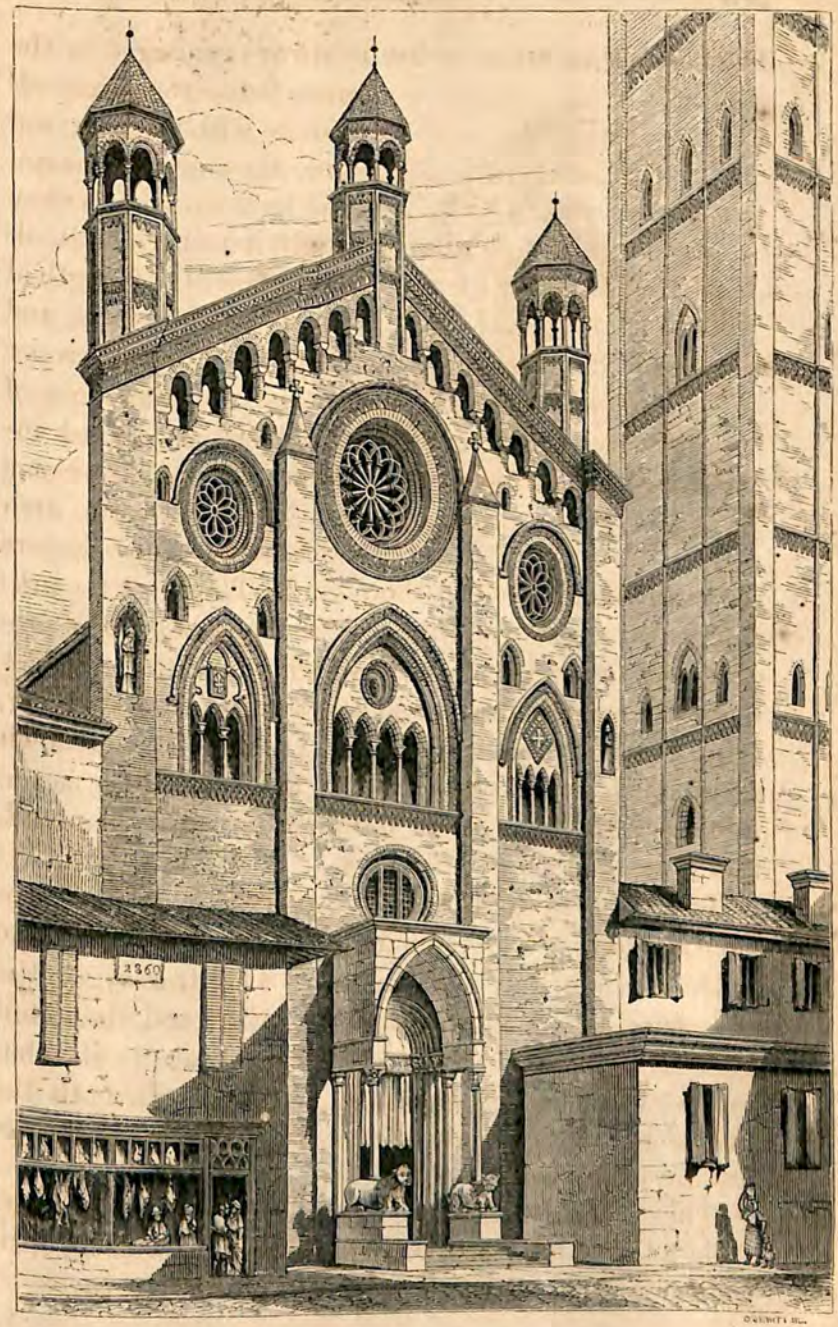


Brick window — Cremona Cathedral.

To the north transept very nearly the same description would apply, save that the doorway is much more noble and entirely of marble.[1] The tracery of the rose windows is all finished in brick, and the detail generally is even better and more delicate in its character than that of the south transept. In both the bricks are all of a pale red colour, and no dark bricks are anywhere used.

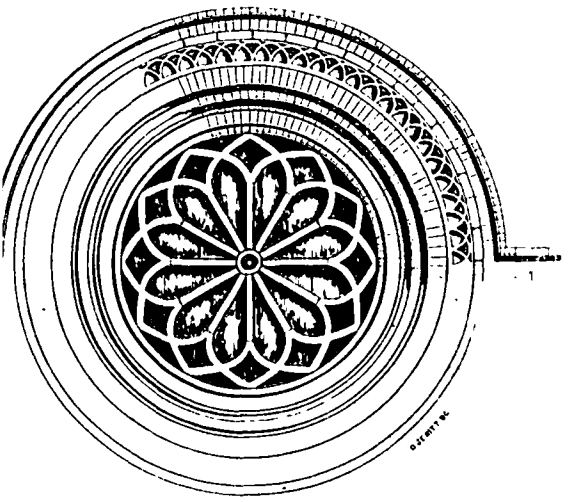
The exterior of the choir is hardly visible, but appears to be of Lombard Romanesque character, with an open gallery carried round the apse just under the eaves.

[1] The two transepts are so very similar that it seemed unnecessary to engrave my sketches of both.



27.—NORTH TRANSEPT, CATHEDRAL, CREMONA.

The baptistery, which, as has been said, stands south-west of the Duomo, is entered by a doorway with a

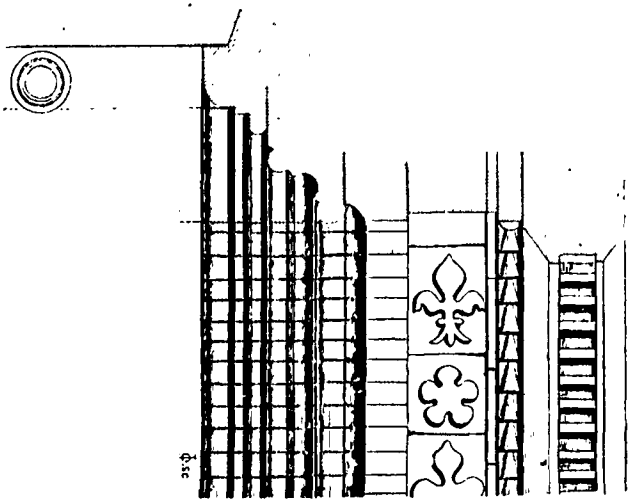


Rose window — Cremona Cathedral.

projecting porch, whose shafts rest on the backs of animals. It is entirely of brick, very simple in all its detail, and octagonal in its plan. There are three altars in it, and an immense erection of masonry in the centre, which I could not understand, though I supposed it to have some connection with the font. All the brickwork is left to view inside, and the light is admitted by a pierced arcade very high up in the walls. The whole is domed over with an octagonal vault of brick, in the centre of which is a small lantern, and the effect is exceedingly fine and solemn, and enhanced very much, no doubt, by the grave, sombre colour of the bricks.

Close to the baptistery is a building, called in Murray's Handbook the Palace of the Jurist Consults, now, however, turned into a school for a not very polite set of children and teachers, who all apparently felt the most lively interest in my architectural

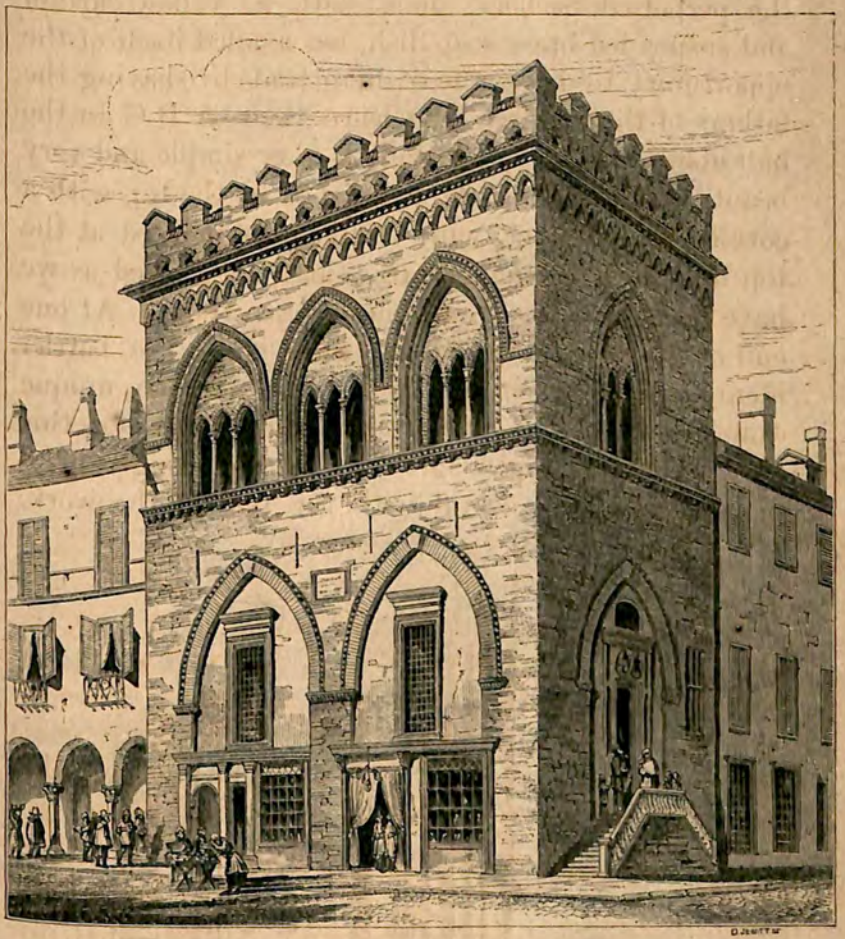
inquiries. It seems to have been open below, but the arches on which it stood are now filled up, and one of the perpetual barbers' shops, with its yellow curtain and suspended brass soap-dish, has availed itself of the opportunity to drive a flourishing trade by shaving the fathers of the children who learn their A B C in the hall above. This upper stage is very simple and very beautiful, and the whole is finished at the top with a cornice and parapet, with battlements pointed at the top like those in the Torrazzo, and not forked as we have been lately so accustomed to see them. At one end of this parapet a chimney rises above the battlement, which is, so far as I have seen, an unique example of the ancient Italian contrivance for this very necessary appendage.[1] It is exceedingly good in its detail, and coëval with the rest of the work.



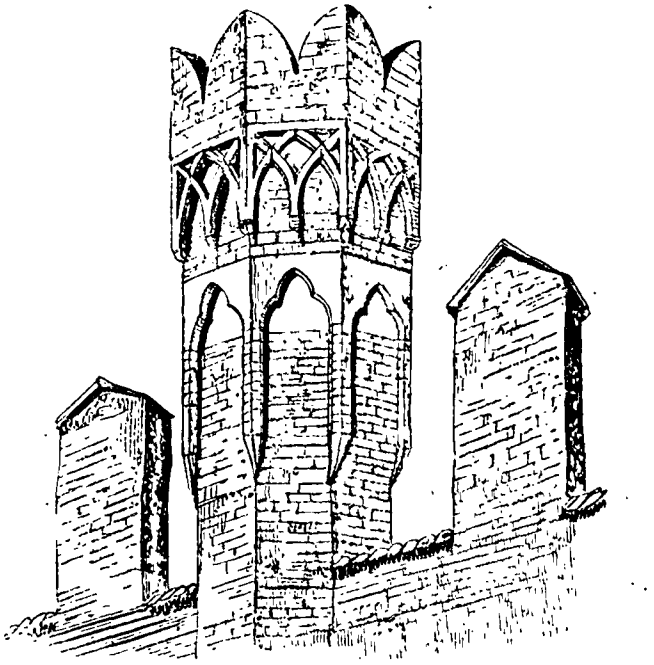
Window-Jamb — Palace of Jurist Consults, Cremona.

There is a simplicity and truthfulness of construction about this little building which make it specially

[1] The chimneys so common in Venice are perhaps ancient, but, if so, they are also very ugly. They are cylindrical, with heads sloping out in a strange fashion, and in the form of inverted truncated cones.



28.—PALACE OF THE JURIST CONSULTS, CREMONA. Page 198.



Chimney and battlement — Cremona.

pleasing after the unreal treatment of the great transept fronts of the Duomo. By its side stands the Palazzo Publico, out of one side of which rises one of those singular and very tall brick towers, without any opening whatever, which give such peculiar character to some Italian cities, and of which we afterwards saw good store at Pavia. The whole of the building shows either traces of arcades or perfect arcades upon which the upper walls are supported; they are, however, so much modernized as to be comparatively uninteresting, though enough remains to show that their detail was once very good. The building encloses a quadrangle, rather small, but arcaded on three sides, and opening from the piazza by open arches under the principal façade.

There are many churches in Cremona, all more or

less appearing to be founded upon the work in the transepts of the cathedral, but generally very inferior to them in merit.

S. Dominic has a west front singularly like theirs, but debased in its detail. It has, however, a very fine campanile, lofty, very simple, and pierced with pointed windows in each stage, one above the other. The interior is completely modernized, and not worth notice.

SS. Agostino and Giacomo in Breda is another church of the same class, with a west front which is again a very bad second edition of the cathedral, and which inside has been horribly mutilated and modernized. It is, however, to be remembered gratefully for a most lovely picture by Perugino, representing the blessed Virgin with our Lord seated, with SS. Augustine and James on either side. The Virgin is very calm, dignified, unearthly, and very simple and stately. Our blessed Lord, in her arms, has perhaps rather too much the character of an ordinary infant; and I think that the two saints have more of a bend in their figures than is quite pleasant; the heads stooping forward, and the knees considerably bent, are, as in other pictures by Perugino, a little too evidently straining towards a reverential posture. Such a criticism is a bold one to venture upon with the recollection of so glorious a picture fresh in my mind — the only one (except Giotto's frescoes at Padua) from which I have really derived any intense pleasure since I left home. The date of this most majestic and wonderful work is A.D. 1494.

S. Agatha is another church which still has its old campanile intact, with round-arched windows, very simple and not large. The church which has been built against it tells its story so well, that at first we

all mistook it for a theatre! So much for classic symbolism!

Another church, dedicated in honour of S. Margherita, is a very poor erection of brick, with a simple campanile. One or two other churches we saw with fair brick campaniles, which were not otherwise remarkable; and one there was, close to the Milan gate, which seemed to be very singular in its arrangements. It had a projecting western porch, with its columns supported on beasts; and at the north-west angle an octagonal building of brick, of exceedingly late date, which appeared to be a baptistery.

We really enjoyed Cremona very much indeed: its rich array of buildings in elaborate brickwork is very striking; and the campanile of the cathedral, towering up high above the many other steeples, combines well with them in the general views, and helps to convert into a fine-looking city what is, perhaps, in its streets and houses generally, very far from being anything of the kind.

One evening we walked for some time on a drive formed upon the ramparts, which was very gay, full of the townspeople walking and driving. I think, indeed, that we saw here a greater number of smart Italian equipages than anywhere else.

From Cremona we went to Lodi, on our way to Pavia, and had a very pleasant drive. The heat was intense when we started, and the drivers of all the carts we passed were prudently ensconcing themselves in the baskets swung beneath their carts, to escape its effects. Throughout the Lombardo-Venetian territory we were much struck by the great traffic which seems to be always going on, and by the much greater approach to English arrangements, in the way of harness and so forth, than

it is at all usual to see on the Continent; though, indeed, it ought in fairness to be said that their carts are much more scientific than ours generally are. Any vehicle with more than two wheels is rarely if ever seen; and these two wheels are sometimes of prodigious size—I should say quite ten feet in diameter—whilst the length of the cart from end to end is immense. The extent to which they are loaded is almost incredible, and of course it requires great care in order to make the trim exact, but when loaded the draught must be light for the weight. It is impossible to talk about horses and carts without thinking of the magnificent cream-coloured oxen which are everywhere doing hard work on the roads and in the fields. They have most magnificent, large, calm eyes; and this, with their great size and slow and rather dignified motion, makes them look very grand. They are always harnessed to a pole, which rises up above their heads at the end, and has a cross-piece attached to it, against which the poor animals have to press their foreheads in order to go on.

At Pizzighettone we crossed the Adda, here a very fine and full stream, and then, changing horses, went on merrily and rapidly towards Lodi. Leaving the main road, we travelled a less frequented by-road, infinitely more pleasant, and in many places very pretty indeed. We followed the course of a small river, which was turned to good account for irrigation; its stream being at times divided into no less than three channels, in order to water the pasture-land on which are fed the cows whose milk is to produce the far-famed Parmesan cheese. Some part of the road reminded us pleasantly of English lanes and English scenery, but here and there a

distant glimpse of the Apennines far behind us, and of the Alps beyond Milan before us, made us aware that we were indeed in Italy.

There is little to be seen in Lodi. It has a large and rather shabby-looking piazza, at one corner of which is the cathedral, whose only good feature is its doorway, which is, however, very inferior to the western doorway of the cathedral at Cremona, to which it bears no little resemblance.

Another church has a pointed brick front. The real roof is one of flat pitch, spanning nave and aisles; but in the façade the central portion is considerally higher than the sides, so as to give the idea of a clerestory. This is an abominable sham, and unhappily only too common in late pointed work in Italy. The centre division of the front is divided into three by pilasters, which are semicircular in plan. In the central division are a door and a circular window, in each side division is a pointed window; a brick cornice finishes the gable, crowned with five circular brick pinnacles.

Another church in Lodi has a very beautifully painted ceiling: this has been engraved by Mr. Grüner, but unluckily I did not know of its existence until I returned home: it seems to be an admirable piece of colour, and to be well worth careful study.

There seemed to be nothing else worthy of notice in Lodi; but as in duty bound we walked down to the bridge, a rough, unstable-looking wooden erection over the broad rapid Adda, with nothing about it to recal to mind the great event in its history, its passage by Napoleon in 1796.

We left very early in the morning for Pavia: our way led us through a country cultivated most elaborately, and irrigated with a great display of science and

labour; every field seemed to have some two or three streams running rapidly in different directions, and the grass everywhere was most luxuriant. No view, however, was to be had on either side, as the road found its way through a very flat line of country, and all the hedges were lined with interminable rows of Lombardy poplars. It was a country which would have done more good to the heart of a Lincolnshire farmer than it did to that of an architect!

The only remarkable building passed on the road was a castle at S. Angelo; a great brick building, with square towers set diagonally at the angles. The walls were finished with a battlement of the Veronese kind, and there were several very good early pointed brick windows with brick monials in place of shafts. A campanile, detached near one angle, has fine machicolations in stone, now, however, partly destroyed. The effect of the whole building was very grand.

We soon reached Pavia, and were, as we expected to be, well rewarded by its churches. The general aspect of the city is singular, owing to the number of tall slender brick towers which seem to have formed a necessary appendage to almost every house in the middle ages. They are entirely without openings or ornaments of any kind beyond the scaffold-holes, and one can compare them to nothing that I know so well as to the great shot-tower at Waterloo Bridge, save that they are always square and not circular.

We did our best to see the cathedral, but were unsuccessful; it was being repaired, and was so full of scaffolding that we could see nothing. It contains a shrine with the body of S. Augustine which I much wanted to see, but seemed in most respects to be an unprepossessing church.

From the cathedral we found our way to S.

Michele, a very celebrated church, but more interesting to an antiquary in search of curiosities than to an architect in search of the beautiful. The west end is very curious, and has a succession of sculptures, introduced in the most eccentric manner, and with but little method in their arrangement. There are three western doorways, and all of them are elaborately ornamented with carvings, whilst over the central door is a very singular figure of S. Michael. The interior, though much damaged in many ways, still preserves the old arrangement. A noble flight of steps leads up to the choir, below which is a crypt opening to the church on either side of the steps; an arrangement much more felicitous than that at Coire, where, in a plan of the same kind, access to the choir is obtained on either side, showing the crypt between the steps.

S. Michele, together with S. Teodoro and S. Pietro, seem all to be of somewhere about the same date, and at any rate of the same character; their most remarkable feature being the octagonal cupolas, which rise above the crossing of the nave, choir, and transepts; externally these are arcaded all round under the eaves, and roofed with flat pitched roofs, and are far from being graceful; open arcades are introduced under the eaves and up the gables, and everywhere there is a profusion of carving. It is likely enough that this Lombard Romanesque style, as we see it at Pavia and elsewhere, did, as has been supposed, set the example which was very soon after followed in the great churches at Cologne and elsewhere along the borders of the Rhine. In size, however, the children far exceeded their parents, for this church of S. Michele is not remarkable for its dimensions, except in point of width.

By far the most interesting church to me was that

of S. Maria del Carmine, or S. Pantaleone (for it seems to rejoice in a double dedication), which, in some respects, is more akin to our own pointed work than any other church I have as yet seen in Italy. The plan and all the details of the interior are exceedingly simple. The nave is divided into four groining bays, each of which has two arches into the aisles; the transept takes one bay and the choir one, and there are an aisle and a row of chapels on either side of the nave, and chapels on the east side of the transept. The only openings between the arches and the groining are small circles by way of clerestory, ludicrously small as compared with the immense space of blank wall below them, which seems to call loudly for decoration by paintings. The whole of the interior is executed in red brick, which has, however, been much daubed with a coloured wash: its effect is, notwithstanding, very noble and well worthy of imitation. As in Italian churches generally, the choir is very short as compared to the length of the nave. The exterior is even better worth examination than the interior; the design of the west end is an exaggerated example of the mode of finishing west fronts not uncommon in Italian Gothic; it is to some extent a sham, and therefore bad, but there is much which is of value in its detail, as it is even more than usually elaborate; and apart from the general outline of the mass, which pinnacles and pilasters cannot redeem from ugliness, there is considerable beauty in the group of windows and doors arranged so as to rise gradually as it were to the centre. The cornices are very heavy and elaborate, and the whole front is, I suppose, to be looked at as a masterpiece of terra-cotta and brick architecture. It is purely Italian in its great breadth and general arrangement, and, I confess, very far from

29.—WEST FRONT, S. PANTALEONE, PAVIA. Page 200

being to my taste, though I could wish that we had more often some of the same breadth and simplicity in our elevations.

It is very curious that this west end is the only elevation in this church which is at all distinctly Italian in its design; for those of the transepts and choir might much more reasonably be put down as imitations of northern work; they are very similar, and a description of the latter will therefore suffice. It is flanked by massive buttresses, and has two large and lofty trefoiled lancets, surmounted by a circular window of great size; the whole is very richly moulded and executed entirely in brick. The buttresses and roof finish at the top in a rude temporary-looking manner, and it is therefore impossible to solve the interesting question of their original terminations, which must I imagine have been pinnacles. The ordinary bricks used here are about 10 in. × 3 in. in size, and laid with very wide joints of mortar; those used for window-jambs and arches are of much deeper colour and finer clay than the others. There is something quite refreshing in coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon such a simple and English-looking elevation after the multitude of thoroughly Italian fronts it has been our fate to see lately.

On the north side of the nave there seems to have been a fine row of pointed windows, but they have been all destroyed to make way for Renaissance improvements. There are very large buttresses dividing each bay in this aisle, a feature which I saw here for the first time in Italy, and which, in addition to the design of the choir and transepts, would seem to show that this church was not entirely the work of an Italian. In the plan, too, it is remarkable that, though the general arrangement is quite that of the large Italian churches,

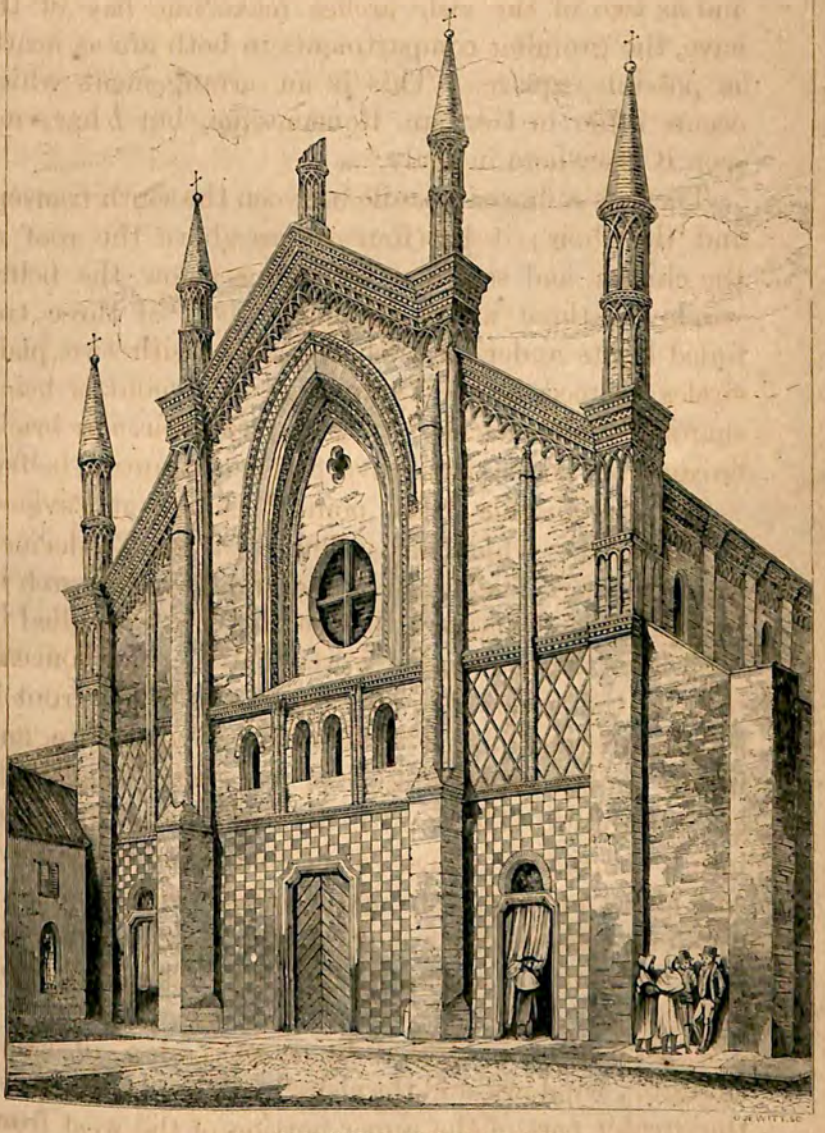
such as the Frari at Venice and Sta. Anastasia at Verona, in one particular it is unlike them. The groining bays of the aisles are square, and not oblong; and as two of the aisle arches make one bay of the nave, the groining compartments in both are as nearly as possible square. This is an arrangement which occurs often in German Romanesque, but I have not seen it elsewhere in Italy.[1]

There is a fine campanile between the south transept and the choir; it has four stages above the roof of the church, and scarce any opening below the belfry windows; these are exceedingly good, of three trefoiled lights under an enclosing arch, with two plain circles pierced in the tympanum, the monials being shafts of white marble. A low spire of circular bricks finishes, but does not improve, this very beautiful belfry.

There is another brick pointed church at Pavia—S. Francesco—which has a fine west front redeemed from thorough Italianism by the grand window-arch in its central division, and though this has been filled in with later and barbarous work, to the entire concealment of the tracery, its effect upon the whole front is astonishingly good. The detail is very elaborate, and in the arch a great number of terra-cotta ornaments are introduced. The front is divided by large pilasters into a centre and wings corresponding with the nave and aisles, but these are again subdivided by smaller pilasters, each of which is composed of three circles on plan, and finished rather nicely with a kind of finial at the top.

S. Francesco is lighted by a succession of small clerestory windows, and the aisles have large buttresses; the greater part of the upper portion of the west front

[1] S. Antonio at Padua is somewhat similar in its plan, but domed instead of being groined in the ordinary way.



81.—WEST END, S. FRANCESCO, PAVIA. Page 208.

is a mere mask to make out the desired outline. I begin really to wonder whether I shall see a west front before I leave Italy which is not a purely unnecessary and unprepossessing sham!

Pavia appeared to me to be rather a pleasant city, and we had a delightful day there; it is true that it was very hot and sultry, but to this we were fairly acclimatized, and so rather enjoyed it, except when we had to cross a piazza in the sun, or walk along a street unprotected by arcading, which, by the way, is much rarer here than in Padua, Mantua, and other cities through which we had recently passed. The main street of the city is very picturesque, with somewhat of a fall towards the south, so that just a glimpse is obtained between the houses of the distant Apennines.

Close to the Milan gate there is a large pile of ancient fortified buildings, formerly the castle of the Visconti. They form a parallelogram, with square towers at the angles rising above the general height of the walls, and covered with gabled roofs. The walls are all of brick, boldly machicolated at the top, and have a good many windows of early date, still perfect, of two lights, with a plain circle in the tympanum. The extent of the building is very great, and the whole mass decidedly imposing-looking.

From Pavia we went, on our road to Milan, to pay a visit to the renowned Certosa. The road thither, which is also that to Milan, pursues a monotonously straight course by the side of a canal, or canalized river, and between rows of stiff trees, until, about four miles from Pavia, a turning at right angles out of the main road soon leads to the gateway of the monastery, and through this—which stands open apparently rather through carelessness than out of hospitality—we drove into the court-yard in front of

the church. This, grown all over with weeds, looked certainly very desolate and wretched, and but poor preface to the polished marbles of the west front and the riches and paintings of the interior of the church.

The west front is of great magnificence of material, though of a kind of design which seems to have proceeded upon the principle of setting all established architectural styles and customs entirely at defiance. This indeed may be said of the whole church, which is a kind of mixture of Lombard Romanesque features with some pointed, and no slight dash of the Renaissance spirit; altogether a most magnificent hybrid, but certainly a hybrid. The doors stand wide open, and from the decaying and desolate court in front of the church we enter into the nave, full of everything that is magnificent in material, and all preserved with jealous care and in admirable order: we look up to the lofty vault which spans the grand width of the nave, and find the groining ribs arched over head in pure pointed form, and cannot help marvelling how far this one pointed feature harmonises and (I had almost said) sanctifies the whole interior, though in fact, save this one point, there is scarce a single detail throughout the church which could ever pass muster as really being of pointed character.

I think it is hardly possible to scan or criticize the architecture of such a building; it is better to follow the guidance of the cicerone, and look at the pictures behind the many altars set around with precious stones, and enclosed within reredoses made of such an infinite variety of marbles, that, with some degree of envy, one thinks how precious such an array would be on this side of the Alps, even if spread through fifty churches.

The nave and aisles are divided from the side chapels and from the transepts by high metal grilles,

and the transept is again divided by another screen from the choir: this produces a very singular and unusual effect, and makes the transept appear somewhat like a nave placed at right angles with the choir. All the chapels on either side of the nave communicate with one another, so that the monks are able, without entering the nave, to obtain access to all of them, whilst females are carefully excluded both from the chapels and from the transepts and choir. Beyond a Perugino in one of the chapels on the north side of the nave, and one picture in the sacristy, there seemed to be no pictures of any very great value: in fact, travellers are asked rather to admire the value of the stones which are used in the altars, and the marbles in the reredoses behind them, than the paintings which they enclose. The groining of the church, enhanced as it is in effect by the way in which it is painted—with a blue ground, powdered very richly with gold stars—conduces more than anything else to the very fine effect of colour which the nave produces; and the beautiful pavements, composed mainly of red and white marbles, laid in elaborate geometrical patterns, increase not a little the general effect. This is another instance of the superiority in such positions of decorative painting over pictures.

South of the church are two cloisters: that nearest to the church of ordinary size, but the other, to which it leads, prodigious in its dimensions, and very singular in its effect, being surrounded at regular intervals by the houses of the monks rising out of and above the regular line of the cloister roof: I went into one of these houses, and found its accommodation exceedingly ample, providing three rooms, closets, and a garden for each monk. The arches of the cloisters are exceedingly rich in terra-cotta ornaments, and through-

out the exterior of the church and other buildings it is remarkable how very elaborate these ornamental mouldings are: they are left in the natural reddish colour, and, as the walls are whitewashed, they have a very singular effect. We found here, as at other places, men busily engaged in making casts for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, whose managers certainly seem resolved to have casts of everything that can be modelled throughout Europe!

There are now twenty-five monks at the Certosa, and the number appears to have been gradually on the increase since the reconstitution of the monastery in 1844: it was certainly very gratifying to see that, whilst all the rest of the buildings looked forlorn and dilapidated, the church itself was most scrupulously well preserved, presenting in this respect a great contrast to the fate of churches generally in the north of Italy.

A tedious drive by the side of a long straight canal, passing on our way large well-managed farms and other signs of uncommon agricultural activity, took us from the Certosa to Milan; and long before we arrived there the white pinnacles of the Duomo, with the Alps in the far distance, came in sight; certainly, seen thus, the Duomo is one of the least satisfactory or imposing great churches I have ever seen, and does but little in the way of imparting character—as most cathedrals do—to the city which lies at its foot. At last we reached Milan, and entering through a triumphal arch—the Ticinese Gate—and passing the front of S. Eustorgio, we threaded our way down a very long narrow street, by the side in one place of a row of Roman columns, still standing tolerably perfect in the midst of the crowded highway, until at last we found ourselves at the Albergo alla Gran Bretagna, a most comfortable and much-to-be-recommended inn.

CHAPTER X.

"Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan."
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. sc. 5.

Milan: the cathedral — S. Ambrogio — S. Eustorgio — Sta. Maria delle Grazie — Monza: the cathedral — The Broletto — Sta. Maria in Strada — Como: the Broletto — The cathedral.

MILAN is better known to the generality of English travellers than, perhaps, any other city south of the Alps; and it affords a fair idea of some of the most salient points of Italian manners and customs. Its narrow busy streets, though they are wanting indeed in the arcading so characteristic of very many other towns we had passed through, have that peculiar charm which life and bustle always give to strange places; the crowds of foot-passengers threading the narrow ways, with no protection from the omnibuses and carts which jostle against them, are full of animation, and lively and picturesque in their costumes. Elbowing our way between them, we soon found ourselves in a piazza, with the Duomo rising before us in all the magnificence of its white marble walls. If it be indeed true that it was designed by a German, there is on the outside even more cause for astonishment at his work than if it had been done by an Italian. The west front is quite modern, but the rest of the exterior, all in its original state, is as little German in its character as any building I have ever seen, and,—

shall I add it?—as little really grand as a work of art. I had just caught a glimpse of its general outline and effect by the bright moonlight, on the evening of my arrival, with the music of an Austrian band sounding pleasantly in my ears, and, thus seen, there was certainly something wild and striking in its effect. I saw the brilliantly light colour of the white marble in the full brightness of the moon, and saw little of the poverty of moulding, or the heaviness of traceries, or the preposterous tenuity of pinnacles, which daylight revealed, to the destruction of any belief I might still have in its beauty; and the more in detail I examined it the less satisfactory did it appear; for neither in its general mass, nor in its detail, does it bear examination. Its walls are panelled all over, the panelling having a peculiarly painful kind of pendulous, unsupported, and unconstructional character, and the string-courses are marked by a continuous trefoil arcading on their under side, which recalls the frequent Italian string-courses in brick. The buttresses are bold in their formation and scale, but poor and weak-looking in their design, and finish at the top with pinnacles whose thin outline, seen against the deep blue sky, is painfully bad and unsatisfying. The panelling of the walls is continued up to their whole height without any decided line of parapet or cornice, and finishes in a rough serrated line of small gables, which are particularly restless and wanting in repose. Great flying buttresses span the aisles, and then in the clerestory is repeated exactly what we have already seen below, the same panelling, the same parapet, and the same light pinnacles; the windows, however, are here very small and insignificant, whilst those in the aisles are remarkable for their large size and for the singular traceries with which they are

filled. All the lower windows are transomed with a line of tracery, surmounted in each light by a crocketed canopy running up into the light above. In the apse this tracery fills the four outer lights only on each side of the two centre lights, the others being continued without interruption to the sill; and in these windows it is remarkable that each light is subdivided with a small monial below this band of tracery.

Altogether, an effect of a prodigious number and repetition of vertical lines is produced, and yet, notwithstanding this, the effect of the entire building is decidedly rather horizontal and depressing than the contrary; this is not more owing to the absence of all visible roofing than to the way in which the parapets, with their irregular gabled outline, attract the eye.

Upon the whole, therefore, the exterior is in no respect more Italian than it is German in its style: it belongs to no school, and has no fellows; from the beginning it has been an exotic, and to the end of time will probably remain so, without a follower or an imitator in the singular development of which it is the only example; and there does appear, if we consider the matter, to be some intrinsic probability that such a building must have been designed by a foreigner rather than by a native. It has, in fact, all the appearance of having been the work of a stranger who was but imperfectly acquainted with the wants or customs of Italian architecture, working to some extent with the traditions of his own native school before him, but, at the same time, impressed with a strong sense of the necessity under which he lay of doing something quite unlike what he had been taught to consider necessary for buildings in his native land. It will be found upon examination that there is absolutely not one point in

which this vast building follows the traditions of Italian pointed work. Its windows have moulded monials instead of shafts; its walls are buttressed instead of being marked with pilasters here and there; its pinnacles are northern in their idea, for strength rather than (as Italian pinnacles were) only for ornament; its walls have no cornices, and there are, finally, no sham fronts or attempts at concealing the necessary features of construction; the walls are panelled instead of being arcaded, and there is a constant endeavour to break up plain surfaces of wall, unlike the predilection for smooth surfaces of walling so usual in thoroughly Italian work, and destructive of the kind of breadth and dignity which this last generally has; finally, if rest and life may be taken—as by some they are—to be respectively the distinguishing features of Italian and Northern pointed work, then, assuredly, the lack of repose in Milan Cathedral—caused mainly by the degree to which the system of panelling is carried over the whole building, and the extent to which the use of the simple horizontal line is carefully excluded—goes far to consign its exterior to some school of life and restlessness of the most unsatisfactory character. Its architect appears to me to have been shocked at the necessity under which he lay of sacrificing the steep lines of roof so dear to him in his native land, and to have striven with all his might to provide a substitute for their vertical effect by the vertical lines of his panelled buttresses and walls, by the gabled outline of his parapets, and by the removal of such a mark of horizontalism as the commencement of the traceries of his windows even on one line. And his work is a most remarkable standing proof of the failure of such an attempt; for, despite all these precautions, and I incline to believe in consequence of

them, the general effect is, after all, entirely depressing and horizontal. Extremes meet, and so the attempt to avoid absolute horizontal lines has completely failed, because in their place we have a succession of vertical members placed side by side in such endless numbers that we really think more of their horizontal members, slight though they are, than we should of the simplest defined horizontal line.

And the same consequence followed the same kind of work in England. I know no building in which the horizontal line is more painful than in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, where, nevertheless, it is broken endlessly by vertical lines of pinnacles, and where the walls are covered with perpendicular lines of panelling.

Indeed, I should have but little respect for such a building as this exterior of Milan were it not for its glorious material (used though it is in a prodigal manner, and without particular reference to its nature) and its immense size—though this is far less in appearance than in reality. But my detraction and harsh criticisms must end here; for if, having first made the circuit of the entire church, the flight of steps which leads up to the west door is last of all mounted, the first feeling must be one of perfect amazement and delight—amazement that the same mind which conceived the exterior should have been able also to conceive anything so diverse from it as is the interior, and delight that anything so magnificent and so perfect should ever have been reared on the southern slope of the Alps, to exhibit, to the eyes as it were of enemies, the full majesty and power of the pointed architecture of the North. And mark, upon consideration, how very natural this was. Its architect had been tied down in his exterior by the wants, or supposed wants, of a

climate unlike his own, and a material to which he was unused; his genius had thus been fettered and kept under; but here all shackles were undone, and he was free to carry out to its very greatest perfection what he had learnt or dreamt of in his northern home. And what a result has he not achieved!—absolutely and without doubt the grandest interior in the world is, I do believe, this noble work of his; its grandeur amazes one at first, and delights all the more afterwards as one becomes on more intimate terms with it, and can look at it with less emotion than at first. And how shall I describe it?—for to say that it has so many bays in length or in width is not sufficient: all this, and even the detail of its design, was familiar enough to me before I saw it, but still the reality was so very far beyond any description, that I felt, and feel still, averse to attempting it.

A few only of the most noticeable points, therefore, shall be touched; and, as it seems to me to teach less of Italian art or architecture than of Northern, I shall feel myself acquitted of neglect, inasmuch as the main, if not the sole, object of my present inquiry is as to the development of really Italian work. I was struck at first by the prodigious width and height of the building: the nave is enormously wide, and has two aisles on either side, those next to the nave being also of great size and height, and having clerestories in their outer walls. The outer aisles are lighted with large traceried windows, filled with stained glass, which gives the church a character very unlike that of the generality of Italian pointed churches, in which coloured glass is so rarely seen in large masses.

There is, therefore, a regular gradation in the heights of the five main divisions of the church, which

are well proportioned to their respective widths; and, resting as these divisions do upon four rows of clustered columns of immense size and height, a more magnificent internal effect is produced than I can recollect even any approach to in any other church; for not even in Cologne or in Amiens is there any effect so magnificent as that of this forest of prodigious piers. They are finished at the top with capitals peculiar to themselves, and quite unlike anything I have before seen—I suppose at least twelve feet deep, with a kind of arcade of tracery surmounted by a crocketed gable on each side, and finished above and below with courses of foliage, and with figures standing in the niche-like panels of the arcade.

Such a contrivance would be clumsy and absurd if attempted on a small scale, but here, at the summit of these immense columns, is thoroughly successful, and, I believe, the only contrivance which could have been successfully adopted. The capitals vary very much in detail and in merit; but one of the most successful is seen close to the west entrance, and recalls forcibly the best Northern pointed work, having, indeed, neither in detail nor in design, one single trace of an Italian influence.

So grand are the columns that the excessive poverty and lightness of the arches which divide the nave from the aisles, which is perhaps the one great defect of the church, is not for a long time noticed: they have, however, but little work to do, and so their lightness may perhaps be a virtue.

Throughout the interior there is a very remarkable love shown everywhere for a moulding which was never used by Italians, but was so much used among ourselves—the wave-mould. Then, again, all the shafts are filleted, and the fillet, turning off gradually into the round line of the shaft, produces the same

moulding; a fulness and richness is consequently very noticeable in all the detail of the interior, very different indeed from anything else that I saw in Italy. The solitary blot upon this otherwise noble work is one for which its architect is in no way responsible—the cells of the groining are all filled in with painted imitations of elaborate traceries in brown colour, an abominable device, which never ceases to offend and annoy the eye more and more every time it is observed. The window tracery throughout is meagre, confused, and unmeaning, and the traceries introduced at mid-height most unsatisfactory; but the glass with which it is filled, though poor and late in its character, contains much rich colour, and gives the entire building a very grand and warm tone.

Compared with other foreign churches, there is in this—the largest of them all—a singular absence of side altars. There are indeed some three or four; but so great is the prominence given to the high altar in the choir, that one scarce thinks of the possibility of the existence of any others, and has to look about a good deal before discovering where they are to be found.

In common with so many of the Italian churches, the pavements here are very striking, and impart no small degree of additional magnificence to the interior.

After I had seen the cathedral I had, by way of enjoying the pleasures of a contrast, to devote myself patiently to all the troubles attendant upon personally procuring my passport. At Milan personal application was absolutely enforced; and there, in a small room crowded by voituriers and other Italians of the lower order, relieved with one or two unfortunate travellers like myself, I had for near two hours to endure heat, noise, and all the other annoyances of such a work, before I succeeded in getting my passport *visé*,

with permission to abide three days only within the walls. This system is certainly most vexatious to an Englishman; but at the same time, if people will make a point of keeping the rulers of a city constantly on the *qui vive* with plots or rumours of plots, I see not what other resource their rulers can have. Some sign of the state of the population may be drawn from the way in which the soldiers patrol the streets in companies of three or four during the whole day, giving an impression of a place where men keeping guard singly would be in danger; and then again the great number of the troops at the gates and elsewhere throughout the city certainly presents very much the impression of a place whose normal condition is one perpetual state of siege.

Next to the cathedral the great architectural attraction of Milan is the famous church of S. Ambrogio, which has, however, far greater claims upon the antiquary and upon the ecclesiologist than upon the pure architect.

Entering at the west end it presents a most striking and, to me, most novel effect. In advance of the church is an open atrium, surrounded by a cloister of Lombard-Romanesque character, the columns having quaintly and stiffly carved capitals of stone, and the wall and arches being built of mixed brick and stone.[1] Three arches, open from the atrium to the west end of the church, and above them three other arches of similar plan and arranged in triplet fashion, that in the centre being the highest and widest, nearly fill up the great flat pediment of the church, on either side of which rise towers—that on the north divided into stages by means of arcaded strings, like most Lombard belfries; that on the south perfectly plain and rude, and perhaps therefore of the very early period at which some anti-

[1] See plate 15, p. 104, for an illustration of the cornice of this atrium.

quaries appear to place the date of the main structure of this portion of the existing church.

This arrangement, borrowed though it may be from heathen days and civil buildings, is nevertheless uncommonly satisfactory; it serves to prepare the mind for the entrance to the church itself, and, instead of the abrupt transition commonly made from the world to the holy places, here the intermediate atrium gives time and space to throw off all worldly thoughts, and to enter entirely into the religious feelings proper in such a place.

The entrance by the west door is of great interest, for in the very ancient doors are inserted some still more ancient fragments, said by tradition—and there is every reason to believe the tradition to be true—to be portions of the gates which S. Ambrose shut against the Emperor Theodosius.

The interior has suffered much at various times, either by repairs or alterations; and as all the groining is of pointed character, the first impression is that of a very low, simple, and solemn-looking pointed church of early date. Upon more close examination, however, it is found that the main walls throughout are Romanesque, and that this groining was subsequently inserted, and again in later times strengthened and supported by great piers and arches of classic character.

Perhaps the most striking object in the whole interior is the magnificent Romanesque baldachin under which stands the high altar, occupying a position some way removed from the east end, and protected both on the west and on the east by high metal screens. The front of the altar itself is very magnificent, executed entirely in metal, and containing subjects from the life of our blessed Lord and from that of S. Ambrose. A modernised dome rises above the baldachin; and behind this an apse decorated in mosaic upon a gold

ground finishes very grandly the interior of this interesting church.

On the north side of the nave is a very curious pulpit, cöeval with the church and remarkable for its carvings, and for a Roman sarcophagus which occupies the space between the columns which support it.

From S. Ambrogio I made my way under a burning sun to what I expected to find a very interesting church, that of S. Eustorgio. I was, however, I must confess, very much disappointed; the interior is abominably modernized, though still retaining enough of its old Romanesque features to be intelligible if carefully studied, and remarkable for many ancient monuments on its walls. This church has nave, north and south aisles, and chapels beyond the aisles, the whole groined, and there is a prodigious ascent to the choir, which is raised upon a crypt.

The general effect of the exterior, though there is a fairly perfect brick campanile rising near the east end, is painfully decayed and desolate, and the melancholy open space in front of the church adds no pleasant recollection of it.

Sta. Maria delle Grazie, which I next visited, is a church known generally as that in the refectory attached to which is to be seen all that remains of L. da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper. I know not how much this may have suffered within the last few years, but really, when I read the kind of raving remarks which I so frequently see about it, I cannot help fancying, rather strongly, that they have perhaps been written before instead of after seeing the veritable picture. It is in fact in the last stage of decay, with scarce any of its colouring or drawing intelligible; and, as far as I can understand what is perceptible, has probably been entirely repainted since Leonardo's death.

Sta. Maria is of very late pointed date, entirely of brick, with a large and ugly dome added by Bramante. The nave arcades are pretty good—pointed arches springing from the square classical-looking caps of equally classical-looking columns; very much as in the church of S. Francesco at Venice. Elaborate brick cornices and the usual sham front leave the same kind of impression on my mind in respect to this church that it has of all late Italian pointed work in brick—one of a tasteless, unreal, and unsatisfactory school of art.

The remaining churches in Milan seemed to be all classical, of different grades of merit and size. There were indeed some very late examples of brickwork of some value, but really, save the cathedral, there is not much architectural art to be studied or dwelt upon in Milan. The cathedral, too, teaches little: its main office is, rather, to prove the consummate beauty and magnificence attainable by the pointed style carried out severely and simply on the very grandest scale, and this its interior does most triumphantly beyond all cavil. South of the cathedral there is a fine late brick campanile, which rises from behind some of the great public buildings in which the city abounds.

A visit to Milan had always been looked forward to by me with great interest; first, from curiosity as to the real effect and merits of the Duomo; and secondly, from a longing to see the magnificent Sposalizio of Raffaele, which forms the gem of the collection in the Brera; and this famous gallery was therefore one of the first objects of my curiosity. The careful examination of the pictures which adorn its walls was, however, when we were there, much hindered by an exhibition of modern Italian pictures, hung in the same rooms as, and in most cases in front of, the old works. We were able, fortunately, to get a fair view of what I believe to be the

greatest work of one of the greatest painters in the world—the Sposalizio being in a room unoccupied by other pictures and unmolested by the modern exhibitors. The man who could so paint at the age of twenty-one must, assuredly, have been almost matchless, for never have I seen a painting more thoroughly noble and delightful in every way, recalling to mind, it is true, in every figure, the manner of his master, the great Perugino, but not the less enjoyable by me on that account.

The modern pictures were almost invariably worthless, and showed no sign of any revival parallel to that which I trust I am not too sanguine in believing that one sees at the present day in England.

In the Piazza dei Mercanti are some traces of early domestic work, very inferior, however, in interest to what I had seen elsewhere, and much modernized; and besides this there seemed to be few if any remains of domestic work.[1]

The whole place was rather disappointing to me in my architectural capacity, though pleasant enough in every other; and after I had lounged about and driven about, first in one direction and then in another, and had really enjoyed my last great Italian city very much, finding that little more was to be done but to eat ices, look at smart carriages on the Corso, and long for more chance of a clear view of the Alps and Apennines than the hazy sultry weather afforded, I made up my mind to leave earlier than I had originally intended.

We left, therefore, after two days' stay, in the middle of the day for Monza, intending to go on to

[1] I missed a very grand brick building of late date—the Ospedale Maggiore; which contains, I believe, a great deal of very valuable detail, though, from drawings which I have seen of it, very similar apparently in its character to most of the contemporary brickwork.

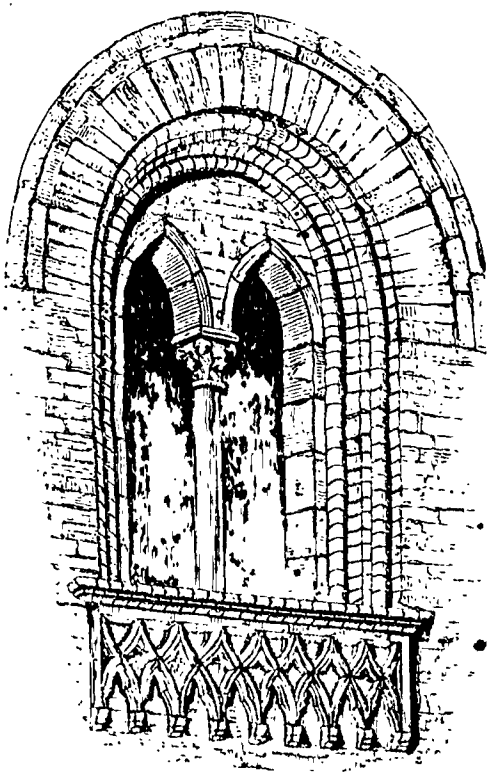
Como in the evening to sleep. Here we were well rewarded and most agreeably surprised. We found a very curious and good Broletto, a cathedral of fine and elaborate brickwork with a great west front of marble, and another brick church of most eleborate detail.

The west front of the Duomo is a very fine example of Italian Gothic in marble; it is divided into five divisions in width, those in the centre and at the sides being the widest, and is constructed in yellow and dark grey marble in alternate courses, the former very deep, the latter generally shallow, but varying without much rule.

All the roofs are flat, but finish at the west at different levels, and not in one continuous slope. The eaves have heavy cornices, and under these, all the way up, is an arcade resting upon shafts supported on corbels. The windows are all very fairly traceried, though theirs is certainly not at all equal to English tracery, as it is very flat in its effect, and has no proper subordination of parts. There is a large rose window in the centre division treated in a better manner than is usual, and set within a square line of moulding, with small circles in the spandrels, and a line of square panels on each side; five other smaller windows are similarly treated. In some parts of the wall the courses of black marble are continuations of the black arch-stones of the windows, which, though not uncommon in Italian pointed work, is never satisfactory in its effect. In the upper part of the front this is not the case.

The central division has a porch resting upon detached shafts, and with a semicircular arch, which is, however, richly cusped; and throughout the front semicircular and pointed arches seem to have been used quite indiscriminately. The buttresses which divide the front were originally finished with pinnacles, of

which one only now remains; this is certainly very beautiful, of precisely the same type as the pinnacles on some of the tombs of the Scaligers at Verona, standing on detached shafts, with gables on either side, supported on trefoiled arches, and with small pinnacles between the gables, all of which are crocketed; the mouldings are very flat, but in the pure white marble seen against the deep blue sky of Italy this flatness is as much a virtue and a beauty, as its counterpart executed in stone in chilly England would be poverty-stricken and tame. All the remainder of the exterior of the Duomo is of red brick, with some particularly good detail. I give one window from the south side of the choir as an example.



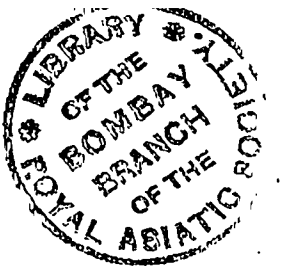
Cathedral — Monza.

There is a large low cloister on the north side, and from this the central tower is best seen; it is of two stages in brick and stone, a good deal arcaded, and has a pyramidal tiled roof, with a square turret in the centre. This forms a dome internally, which is however (as is the whole of the church) miserably modernized.

On the whole such a church as this is very interesting, and to some extent striking; but, much as I admired the conjunction of the two marbles, and the more than usually Gothic character of some of the details, there was yet enough in the ungainly outline of the sham front, and in the capricious use of round and pointed arches indifferently, to damp my pleasure, and make me cease to admire the work very decidedly. There is a difference in construction, which ought to be noted between this marble front and the marble work at Venice, for, whilst the latter is not at all constructional, this is entirely so, the marbles not being veneered on to the wall, but forming a portion of its substance. I need not say that in this respect, when we wish to use marble in England, the paucity of our supplies will probably always compel us to imitate the Venetian rather than the architect of Monza, or Como, or Milan.

The Broletto, which stands near the cathedral in the centre of the city, is very interesting. It is raised upon open arches of stone, two at either end and five at the sides. In my sketch of it the southern end is shown with the projecting Ringhiera in the second stage; the northern end is very singular, the tower rising out of one side, with the steep-pitched roof of the other half abutting against it. The detail of the windows is very good, the arch-stones in some of them increasing in depth towards the centre, with an effect of very great strength: all the windows are shafted. The

32.—BROLETTO, MONZA. Page 238.


LIBRARY
OF THE
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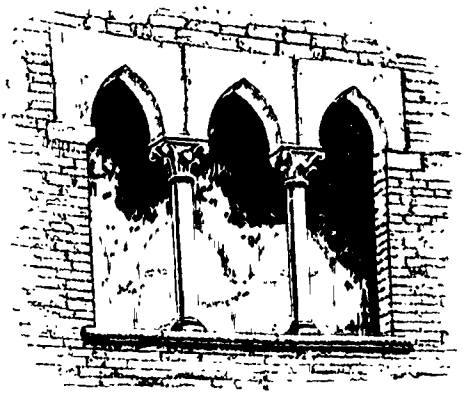
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

S.ta Maria in Strada, Monza.



Broletto — Monza.

dimensions of this building are forty-two feet from east to west, and sixty-four from north to south.

The only other ancient building which I discovered was the church of Sta. Maria in Strada; the most elaborate example of late work in brick and terra-cotta that I have anywhere seen. The effect is not satisfactory, for when, as here, carvings are imitated and repeated in terra-cotta, and traceries entirely executed in it, one begins, I confess, to long much for a little of the fire and spirit which some mark of the individual artist might have given such an amount of elaborate decoration in stone. The west front is the only part of the church of any interest, the interior having been thoroughly modernized, and retaining no traces of its original character.

The door and windows in the lower stage have, however, been interpolated, and besides this there is a strangely ugly window above them, about which—as this is the last of its class we shall see—I wish to say a word. In starting on a continental journey, between London and Croydon on the South-Eastern Railway you pass under several great semicircular-arched

bridges. When first built, the engineer chose, in order to gratify some odd fancy, to prop these up by two piers of brickwork, dividing the arch into three, and putting the whole in great jeopardy. It is curious that this singularly supported and divided arch finds a counterpart in almost every large church in the north of Italy. It was the one great idea of the Renaissance builders, and, until they had taken out one of the old windows, and inserted in its place one of these hideous contrivances, they were never satisfied. In Venice every church, even the noble church of the Frari, has them, and I believe scarcely a large church in the north of Italy is without at least this one evidence of the delicacy of taste which characterizes a Renaissance age!

The skill which is shown in making and fitting together brickwork such as that in the front of this church is very great indeed, but, after all, I fear, rather mistaken, for the effect is most unsatisfactory, and every one must see that throughout the façade there is an evident attempt to satisfy the eye by the exceedingly elaborate character of the detail, rather than by the fitness of the thing itself. The insufficiency of the windows for the extent of wall is an obvious fault, and not less so is the fact which I am almost tired of referring to, that the whole front is sham and designed without any reference whatever to the wants of the building, to which it forms the street front.

In the evening we left Monza for Camerlata, a village within about a mile of Como, availing ourselves again of the service of the Milan and Como railway. The first-class carriages on this line are certainly the most sumptuous and luxurious that I have ever been in, but apparently not much used, as when we got in they were obliged to light the wax candles with which they are furnished, in place of the more vulgar oil of second-class carriages.

The Camerlata station was soon reached, and after some little delay we found ourselves ensconced in one of those long omnibuses so fashionable in Italy, and driving down a long hill, planted on either side with trees, towards Como. Above us, to the right and to the left, we could see, by the bright moonlight, the shapes of the mountains which hem in this arm of the fairest of lakes, whilst just above us, proudly perched upon a crag, were the ruins of a castle, which lent, when we saw it by daylight, an additional charm to the otherwise beautiful view.

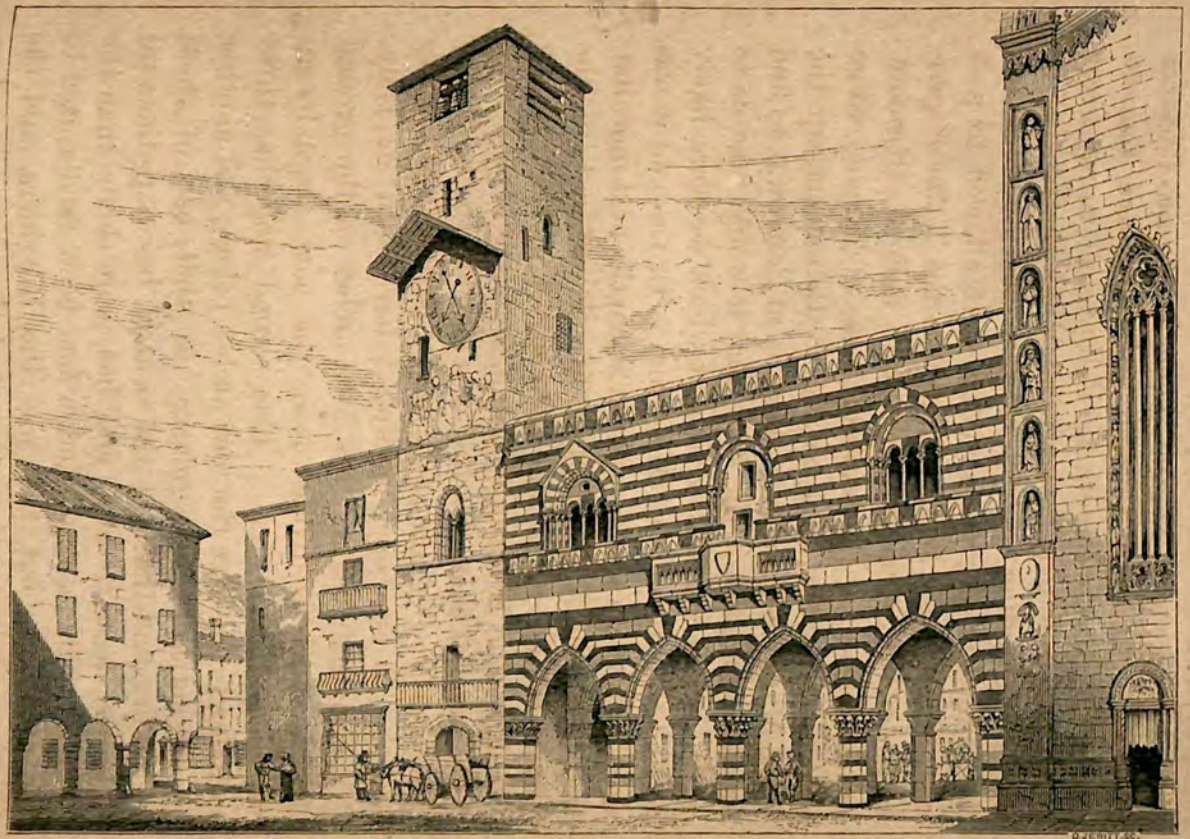
Soon we were in the outskirts of the town; but it was long before we reached the borders of the lake, after following the windings of an almost interminable street, passing the guardhouse, and, to our sorrow, parting again for the last time with our passports, then crossing the Piazza in which stand the Duomo and the Broletto side by side—for me the main attraction of the place—until at last we were fairly discharged at an hotel on the very edge of the water.

We had heard an Austrian band as we rolled across the Piazza, and so without delay thither we returned in time to hear the last of our last Austrian music, and to revel by moonlight in the beauty of the many-coloured marble front of the fair Broletto. We stood listening to the music for about a quarter of an hour, when suddenly a word of command was given, the men who held the lanterns marched to the front, the band formed behind them four abreast, the lights were extinguished, and, suddenly breaking into a lively march, the band disappeared, and the crowd soon left us in quiet possession of the piazza, whose old houses still rang with the clamorous echoes of the wild and beautiful music.

We returned to our inn, and had infinite trouble in the attempt to find a voiturier to take us to the Lago

Maggiore in time for the steamer on the morrow. The route by which I had fully intended to return was to go by the lake to Menaggio, thence to cross to Porlezza and by the Lake of Lugano, and then from Lugano across the Monte Cenere to Bellinzona; to my great annoyance I found, however, at Milan that, owing to the long-standing quarrel between the Emperor and the Confederation, no travellers were allowed to pass immediately from the Austrian into the Ticinese territory, or *vice versâ*, and we were obliged, therefore, instead of seeing the beautiful Lake of Lugano, to go across to Laveno, and thence to Bellinzona, up the Lago Maggiore; and our difficulty at Como was to find any true account of the time that it would take us to reach Laveno, or of the time at which we were likely to find the steamer to Magadino. In the end it was decided that we should start at seven the next morning, and accordingly soon after five I was out in the piazza taking notes and sketches of my last Italian building, the Broletto of Como.

In general character this is somewhat similar to the Broletto at Bergamo, but in real beauty it is scarcely inferior to any one building I have seen in Italy. Towards the Piazza it has four arches on the ground story, which is divided from the next stage by an arcaded string-course. This second stage has three windows only over the four arches below; and another very noticeable irregularity is, that one of these windows, and that not the central, has a pedimental canopy above its arch, and has more shafts than the others. The central window has been modernized to some extent, but this was the Ringhiera, and the balcony still remains, though looking more modern than the rest of the front. Some of the arches of these windows are very noticeable, for, though they



34.—BROLETTO COMO.

are semicircular, the back of the stones which form them is cut with a different sweep, so as to produce an outer pointed line, and thus to leave an impression on the mind of absolutely pointed windows. Another arcaded corbel-table finishes the façade, or rather ought to finish it, for above this some barbarian has added another stage, apparently within a few yards, and nearly to the destruction of the effect of the building.[1] North of this façade a great plain tower of rough stone recalls to recollection those of Bergamo and Brescia; it boasts of an immense clock and some faint traces of painting, and is left unfinished at the top. The whole of this façade (with the exception of the campanile) is built of red, white, and dark grey marble, which are very carefully and effectively contrasted in their arrangement; the courses are very irregular in their widths, and apparently arranged upon no systematic rule. The opposite (east) side of the Broletto is very similar, but one of its windows is remarkable for the way in which the shafts are knotted together in the centre. This is not at all an uncommon feature in Italian pointed, and I have often wondered how it is that the eye is not at once disgusted with it, instead of being, as it usually is, pleased. I take it to be a justifiable device on some such ground as this: It takes much labour and skill to cut several shafts out of one block of marble, but all this labour and skill is unthought of, if they are entirely separated, or held together by a band which might perchance be made of some other material; this knot therefore is devised as the only means of explaining to us that the shafts so carved have really been accomplished with a very great expenditure of time and patience and

[1] I think no apology is necessary for the omission of this modern stage in my view of the Broletto.

skill, and do not depend upon any artificial band for the firmness with which they are all united in one. I should have remembered to say that the capitals of all the columns in this Broletto are very well carved.

By the side of the Broletto stands the Duomo, the bad character of whose west front, even though it is of late Gothic, hardly tempted me to go in to see the effect of the interior. I did so, however, and found a large but uninteresting church, with groining of pointed section, which gives considerable character to an otherwise insipid work. The west front has doorways of Lombard character, and above them a large rose window; but every part of the exterior and interior seems to have been so much altered that little remains of the original work.

Internally works of restoration were going on, and these permitted me to see that the whole church had a great deal of colour introduced on the walls and over the groining, without being able to ascertain anything satisfactorily as to its age or character.

And now, alas! I must away, and, contenting myself as best I may, with the hurried notes I have been able to make of Italian architecture in this short tour, must mount the carriage for the journey homeward, with nothing but glorious scenery and the memories of beautiful architecture to gild the termination of this very happy holiday.

CHAPTER XI.

"And now farewell to Italy—perhaps
For ever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say
'Farewell for ever!'"—*Rogers.*

Departure from Como — Varese — Lake of Varese — Italian boatmen — Intra — Laveno — Lago Maggiore — Magadino — Road to Hospenthal — The Dazio Grande — Rivolo — Hospenthal — Ascent of the Furca — Valley of the Reuss — Lake of Lucerne — Lucerne — The Unter Hauenstein — Strasburg.

THERE was great delay in leaving Como; the passport officer was asleep, and no one dared to awaken him for our convenience; at last we determined to start, and went off to the passport office, and, after waiting near half an hour, the dilatory clerk arrived, and our passport having been stamped with the "Buon per partire," so uncivilly glad to get rid of you, as it seems to be, I mounted the carriage, and we were soon on our way.

All Como was astir, and bedecking the houses and churches, and building triumphal arches across the roads, for some religious fête whose nature we did not discover; but we soon left its streets and hills behind, and began to look out anxiously for our first view of Monte Rosa and its attendant Alps; but, alas! the weather, instead of clearing, rapidly became more and more cloudy, and ere long we felt that we must give up all hope of getting even the most distant glimpse of the monarch of this portion of the Alpine chain.

Without this view, from which we had promised ourselves so much pleasure, the road is tame and uninteresting all the way to Varese, where we changed our horses and carriage. It is an uninteresting town, with a good many villas and gardens, belonging, I believe, to inhabitants of Milan, who come out here for the mountain air. None of their houses are free from that general look of dreariness and lack of care which seems to afflict most Italian villas. Passing through Varese, we soon saw on our right a very famous pilgrimage church crowning the summit of a considerable hill, and approached by a succession of chapels, somewhat as in the still more famous pilgrimage church of Varallo, and so popular that round it there seems to have grown up a small town for the accommodation of the pilgrims.

Farther on we passed the Lake of Varese, and from one point in the road had a view of no less than about five different lakes, one of which was Lago Maggiore. The Lago de Varese is a tame, uninteresting sheet of water, surrounded by low flat woody country, except at one point on the north, but even there the hills do not rise immediately from the lake.

The only approach to old buildings that we saw were one or two brick campaniles of early date, and the remains of a castle, near Varese, finished at the top with the favourite forked battlement.

We had much ado to make our driver understand our desire to reach Lago Maggiore without delay, and, to say the truth, there was something too much like cruelty in the attempt to compel our poor steeds to any such feat of speed and strength as the performance of some six miles an hour really appeared to be. As we neared the lake the scenery improved, and woody hills, and here and there a dashing streamlet

finding its way down the hill-side, and a glimpse now and then of the blue water of the lake, made the way pleasant. At last we reached the outskirts of the village of Laveno, and were immediately chased by all the male population of the place, who explained their eager pursuit when at last we stopped on the beach, by vying with one another for the privilege of conveying us across the lake to Intra, where we had to join the steamer. I asked their charge, and they rather astonished me by demanding twelve francs and a buono-mano; of course I blandly offered them five francs, much to their disgust, and with shrugs of their shoulders and grand looks of contempt they turned away. However, I was determined not to submit to so palpable an imposition, so, when I was having my passport visé, I asked the courteous passport-officer what the fair charge might be? "Four and a half lire," was the answer. "But how am I to compel the rascals to take me?"—"Oh! bring them up to me," he replied; so down I went to where all the boatmen were discussing together the atrocity of my offer, and, taking two of them by the arm, I quietly walked them up to my friend the officer; the rest followed, and then commenced one of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed. The passport-officer told them to take me for the four and a half lire, upon which, they all, standing with their right arms extended towards him, answered with a furious volley of Italian ejaculations, quite unintelligible to me, but sufficiently absurd when contrasted with the quiescent state of their antagonist. Their eloquence was, however, all in vain; for, after a short attempt to reason them into submission, my friend sent them off, and threatened to send a soldier with us if they did not start at once. Before I could reach the beach again the luggage was all in the boat, and

in another minute we were afloat, propelled by three sturdy fellows, who, after having tried in vain to make me pay fourteen lire and a buono-mano, were really not apparently much annoyed when I paid them the legal fare, being about one-fourth less than at a guess I had first of all offered! I suppose they were true philosophers.

I fear that my experience of travelling in Italy obliged me to look upon the proceedings of these men as by no means unusual or peculiar to boatmen; wherever you go it is the same, and, unless you wish to pay much more than the rest of the world ever thinks of paying, you must make a point of disputing hotel accounts, shop charges, and voituriers' charges; the result always is, that you pay about twenty per cent. less, and are evidently looked up to with infinitely more respect.

About half an hour sufficed to take us to Intra, the Sardinian port opposite to Laveno, just a glimpse being obtained of the famous Isola Bella as we crossed; a Sardinian soldier welcomed us to his liberal Majesty's dominions, and, as we told him that we were going on by the steamer, allowed us to go into the town without showing our passports. There was, however, nothing to see, except the pretty view of the opposite hills—they are scarcely mountains—and of the long sheet of water stretching up and down for many a mile, and commanded almost more completely hence than from any other place in its whole extent.

We dined at a very miserable inn, with a pretty look-out, and, as it happened to be a *jour maigre*, could get nothing fit to eat; the landlord took, however, a convenient view of the matter, and, assuring us that he never made any difference on this account, charged us as though we had eaten all the delicacies of the season.

Here, again, as I had time on my hands, I amused myself with lowering my friend's pretensions, and finally paid him a fair valuation for a very *maigre* dinner.

This business was no sooner satisfactorily finished, a sketch of the opposite coast having been secured during the argument, than the steamer arrived, and in a few minutes we were ploughing our way along the fair expanse of water, leaving the not very honest people of Laveno and Intra behind us and forgotten, and all our attention settled upon the gradually developing beauties of the upper end of the lake.

We were amused at Laveno by the warlike demonstrations of the Austrians, who have there a very smart little war-steamer for the protection of their interests on the lake, besides a small fort. They have, in fact, less territory on the lake than either Sardinia or Switzerland; luckily, however, for the peace of the water, these last two states seem not to think it necessary to keep up a rival force, and so the little war-steamer at Laveno remains, doubtless, untouched and uncared for, and her officers pass their lives, probably, in smoking cigars and longing for some change of place and duty.

Our steamer kept very much to the Sardinian shore of the lake, and, as there are two or three great bends in its course, a view of one small portion only of the lake is obtained, until, upon reaching a promontory, and rounding it, as it were a new lake and new scenery are disclosed, and, happily, as the water is ascended towards Magadino, each turn brings more beautiful scenery than the last, until, as the head of the lake is neared, the view is very grand—not equal, certainly, to the head of Lake Como—but still exceedingly beautiful. The sun was just setting as we reached Laveno,

and then our steamer, skirting along the sedgy shores of the lake, where the Ticino, at its entry, brings down a continually increasing deposit of mountain refuse, brought us in a few minutes to Magadino.

Our principal companions on the steamer were a large party of English, whose travelling-carriage and horses blocked up half the boat, and a very pleasant old Italian woman, whose elaborately neat hair and magnificent array of pins, each filigreed at the end, and all radiating like arrows from the centre knot of hair, through which two larger and more magnificent pins were passed horizontally, forced upon us—but not more strongly than it had been forced before—this wonderful smartness and elaborate treatment and get-up of the hair, so common among the middle and lower classes in the north of Italy, and so unlike the customs of a similar class in England: I am bound to say, though, that the result of the elaborate straining and dressing of the hair seems generally to be, that, by the time women are fifty, they have no hair at all, or, at best, some two or three stray locks, which are then brought carefully together, and tied up, with a bold disregard of effect, in a knot at the top of the head.

When we landed at Magadino we found a diligence waiting, and, securing the coupé, jumped in, and were soon trotting off rapidly on the road to Bellinzona; in little more than an hour we passed through its gateway without having our passports demanded (how pleasant a change after Italy!), and were soon comfortably ensconced at the very respectable Albergo del Angelo.

Here we made a contract with the landlord for a carriage and five changes of horses to Flüelen, on the Lake of Lucerne, at a very moderate charge, and we had most satisfactory evidence that this was, in every

way, a far better plan than any other; we travelled at a fair rate, not too fast to see the scenery, and yet, starting from Bellinzona at the same time as our English acquaintances, who had brought their horses and carriage from Milan, and reaching Flüelen at exactly the same time, we had a clear day's rest at Hospenthal, which enabled us to enjoy a mountain excursion of no common interest, whilst they were slowly climbing the mountain-side, and toiling along with jaded steeds, fit objects for the compassion of the humane!

We started from Bellinzona very early, determined, if possible, to surmount the worst part of the road and to sleep at Hospenthal, a small village just on the northern side of the summit of the pass. The view of Bellinzona on leaving it is very striking; three old castles perched on crags above give it an air of picturesque antiquity, and these, with the mountains rising grandly on either side of the Ticino, and sloping down in the distance to the bosom of Lago Maggiore, make a most beautiful picture. The situation is not, however, to be compared to that of Chiavenna, whose wall of mountains, clothed with Italian luxuriance of foliage, is pierced here and there with a chasm only, for the passage of some headlong river dashing down into the broad valley below the town; here the valley continues to be of considerable width for some miles above the town, whilst there one scarce sees in what way any road is to escape across the mountains.

The first portion of the road is not very interesting. The pass of the Bernardin soon turns off to the right up a valley which allows a partial view, and from this point the S. Gothard road is sole possessor of the valley. Our first change of horses was at Bodio; and from thence the road gradually became

much more beautiful. Church-towers are seen scattered here and there on the summits of the inaccessible-looking mountains on either side of the valley, all of them whitewashed and generally distinguished by their tall campaniles, and sometimes by the small cluster of houses and the patches of cultivated ground around them, betokening man's labour as well as man's religious love, on the summit of these forbidding-looking steeps. And whilst the distant prospect was so fair, the scenery close to the road was embellished by vineyards and magnificent chestnuts, growing in some places among great rocks shivered from the mountain-side above, and, in others, in groves on either side of some beautiful stream descending in a silver fall over the grey precipices which overhang the road.

The villages through which we passed were pretty and picturesque, and the villagers all very busy in the fields bringing in their hay, and gathering their grapes, which are always trained here over rocks and roofs in the most picturesquely irregular way; and altogether the valley, rife with so many signs of industry and activity, bore thoroughly the appearance rather of a Swiss than of an Italian district. The upper slopes of the mountains, on either side, were clustered with fir-trees, and the deep blue water of the Ticino, here gently murmuring, there hastily dashing over some rocky impediment, made grateful music in our ears, and imparted additional beauty to the way.

At Biasca and Giornico there are ancient churches, the exteriors of which are, however, of no interest; but beside these all seemed new, and the houses as well as the people and the scenery soon began to remind us of Switzerland. There were those particularly large well-to-do looking inns in every village, with white walls and windows resplendent with green wooden shutter-

blinds which are so common throughout this country; and here and there were to be seen houses with a display of well-carved or craftily-framed woodwork, which gave proof of our rapid approach to the land *par excellence* of carpentry.

But it was not till Faido had been passed, and the increasing barrenness of the hills, the entire absence of vineyards, and the only occasional appearance of some grand old chestnut-tree, weatherbeaten and rugged from conflict with many a storm, or, may be, some frightful inundation such as the Ticino loves at times to indulge in, showed how rapidly we were rising into mountain regions, that the scenery became really striking. Then the road seems suddenly to arrive at the end of the valley, but presently as we advance a narrow gorge in the mountain is perceived, and we enter this, the most magnificent portion of the Val Levantina, called Dazio Grande. The road is admirably engineered, carried through two or three short tunnels, and in excavations in the rocks above the torrent: the dark blue water leaps from rock to rock, and here and there dashes down in a fine waterfall; and the scenery is altogether so striking that, on the whole, I am much inclined to give the preference to this portion of the valley—that is to say, from the commencement of Dazio Grande to within a short distance of Airolo—over any portion of similar length in the whole course of the Splügen. The first narrow defile passed, the valley opens out again, and, with occasional glimpses, all the way, of the old road, winding below near the margin of the stream, and destroyed some years since in a storm, ere very long we reach another defile as beautiful as the last, but much shorter; for here, after crossing the stream and mounting a short distance, a projecting rock is pierced,

the river finds its outlet beneath through a chasm not twenty feet in width, and then, the valley opening out again, Airolo is seen just before us, and beyond the little cluster of houses which mark the village rise the mountains, which so grandly and abruptly close in the head of the Val Bedretto, up which our course now lies, whilst every here and there on their rugged sides or summits some snowy peak or glacier edge tells not uncertainly of their grand elevation.

We arrived at Airolo by about two o'clock, and here we had a rest of an hour and a half for dinner, followed by a ransacking of a collection of Swiss woodwork, ending—as such an operation always does—much to the advantage of its proprietor.

With fresh horses we were soon on the road again, and now the weather, which had been unpromising and occasionally wet, seemed inclined to improve, and we commenced the real ascent of the mountain under rather more promising circumstances than we had at first anticipated. The road soon leaves the river, and, turning to the right, winds and twists about in the serpentine fashion known only to Alpine roads, and quite incomprehensible until one has seen them, keeping the church and village of Airolo in view, first on the right, then on the left, for hours. Here and there a straight bit of road gives hopes that the zig-zagging is over, but the thought is no sooner expressed than it is contradicted by another ascent worse than before, and one begins to envy the electric telegraph carried here in straight lines from point to point, where one would have thought it impossible to gain footing for it, and giving an immense idea of the directness and speed of the communication of which it is the channel and the bearer. The head of the Val Tremola, as the valley along which the road finds its

way is called, is nearly reached, and the last glimpse of the mountains, at the head of Val Bedretto, is caught, when a stream is crossed and the last flight of zigzags is commenced; these exceed in number and intricacy anything I have ever seen, and as one looks down upon them from above their interlacings produce a most singular effect. At last, however, these are surmounted, great-coats and plaids are in requisition, and we all begin to feel uncomfortably cold. The cold grey colour of the wild mountains of granite, great blocks from whose sides strew the ground thickly on either side, seems to harmonize well with the scene, and when presently we pass the Capuchin hospice our driver tells us that we are at the summit. Two or three dark deep-looking pools or tarns stand close to the hospice, and reminded me in their gloomy and cold aspect of the tarn which gives such a fearful character to the hospice of the Grimsel: the same kind of scenery accompanied us on the now rapid descent; the sun went down, and the stars were soon out shining brilliantly upon the mountain road, when at last a sudden turn brought us in sight of lights, and then, descending a few zigzags, we saw below us the roofs of the houses of Hospenthal, and, in less time that it takes to describe, were standing on the steps of one of the best inns even in Switzerland, the Goldner Löwe, and superintending the unpacking of our goods.

In such an inn as this everything proves forcibly that one is in Switzerland; the rooms are all very clean and very small, and there is a certain homely air about everybody and everything which is the especial charm of the better class of Swiss country inns, and in which they excel perhaps all but the very best English inns of the same kind.

We spent an amusing evening, having for com-

panions a Frenchman with his wife and two daughters, all very lively and exceedingly loquacious: the walls of the modest *salle à manger* rang with hearty laughter until after the time at which early travellers generally go to bed, and paved the way doubtless for a hearty night's rest.

The first thing to be done in the morning, after the discussion of the excellent trout and honey put before us, was to take a stroll up to the old castle which lends so much picturesque character to the village. The weather was glorious; the perfectly blue sky over head, the bright green of the valley, the green luxuriance of the lower slopes of the mountains, and the view up the pass of the Furca closed in with the white line of snow, combined together to make us all regret our determination to push on rapidly for Lucerne; and no sooner was the regret felt than—like idle school-children enjoying themselves while they may—we made up our minds to ascend the Furca, sleep on the summit of the pass, and return early the next morning. No sooner said than done: our horses were taken out of the carriage, and in half an hour, with a guide and horses for the ladies, we were on our way for a mountain excursion, full of that elastic feeling which the treading a Swiss mountain-path always gives, and bent upon enjoying ourselves to the full.

The contrast with the flat dusty roads and the sultry weather to which you are soon forced to submit in Italy made the walk especially pleasant, and though, compared to many other mountain excursions, it was of slight interest, under the circumstances it presented more than common attraction to us. The path was one of those pleasant ways so common in Switzerland—a paved narrow road between banks of fields or low walls, gradually rising and falling, now crossing the dry bed

of some glacier torrent, and now bridging the stream which descends the valley to feed the Reuss. The fields were rich in their intensely green colour, and bright with various and lovely flowers, and the lower slopes of the mountain were tinted a rich purple with the bloom of herbs, cropped gratefully here and there by sheep, which were nevertheless remarkable for their small size and rather melancholy appearance.

The small village of Realp is soon reached, and then the ascent begins; this is rather stiff, and it has taken us, when we reach the summit, just four hours and a half of hard walking from Hospenthal. We found dinner going on at the little hostelry at the top, and, after partaking of it, started again to ascend the Furca-Horn, a mountain rising above the summit of the pass, and, as we had been told, quite worth the trouble of the rather difficult ascent. There was no kind of path, and in places the mountain-side was so steep that I began to think it was no place for ladies to scramble up; however, they thought otherwise, and after divers tumbles in the snow, and surmounting rather formidable-looking obstacles, we reached at last the summit, and, sitting down on the edge of a great rock, spent a long time in enjoying the glorious view.

Just under us was the vast glacier of the Rhone, and then beyond it we saw down the long valley of the Rhone until its shape was obscured by mist, and traced the path by which we had walked in a previous journey up the steep Meyenwand to the Grimsel. Immediately in front of us were the vast peaked mass of the Shreckhorn, the whole course of the glaciers of the Aar, and the peaks of the Finster-Aarhorn, the Jungfrau, and the Mönch; above our heads rose the Galenstock, and opposite us the Mutthorn and Monte Ficudo; whilst the summit of Monte Rosa, discerned

with difficulty among a marvellous array of distant peaks, completed the most magnificent near view of snow-covered mountains which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

Long time did we keep our elevated seats, scanning again and again the glorious panorama, and at last, most unwillingly, commenced the descent; this was even more difficult, though much more speedy, than the ascent, as the side of the mountain was both steep and slippery. We reached the summit of the pass, itself about 8300 feet above the sea, in little more than an hour, the ascent to the Horn having occupied about two hours and a half, and were amused at finding there our French friends of the previous evening, who had in vain endeavoured to follow us in our ascent, but had been one and all obliged to give up the attempt.

Late at night we all went out again to look at the most glorious moonlight effect it is possible to imagine; the peaks of the mountains and the vast fields of snow lighted up by the bright light of the moon had a charm about them peculiarly fascinating.

Very early the next morning we started again on our way back to Hospenthal, and got down to the inn in three hours and a half—half an hour under the right time, as our guide indignantly complained.

Half an hour was enough for breakfast, and then, mounting our carriage, we were soon off again down the valley of the Reuss. The Devil's Bridge was ere long reached, and the glorious scenery with which it is surrounded amply redeemed the expectations I had always formed of its extreme beauty; indeed, for grandeur, combined with luxuriant cultivation of the lower slopes of the mountains, and for the wild beauty of the course of the river itself, nothing even in Switzer-

land surpasses the narrow valley through which the turbulent Reuss finds its way from Andermatt to Amsteg.

Here the valley widens considerably, and orchards full of fruit-trees, covered with bright-looking apples, spread half over the valley, on each side of which the mountains are very grand in their outline. Before long Altdorf is reached, and all the scenes so dear to Swiss freemen are rapidly passed, until at last our carriage sets us down on the very edge of the lovely Lake of Lucerne, where the half-hour which we have to wait for the departure of the steamer is spent in attempting a sketch of the rocks which descend so precipitously into the deep recesses of the lake.

Much harm is done by overpraising particular scenes, and even the Lake of the Four Cantons suffers from this; for so much has been said and written about its unmatched loveliness and grandeur, that the result is perhaps a slight disappointment with the reality. One great beauty, no doubt, is the succession of entirely distinct views which different portions of the lake afford, though at the same time the irregular outline of the water diminishes very much its apparent scale; I doubt, too, whether there is any one view so grand as that at the head of Lake Como, though otherwise I know no lake which can be compared to it.

On the voyage down the lake Tell's Chapel and the famous Grütli are of course seen; a distant view is caught of the old Cradle of Switzerland, the little town of Schwytz, with the grand peaks of the Mythenberg rising proudly behind it; the Righi, and the black-looking Pilatus, are each in their turn passed; and as evening draws on the flat shores of the lower part of the lake are neared, and presently the spires and turrets

of Lucerne are seen. In a few minutes the bustle of landing is over, and the immense Schweizer Hof receives us within its capacious walls, just in time for one of those accommodating late tables-d'hôte so acceptable after a long day's travel.

Three or four hours spent the next morning in strolling about served only to convince us that there was not very much of architectural interest in the city itself. A line of old wall, broken at short intervals by picturesque and irregular towers, and a very long covered bridge across the lake just where the Reuss runs out of it, are the only noticeable features. The bridge is ornamented with an immense number of oil-paintings—two to each principal rafter—illustrative of the history of the place and country, not valuable as works of art, but curious in themselves, and giving much additional interest to the structure.

The principal church has two western towers and spires; the latter are of metal and managed in the way so common in this part of the world, though, never, so far as I know, attempted in England,[1] with the angles of the spire over the centre of the cardinal sides of the tower. The whole of the rest of the church is modernised; and there is a singular modern cloister, which nearly surrounds the churchyard, and contains an immense array of graves and grave-crosses.

We left Lucerne, at eleven, for Bâle in the diligence, and had a very pleasant ride over often-travelled ground, of which, therefore, the less said perhaps the better. The rich luxuriance of the crops, the careful farming, the vast barns, and the great loads of produce

[1] The famous steeple of Antwerp is arranged in the same way: but this I think is a unique case so far north. The spires of S. Elizabeth at Marburg, and the metal spires of the churches at Lübeck and Luneburg, are also somewhat similarly treated.

which are constantly met upon the road, remind the traveller more of England than any other portion of the Continent ever does. The Lake of Sempach was soon passed on our right, and at last a pause was made, in the good old-fashioned way, for a very comfortable dinner at the little old town of Zofingen. At Aarberg the dashing Aar was crossed, and soon the ascent of the Unter Hauenstein range commenced; and here the most extensive of all the day's views of the Alps is obtained, the last and grandest. Gradually as the summit is reached, peak after peak is seen rising up above the mist which shrouds the lower slopes of the mountains, and marking their white outlines against the blue sky: we recognised one after the other almost the entire range of the grandest mountains in Europe, seen before nearer but not in fairer guise, and leaving a lasting impression upon the mind. Suddenly we overpass the summit, and begin rapidly to descend the northern slope of the hills, but the last link that bound us to the land in which we had been voyaging, as we hope, not for the last time, is never to be remembered but with affectionate regard, touched, as every one must be, in viewing such a panorama, with the extreme glory of the scene.

We had now done with mountains and with mountain scenery, though the road was still interesting and very pretty, and at last late in the evening we reached Bâle. The moon was shining brightly on the Rhine as we went to our beds for the last time, in this journey at least, in Switzerland.

We were amused, on our way to Strasburg, by the comparative insignificance in our minds of the chain of the Vosges, which, on our outward journey, had impressed us as really very striking in their

outline; so much for the effect of a recent acquaintance with real mountains.

Strasburg Cathedral was visited, not for the first time, and with a consequent increase of pleasure. Such magnificent architecture as that of its most glorious nave is truly refreshing after Italian work, and, small as its scale is compared to that of Milan, it in no way lost its effect upon my mind. I was particularly struck by the vast difference in the delicate art shown in the design of the traceries, in the softly rounded contour and dark recesses of the mouldings, and in the vigour and beauty of the carving of all the capitals, heightened as they are by the flood of coloured light let into the interior by its immense windows filled with some of the noblest stained glass in Europe, compared with the rude traceries, heavy carving, and plainness or absence of moulding, which characterise almost all Italian work. No more strong or decided example need be desired of nearly all the points of contrast between the best work, north and south of the Alps, than this, the first great northern pointed church seen on the homeward way, presents when compared with all the work which has been studied with so much pleasure and advantage on the southern side of the Alps.

It is only fair to say that the first impression produced by the west front of Strasburg was one—felt, indeed, before, but much more strongly now—of the smallness of scale and narrowness of the whole. I have no especial love for this front, but, after the simple unbroken façades of Italian churches, with their grand porches and simple breadth of effect, there is really something which so entirely destroys all repose in a front covered as this is with lines of tracery, and

niches, and canopies in every direction, as to leave, I confess, a painful feeling upon the mind of the restless nature of its designer's thoughts. But this is true only of the west front, for, on entering by the door into the nave, all such thoughts are banished on the instant, and you stand awestruck at the beauty and solemnity of the art in which, hitherto, northern architects alone have ever approached at all nearly to perfection, and convinced, at the same time, that, with such a work of art to refer to, we need never doubt between the comparative merits of Gothic architecture north and south of the Alps.

CHAPTER XII.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!"—*Christian Year.*

Contrast of English and Italian mediæval architecture — Use of the arch — The bearing-shaft — The cornice — Chief aim of Italian architects — Tracery — Mouldings — Carving — Planning — Groining — Italian brick-work — Introduction of colour in construction — Principle of truth.

AND now that we have made this rapid but interesting tour, it is time that I should conclude with some remarks upon the beauties and failings of Italian pointed architecture, and with the expression of such thoughts as arise in examining its remains, as well as with some notice of the lessons which may be learnt from them.

I think it may be gathered, from what has been already said, that it will be useless to look for anything like the completeness in the development of the style which we attained to in England; and this is easily accounted for. In England there were no classic buildings to find here and there an admirer, or perhaps a cluster of disciples, as in Italy; and men worked, therefore, freely, and in their own way, and apparently quite untrammelled with the suspicion even that there had ever been another style brought to perfection by people above all others civilised and refined in their habits and tastes, and distinguished by certain broad

and strongly marked lines of separation from the style which they inherited from their fathers, and practised and brought, as nearly as they could, to perfection. In England, therefore, in the middle ages, we may look in vain for any evidence of sympathy for a more ancient and venerable style than that which was then in the fulness of vigour and life; and consequently, if it be likely that any infusion of the art practised by the ancients could have aided the northern architects in their work, we must not expect to find here any trace of such assistance or such advantages. But in Italy the case was far different; the love for the remains of earlier ages was never dead, but only slept, ever and anon to break forth in some new appropriation of ancient materials, or some imitation and reproduction of an ancient form or idea. So in Venice, in the thirteenth century, whilst pointed arches were being reared by some to support the walls, not only of the churches but of the houses also, other hands were busy with the task of raising aloft those two classic shafts, with their antique capitals and detail, which, even to the present day, stand a peculiar and memorable mark of the Piazzetta of S. Mark, standing proofs, if such are indeed wanted, that there had been artists in earlier days whose art was noble and well worthy of the emulation of men in all ages.

And this classic seed fell into not ungrateful soil; for though there, as elsewhere throughout Europe, the value of the pointed arch as a feature in construction —independently, that is, of its intrinsic beauty—must have been well known, and was boldly recognised where it could not be avoided, there were nevertheless in a hundred ways proofs that men still remembered the lessons and traditions of the past, and used it with a certain degree of caution and unwillingness, and asso-

ciated with features which, rightly or wrongly, have been eschewed by northern architects, either as being contrary to its spirit, or through ignorance of their existence. This fact would seem, therefore, to place the Italian works of the middle ages in the ranks of hybrid and mixed styles, and to debar them from competition with the more pure and contemporary works of northern Europe.

There will, however, be always much profit in the careful examination of such works, because it may be, perchance, that their authors stand somewhat in the same position that we do now, and, conversant alike with the beauties of the best pointed architecture of the North and the best classic examples of Italy, worked in an eclectic fashion, taking what they deemed best from each, and endeavouring to unite the perfections of both.

A few words only will be sufficient to explain why this kind of attempt can never be expected to be entirely successful unless pursued with the greatest delicacy and skill. The essential elements of the two styles were their constructional features; Greek architecture was that of the lintel and impost, Gothic that of the arch. Each, in the finest examples, reached what we may now with safety call the very noblest elevation attainable by art; but mark how essentially the elevation possible to the one was different from and hardly to be compared with that attainable by the other. Greek architecture was the art of men in a state of nature, unskilled in science, but well skilled in lovely outlines, and possessed of a most delicate appreciation of form; rude, therefore, in their contrivances and construction, but delicate and refined in all their ornamentation, its followers wasted labour incalculable in the placing together of great blocks of stone or marble

so as to bridge the necessary openings in their walls, and then lavished with a noble bounty all their art in the decoration of what would otherwise have been the clumsy masses of their buildings.

Gothic architecture, on the other hand, was essentially the work of scientific men; the most consummate skill being displayed in arranging thousands of small blocks of stones, any one of which might be carried upon a strong man's shoulders, into walls rising far in height above anything ever dreamt of by the Greek, bridging great openings, and providing by the exactest counterpoise of various parts for the perfect security of works whose airiness and life would seem to have lifted them out of the region of constructive skill; and yet all these wonderful works were executed in materials as ponderous in their nature as those which the Greek had handled so rudely in construction, and so delicately in ornamentation.

The natural result of this excess of science was, perhaps, that less delicacy and beauty of detail became necessary; for when the plain rough walls, without carving and without ornament, were of necessity nevertheless so beautiful in their intricacy of outline and delicacy of structure, and when too so little (comparatively) plain surface remained to be looked at or dwelt upon, men cared less for the choicest examples of the sculptor's art, and were less obliged to satisfy the eye with them. Much, therefore, as art gained in most ways by this glorious invention of the arch, she at the same time lost something which had been until then possessed, and which, too, was essential in the highest order of work.

This was the case speaking generally; but, as need hardly be said, I suppose, there are examples scattered here and there throughout the North of Europe, and

particularly in France and England, which show distinctly enough that their artists had grasped this necessity in its very fullest extent.

Italian architects stood, therefore, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in a position, in many respects, very different from that held by their northern contemporaries, and the marks of this difference are everywhere to be seen. They endeavoured, honestly, so far as they could, to reconcile the principles of two styles which we are too prone to deem irreconcilable, and where they have achieved a real success let it be a lesson to us that the course which they pursued is still open, with larger opportunities and greater knowledge. At the same time they committed faults which we ought especially to beware of in any respect imitating.

They ignored, as much as possible, the clear exhibition of the pointed arch, and, even when they did use it, not unfrequently introduced it in such a way as to show their contempt for it as a feature of construction; employing it often only for ornament, and never hesitating to construct it in so faulty a manner, that it required to be held together with iron rods from the very first day of its erection. This fault they often found it absolutely necessary to commit, because they scarcely ever brought themselves to allow the use of the buttress; and this reluctance was a remarkable proof of their classic sympathies. Classic architecture was as distinctly symbolic of rest as Gothic was of life; the column and lintel of the one were as still and symbolical of perfect repose, as the arch of the other, sustained by the strong arm of the flying buttress, was of life, vigour, and motion. Italian architects then, in never resorting to the buttress, avowed their feeling that a state of perfect rest was the only allowable state for a perfect building, and they preferred almost always

to use the arch for its beauty only, and avowedly not for its constructional value, which they evidenced by tying it together with iron bars at its base, which there was no intention of disguising, and therefore no shamefacedness in the use of. From this, I believe, at least one beauty arose. It is obvious that the pointed arch, descending upon the capital of a shaft without any visible stay or buttress to retain it in its place, would look weak and thin, and it was soon perceived that, in order to overcome this difficulty, the only course was to add to its substance by cusping it on the under side; thence came the trefoiled arches so frequent in Italy, and always so very lovely. As so much depended upon them, no pains were spared in reducing their outline into the very purest form. To this we owe the absolute perfection which characterises some of the trefoiled arches in early Italian work, those, for example (to take one instance among many), in the tombs of the Scaligers, at Verona, in which the mass of the trefoil descending from the arch conveys to the eye the impression of a firmness which, in part, certainly it gives, but which would nevertheless be insufficient in reality without the connecting rod of iron below.

In northern architecture arches invariably tell their own story and do their own work avowedly and without any disguise; in Italy this is the exception, not the rule, and the commonest exception is seen in the arcades dividing the aisles from the naves of churches, and in the large open arches forming the arcades upon which public and private buildings so often stand, though even these are sometimes (as in the second stage of the Ducal Palace at Venice) formed of continuous traceries in place of arches, and dependent for their stability, like the single arches of tombs and monuments, upon the assistance of iron ties.

Another proof of the reverence for ancient tradition in art is furnished by the extent to which, throughout the time of the prevalence of pointed architecture in Italy, the round arch was also used. Examples of this are very frequent, and of the most capricious kind. At Cremona, *e. g.*, the south transept has semicircular arches throughout, and the north transept pointed arches; the date of both being, however, as nearly as possible the same. At Verona, in the old house given in plate 11, some of the bearing arches are pointed, some round; and again, in some buildings the main arches are round, and the ornamental pointed. Again, one of the most common cornices in all the mediæval brickwork of Italy is a continuous arcade of round arches intersecting one another, and forming at their intersections pointed arches; so again, in the Ca' d'Oro, perhaps the most elaborately ornate building in Venice, some of the entrance arches are, as in the house at Verona, pointed and some round. It needs not, however, that examples should be multiplied, for almost every building exhibits some trace of this kind of confusion of idea.

The Venetian love for the ogee arch (which spread thence, I think, to Verona, and not from Verona to Venice) has been already mentioned; but no doubt we must look to the East for the introduction of this, and it is only incidentally referred to here, as proving, from the way in which it was perpetually used, that its adopters had no peculiar love for the form of the pure pointed arch, of which this is certainly a most base and vitiated perversion.

Next in importance to the method in which the arch is used, is, I think, the great and peculiar beauty which the very common use of the bearing-shaft so generally gives to Italian architecture.

This, I cannot doubt, is a relic of the same influence of classic art which was so potent upon Italians in their use of the arch; and it is a feature so lovely and so perfect in every respect, that one cannot but deeply lament that it was not more often adopted in the North. So strong was the love for the shaft, that moulded columns (though they occur in the cathedral of Verona and at Milan) are scarcely ever met with; simple columns are used everywhere—in the arcades, in the streets, and elsewhere—in place of any other form of shaft. The proof, however, of the love for it is strongest when they are seen introduced everywhere in place of monials, supporting window traceries and smaller arches. In this way they are frequently used in the greatest profusion, and invariably with the greatest beauty of effect, but perhaps are never so beautiful as when placed one behind the other (as they very commonly are), so that in elevation they appear delicate and fragile, but when seen in perspective exhibit ample strength and substance for their work.

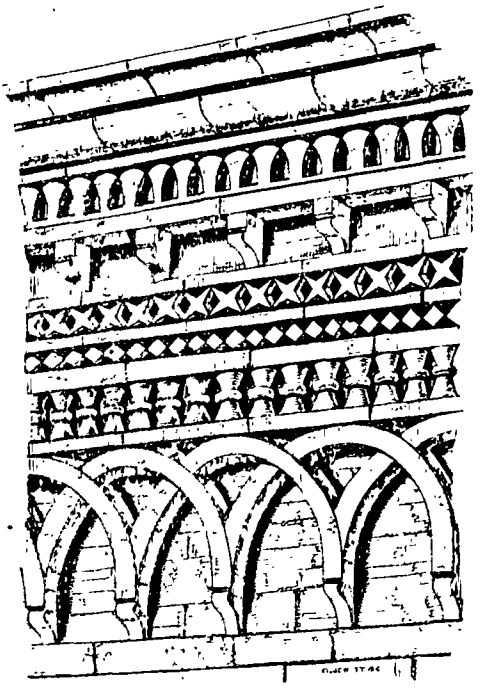
These shafts not unfrequently decrease in size as they approach the capital, and often with very beautiful effect, herein differing from the unvarying custom of the shafts in Northern architecture, and imitating, no doubt, the shape of those which, as at S. Mark's, Torcello, and elsewhere, the builders were recovering and reviving from their forefathers' buildings.

And, if the shafts were borrowed in some sort from the ancients, so too was the treatment of the capital, which, down to the commencement of the Renaissance period, still maintained in some degree the same old form, invariably carved with foliage and invariably with the upper portion or abacus[1] square on plan.

[1] The octagonal abacus does occur, but it is a very rare exception to the rule.

The base of course followed the abacus, and was square also in its lower member.

And, last of all, we come to the cornice, the feature which, above all others, must most startle men who, for the first time, make acquaintance with Italian work, and which most recalls in its idea the classic prototype; for, though its treatment in detail is as unlike that of the ancients as it can well be, it is, nevertheless, so decidedly marked and so prominent a feature (crowning not only the summits of walls, but even running up the gables), that it is impossible not to regard it as another relic of admiration for earlier work.



Cornice — S. Francesco, Brescia.

The ordinary northern parapet is never used, the eaves almost always finishing with the common Italian tiles projecting slightly over the deep cornice of the walls. We have nothing at all parallel to these cornices in England, and I remember but few examples

of anything of the same kind in the North of Europe, save in the transept of Lübeck Cathedral and such churches as those at Bamberg and in the Rhine country; but these seem clearly to be derived from the Lombard churches of Pavia, and the district around it, and to have nothing in common with subsequent pointed work, except that at Bamberg a later church has to some extent copied the cornices of the cathedral; but this is a very rare instance of departure from the common rule, and therefore of very little use as an example.

Enough has now I think been said to explain the justice of my opinion that Italian architecture in the middle ages was in reality an attempt—perhaps an unconscious one—to harmonize the time-honoured traditions of the land with the more recent inventions and improvements in construction which at the same time were creating so vast a change throughout Christendom. Opinions, it is possible, may differ as to the good or bad fortune of men who worked under such traditions; and my own is decidedly that they fell far short of the more clear and unprejudiced works of their competitors elsewhere; but at the same time it would be wrong to shut one's eyes to the truth that in some respects they were very successful.

The great aim of Italian architects above all others was, I believe, to obtain what is commonly called breadth of effect; and this, when successfully accomplished, is an achievement of so great value that they who succeed in it can never be artists of mean powers; it is, too, the very point in which northern architects were most careless to succeed, and about which they apparently thought least, perhaps in part because the gloomy skies so usual here allowed the deep recessed windows, hiding their beauties between the far projecting buttresses, which only just leave them space to show

themselves, to produce more effect of light and shade and more picturesqueness than plain unbroken surfaces of wall would ever afford.

But in Italy, where sunshine is brilliant and constant, men were perhaps better able to satisfy themselves with plain unbroken surfaces of wall, marked here and there with some delicate line of moulding or ornament, whose every outline and change of shape was marked unmistakably by the deep black line of shade cast upon it by the power of the sun. And this same feeling went much farther than to the treatment of walls: for window tracery, mouldings, and all details were regulated with the same view. The drawings which have been already given are sufficient to show how generally the tracery commonly called plate tracery was used. It is, indeed, a very beautiful mode of treatment, but entirely distinct from all other tracery, inasmuch as it only calls attention to the piercings here and there in the large block of stone or marble, and not to the intricate combination and ramification of lines of moulding dividing and marking out the spaces to be pierced. The difference is great,—the one kind giving that depth and mystery so characteristic of Northern Gothic; the other broad and flat in its effect, and leaving space for the play and flicker of the brilliant sunshine on its surface, save where the black piercing of some simple form—quatrefoil or trefoil—gives life to the otherwise monotonous window-head; the latter perhaps, when in perfection, the most perfect, but the former admitting of infinitely more variety and display of fancy and individuality; both of them beautiful, and both therefore to be used when possible by all men in all ages.

In the treatment of mouldings the same thing is particularly observable. I think an Italian of the

fourteenth century would have shuddered could he have seen the dark recesses of the mouldings in which his northern contemporaries so much delighted. He rarely, if ever, indulged in a deep hollow, but rather rejoiced in the hard sharp outline of square-edged stones or bricks, relieved only by the interposition of simple round members—mouldings which, when drawn on paper, look hard and crude, but which in reality aid in producing that breadth of general effect to which he deemed that everything must be made subservient.

Nor was the carving allowed to interfere with this general idea, for, when it is introduced elsewhere than in the capitals of the columns, it is always very flat and delicate, with little if any relief, severe and strict in its outline, and firm and true in its direct imitation of nature. This however is seen only in the very best examples, and even then I am bound to say hardly ever so nobly as in the best Lombard work; for I have seen nowhere in Italy capitals so noble as those in S. Mark's and elsewhere of the earliest kind, or as the flat carving round the arches in San Zenone at Verona, figured in plate 13, which is of a kind met with elsewhere in work of the same period.

Now this same feeling, which produced a certain breadth and dignity in the elevation of their buildings, is no less distinctly visible in their interiors and in their planning and arrangement. Just as in the elevation of Northern churches there is a great intricacy and interminableness—always characteristic, I believe, of the best pointed work—so in their planning the same thing is visible: the spaces between arches are small, and the piers and arches, infinitely reproduced and repeated, give an air of confusion and intricacy, charming in the highest degree, and heightened in some of the great continental churches by the erection of addi-

tional aisles on either side, and by the triple arrangement in height of arcade, triforium, and clerestory, all differing in design and all excessively elaborated. In Italian churches it will be found that the arrangement of the ground-plan was much simpler, the spaces between the main shafts being very considerably spread out, so as to be nearly as wide as the nave, and the groining bays in the aisles expanding consequently into oblong compartments nearly twice as long from east to west as they are from north to south, instead of forming nearly exact squares, as they almost invariably do with us. The first consequence of this absence of subdivision is a certain air of openness and clearness which is far from being equal in beauty to the arrangements with which we are familiar; and this is much increased by the simplicity of the bearing-shafts, the plainness of the arches, and the almost complete absence of any openings at all in the space between the arches and the groining—triforia and clerestories, developed as in England, France, and Germany, being, I believe, absolutely unknown in Italy.

How this plainness and severity was corrected we have already seen in the interior of Sta. Anastasia at Verona, a church which, simple and unadorned in its construction almost beyond any large church with which I am acquainted, becomes, by the beauty of its decorations, remarkable as more than usually ornate and magnificent.

The universal simplicity of the groining in Italian churches has been already referred to, and need only be mentioned again here, because it illustrates in a very remarkable manner the love of simplicity upon which I have been enlarging; no one feature gains so much by it as this, and I can well fancy the horror

which an Italian, or indeed any other architect, of the thirteenth century, would have felt, could he have seen the extent to which it was forgotten or destroyed, and all good effect annihilated, in such works as Henry VII.'s and King's College Chapels.

The painting of this simple groining at Verona, at Lodi, and at Assisi, proves how it ought always to be treated, and happily we have an example of the same kind still left to us in England, in the chapel on the north side of the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral.

It is for us, therefore, to consider how far we are right in looking only to our own ancestors in the practice of architecture, emulating their love of quaint picturesqueness, and their ordinary contempt—as we may almost call it—for perfect simplicity or repose, and whether it would not be far better to attempt, in some degree at any rate, and as far as the difference of climate will allow, to infuse into our works some of that kind of feeling which is so distinct and definite in almost all Italian pointed work.

My own feeling is very strong that we may learn much and improve ourselves much in this way; nor is this feeling the result only of what I saw with my own eyes in Italy, for so long ago as 1852 I ventured, in a paper printed in the 'Ecclesiologist,' to point out what seemed then to me to be the natural and proper mode of attempting any improvement upon, or development from, our present position in regard to architecture; and now that I have been able to examine this old work in Italy, I am the more convinced that the theory which I then suggested contains at any rate a germ of the truth, if not more. My view was, that, as classic and pointed architecture had proceeded on two entirely different principles, neither of them in any

way identical, but each in some respect true, so we were well entitled, if we chose, to gather from each that which was best in principle, and in our work to combine them,—not in the production of a hybrid and mixed style of architecture, but only in the development of our application of those true principles of construction, of which the architects of the pointed style were the first to acknowledge the necessity, and the first to introduce.

While, for instance, nothing on earth would ever convince me that we ought ever to give up the use of the pointed arch—unless, indeed, some better principle of construction could be invented, which I believe to be impossible—I nevertheless feel that we are quite wrong in neglecting that kind of simplicity and calm repose which classic architects so often succeeded in obtaining, and in accepting without protest so much that is inferior and contemptible in sculpture and decoration, instead of attempting, as their rule was, to have not much, but that of the best kind and most perfect type.

It is in this respect that Italian pointed architecture is of so much value, as showing—sometimes, it is true, in too decided a manner—how this combination of much of the distinctive character of classic and Gothic architecture may be united and harmonised.

I fear I have said enough on this subject to weary those who have so far borne with me, but there are two other subjects for our consideration, upon which I must still say somewhat before I conclude; these are, first, the use of brick, and, secondly, the introduction of colour in construction, upon both of which points Italian buildings are full of information, as they are of examples.

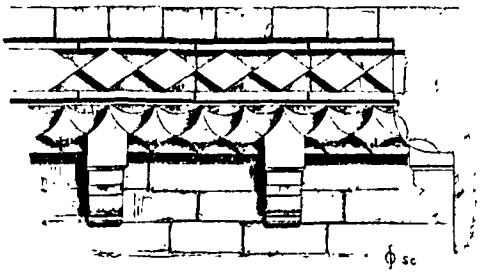
First, then, of Italian brickwork. It has been so

much the fashion of late years to look upon brick as a vile material, fit only to be covered with compo, and never fit to be used in church-building, or indeed in any buildings of architectural pretension, that I suspect many people, trusting to their knowledge of pointed architecture in England, would be much surprised to find that, throughout large tracts of the Continent, brick was the natural, and indeed the popular material, during the most palmy days of architecture in the middle ages. Yet so it was that in Holland, in Northern Germany, and in Northern Italy, stone was either scarce or not to be obtained, and brick was therefore everywhere and most fearlessly used.

Both in Germany and in Italy it was used without any concealment, but each country developed its practice in this matter for itself, and there is therefore very much diversity in their practice. Both are unlike and far superior to what remains to us of ancient brickwork in England, for I need hardly say, that, with a rare exception here and there, as, *e. g.*, Holy Trinity Church at Hull, brick was not used in England between the time of the Romans and the fifteenth century, and, when used afterwards, was seldom remarkable either for beauty or originality of treatment. In this matter, therefore, we are obliged to go to the Continent for information.

Italian brickwork is remarkable as being invariably composed of nothing but red brick, with occasional but rare use of stonework; the bricks for the ordinary walling are generally rather larger than ours, in no way superior in their quality, and not unfrequently built coarsely with a wide joint of mortar. Those used for windows, doorways, and generally where they were required to attract attention and to be

ornamental, were made of much finer clay and moulded with the greatest care and skill. The transepts and



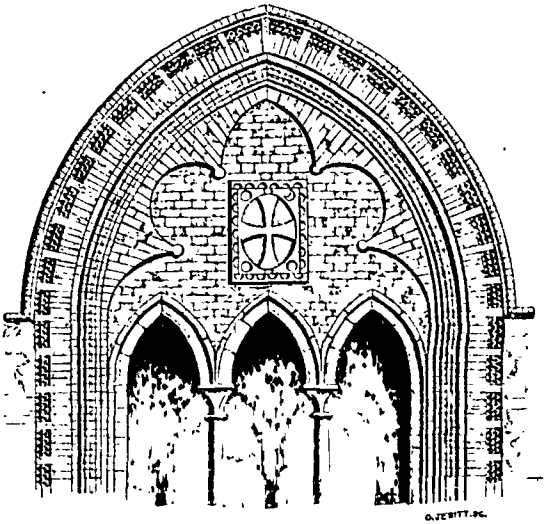
String-course — Palace of Jurist-Consults, Cremona.

campanile of Cremona Cathedral are instances of red brick used without any intermixture of stone save in the shafts of the windows, and their effect is certainly very grand. The mouldings are elaborate, and the way in which cusping is formed singularly successful. This, it must be observed, was not usually done by means of bricks moulded in the form of a cusp, but with ordinary bricks, built with the same radiating lines as those of the arch to which they belonged, and cut and rubbed to the necessary outline. Sometimes, as, *e. g.*, in the windows at Mantua,[1] which are some of the very best I have ever seen, the points of the cusps and key-stones of the arches are formed in pieces of stone, the alternation of which with the deep-red hue of the bricks produces the most satisfactory effect of colour, and is common at Brescia, Verona, Mantua, and Venice, but unknown at Cremona.

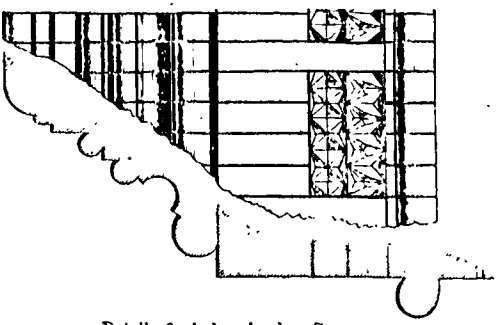
In all cases where brick is used for tracery, it is invariably plate tracery. The tympanum of the arch is filled in with a mass of brickwork, through which are pierced the arches over the several lights of the window, and these are supported on marble or

[1] See plate 23, p. 184.

stone shafts with carved capitals, instead of monials;[1] and above these sometimes, as in the windows of S. Andrea, Mantua, are three cusped circles; sometimes, as in the palace at Mantua, only one cusped



Window in north transept, Cremona Cathedral.



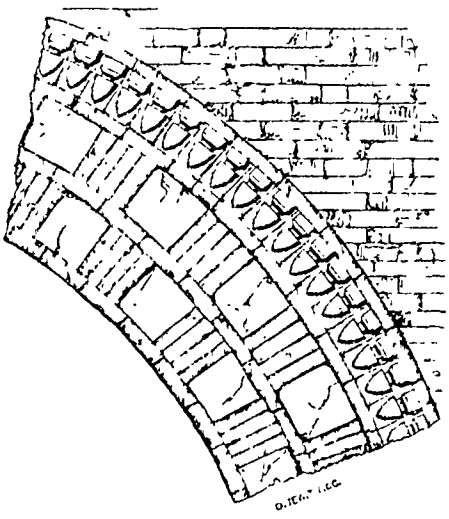
Detail of window-jamb — Cremona.

circle; or else, as in a beautiful example at Cremona, the plain brick tympanum is relieved by the introduction of a panel of terra-cotta, bearing the cross on

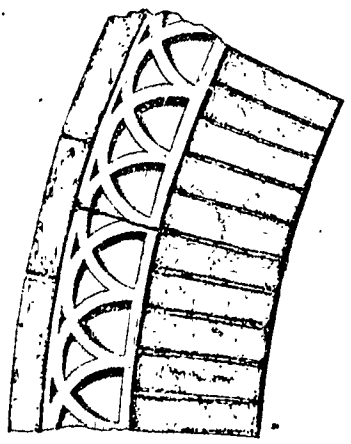
[1] The windows in the Castle of S. Angelo, between Lodi and Pavia, are the only examples I met with of the use of brick for monials. In northern Germany, on the contrary, where the shaft was almost unknown, brick monials are universal, and generally unsatisfactory in their effect.

a shield, whilst round its outer circumference delicately treated though large cusping defines the outline of the arch.

The windows at Coccaglio[1] and at Monza[2] are examples of tympana left quite plain, or, as in the former case, pierced only with a small opening of a few inches in diameter, which nevertheless gives much effect to the design. In the latter case there is a feature which is well worth notice, because it is remarkable in the best Italian brickwork, and always very effective. Labels are exceedingly rare, but their place is supplied by a course of very narrow deep red bricks which surround the back of the arch. In a window in Monza Cathedral[3] there are two such courses, one about 4½ inches wide, the other not more than 2½. They serve to define the arch and keep it distinct in effect from the walling around it. Sometimes, as in the Vescovato at Mantua, these narrow bricks are introduced between a succession of rims of brick-



Brick archivolt, Vescovato — Mantua.



Arch-mould — Cremona.

[1] See p. 62. [2] See p. 227. [3] See p. 227.

work on the same face, and again, as in some beautiful arcading outside S. Fermo Maggiore at Verona,[1] to define and enliven the lines of stone-work, for in this case, though the work is all in stone and no brick was really required, so great was the appreciation of colour, that it was gladly and most successfully introduced. In the early cloister of S. Zenone we have it again,[2] as also in all the very beautiful arches which still remain in the Broletto of Brescia.[3]

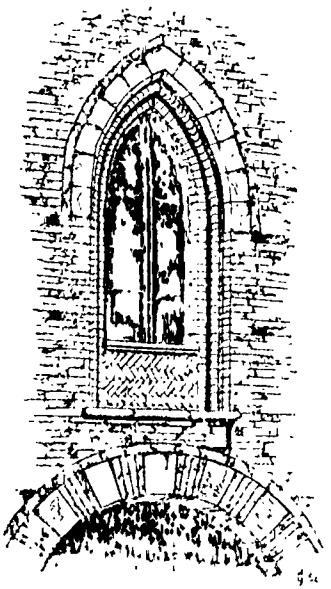
But beside this there was another way in which Italian architects produced a very beautiful effect: this was in the alternation of stone and brick. We have the first example of this in the magnificent walls of S. Zenone at Verona, in which a deep red brick is used in courses alternating with a very warm-coloured stone. The brick is used very irregularly; beginning at the base of the walls over the cloisters, we have three courses of brick, and then one of stone, one course of brick, one of stone, four courses, stone, five courses, stone, two courses, stone, one course, stone, and then the cornice, which is mainly of stone, but relieved by two courses of the narrow brick; the courses of stone in this case are nearly uniform in depth. In the west front of S. Fermo Maggiore[4] we have brick and stone used in alternate and regular courses all the way up; in this case the brick is used rather for colour than for any other reason, though, as will be seen, the side walls of this church are entirely of brick and crowned with excessively deep brick cornices.

The interior of S. Zenone, Verona, is lined with brick and stone, arranged just as it is outside, and the effect is most satisfactory; indeed, this and the interior of the Baptistery at Cremona, still left in their original

[1] See plate 15, p. 104.
[2] See plate 12, p. 98.
[3] See plate 7, p. 68.
[4] See plate 14, p. 103.

state, show satisfactorily how noble an effect of colour may be given by brick internally, and how mistaken we are when we cover our walls with plaster.

The east end of the church of the Frari at Venice is another example of coursing with stone.[1] There, however, the courses are far apart, and seem to be intended to define the lines of the springing of arches, of transomes, and the like; and this they do very satisfactorily. But, perhaps, the very best example of mixed stone and brick is that which we have in the window-heads of the church by the side of the Duomo at Verona,[2] in which the arrangement of the two colours is quite perfect. In this case the cusped head of the light is executed in stone, not in brick; and this is, I think, as a general rule, by far the better plan; for if an attempt is made to execute tracery in brick, we have the example of the Germans before our eyes as a warning. They rarely (S. Katharine, Lübeck, is almost a solitary exception) used stone in their window tracery, and, as they never developed the kind of brick plate tracery which is so characteristic of the best Italian work, they built windows which were either bald and ugly in their simplicity, or else, endeavouring by the use of bricks, moulded into the forms of component parts of tracery, to execute elaborate traceries, they produced what are even more distasteful than any other kind of window; in



Verona.

[1] See plate 17, p. 134.

[2] See plate 15, p. 104.

part because they consist of an endless repetition of small reticulations, and in part because they lead naturally to the constant reproduction of the same window for economy's sake.

Brick window, S. Andrea — Mantua.

We need have no doubt, therefore, that the best windows for brick churches are either those beautiful Italian developments of plate tracery in which all the bricks are carefully cut and rubbed for their proper place, or those in which, within an enclosing arch of line upon line of brickwork, a small portion of stone is used for the traceries. And this last has the advantage of giving much more opportunity for variety of form and beauty of effect than any brick traceries can ever give.

There is one point in which a curious practical difference exists between our old work and most old Italian. Here it was not the custom to have keystones to pointed arches, whilst there it is quite the rule to have them; this may have been partly, perhaps, because it was a matter of convenience to mark the central stone in arches composed of alternate voussoirs of brick and stone, and partly some relic of classic traditions; not only, however, is there a keystone, but sometimes, as in the Broletto at Brescia, this is additionally distinguished, above the rest of the stone voussoirs, by some small ornament carved upon it. With one more fact I think I may end what I have to say on this head; this is with reference to the mode in which some of the Italian brick arches very beautifully follow the fashion, not so uncommon in stone, of increasing in depth as they

approach the centre. In this manner, one sometimes sees an arch whose outer circumference is pointed whilst its inner line is a semicircle! This was a fashion most popular in Florence, and not so common in northern Italy; still it is to be seen at Monza, Verona, and elsewhere. The effect is always very good, and, though quite unknown to our forefathers in England, may well be introduced in our works, as it gives great appearance of strength, and is, no doubt, at the same time, the strongest possible form of arch.

So far I have generally had to speak almost with unqualified praise of Italian brickwork. There is, however, one sin almost always pervading it which I ought not to forget to notice. It will have been seen from the drawings I have given how singularly deep, and generally alike, the brick cornices are which crown the walls of all brick churches; these are not only used in their proper sphere, but carried up all the gables, breaking round buttresses, and doing about as much as they well can towards the destruction of the effect of all the fronts which they surmount. I know only one example of this kind in the North, and this, as I have already said, is in the north transept of the cathedral at Lübeck, and is so Italian in its look, that one cannot help suspecting its origin. Not the least, perhaps, of the sins of these cornices is, that in nine cases out of ten, when they are used in gables, the gables are sham fronts; sham fronts seeming, both in Italy and Germany, to have been most popular wherever brick was most used.

I trust that enough has now been said to show how useful the study of Italian brickwork must be to those who are compelled, as we so often are, to use the same material in buildings for whose good

architectural effect and character we are anxious. But, far as it is in advance of any other ancient brickwork, there are points in which we must refuse to follow it; we need not, for instance, in attempting to rival its beauties, confound them with faults which were essentially those of the whole Italian style, and not specially of the brickwork. We may with the greatest advantage emulate the Italian system of brick window tracery, whilst we take care never to imitate the equally common custom in Italy of erecting sham fronts in order to display our traceries. Again, though they never used any but red bricks, there is no reason why we should not enliven our work with the contrast of other colours; Germany gives us examples of green and black bricks, and, indeed, Italy affords one (S. Antonio, in Padua) of a yellowish brick; and, no doubt, the effects producible by these contrasts of colour are just such as Italian architects would have been the very first to avail themselves of, had they had the opportunity. This their particoloured works in marble sufficiently prove.

As to the question whether it be desirable or not to introduce brick at all in ecclesiastical edifices, or generally in public buildings, one might, a few years ago, have been anxious to say somewhat. I trust, however, that the ignorant prejudice which made many good people regard stone as a sort of sacred material, and red brick as one fit only for the commonest and meanest purposes, is fast wearing out, and that what now mainly remains to be done is to show how it may most effectively be used, not only in external, but also in internal works.

One word only as to its colour, for I think that we ought, as much as possible, to insist upon this being taken into consideration. We do not, as a general

rule, I suppose, adopt any material in good works of architecture simply because it is the very cheapest that can be obtained; sometimes, indeed, we must, and then I should be the last to contend against what is simply an act of necessity, not of choice; but ordinarily, before, for economy's sake, we determine to sacrifice the colour of our work, and to use those detestable-looking dirty yellow bricks in which London so much rejoices, we ought to consider whether, by some economy in other respects, we may not save enough to allow of the use of the best kind of red brick for the general face of our walls.

At the present day there is, I think, absolutely no one point in which we fail so much, and about which the world in general has so little feeling, as that of colour. Our buildings are, in nine cases out of ten, cold, colourless, insipid, academical studies, and our people have no conception of the necessity of obtaining rich colour, and no sufficient love for it when successfully obtained. The task, therefore, and duty of architects at the present day is mainly that of awakening and then satisfying this feeling; and one of the best and most ready vehicles for doing this exists, no doubt, in the rich-coloured brick so easily manufactured in this country, which, if properly used, may become so effective and admirable a material.

The other mode of introducing colour in construction, by means of the use of marbles, deserves also some notice. In my notes upon the buildings as they were passed on my journey, I have described two modes in which this kind of work was treated; the first was that practised in Venice, the veneering of brick walls with thin layers or coats of marble; the other, that practised at Bergamo, Cremona, and Como, in which the marble formed portion of the substance of the wall.

These two modes led, as would naturally be expected, to two entirely different styles and modes of architecture.

The Venetian mode was probably rather likely to be destructive of good architecture, because it was sure to end in an entire concealment of the real construction of the work; the other mode, on the contrary, proceeded on true principles, and took pleasure in defining most carefully every line in the construction of the work. It might almost be said that one mode was devised with a view to the concealment, and the other with a view to the explanation, of the real mode of construction.

I have already described, at some length, the main features of these old works in marble, and I feel, therefore, that all that need now be done is to point out the degree to which they afford matter for our imitation with the coloured materials and marbles which we fortunately have in Great Britain fit for the purpose, though not in very great variety.

There certainly appears to me to be a certain extent to which we may safely go in the way of inlaying or incrustation: we may, for instance, so construct our buildings as that there may be portions of the face of their walls in which no strain will be felt, and in which this absence of strain will be at once apparent; obviously, to instance a particular place, the spaces enclosed within circles constructed in the spandrels of a line of arches can have no strain of any kind. They are portions of wall without any active function, and may safely be filled in with materials the only object of which is to be ornamental. All kinds of sunk panels enclosed within arches or tracery would come under the same head, so also the spaces between string-courses might very frequently, if, as in old

examples, the string-courses were large slabs of stone bedded into the very midst of the wall, and so capable of protecting the thin, weak slabs of marbles encrusted between them.

In Venice we have some grand examples, at S. Mark's, of this system of incrustation filling in the whole of the space within large arches: here it is lawful, because there is no weight upon it to thrust it out of its place or disjoint it, as the least pressure most certainly always will. So far in praise of the Venetian system. But in other parts of the same building we have this system carried to a length which I cannot but think most mistaken, and which, I most heartily trust, may never find imitators here. In these they constructed their arches in brick, and then entirely covered them with marble. Of course there was some difficulty in doing this, and the way in which the difficulty was met was sufficiently ingenious: a succession of thin slabs of marble were placed round the soffit of the arch, having perhaps enough of the cohesion given by the form of the arch to enable them to support their own weight, and further supported by metal staples let into the joints of the brickwork. The edges of these thin slabs projected sufficiently in advance of the face of the brickwork to allow of their being worked with some kind of pattern—generally, as has before been said, a sort of dentil—and giving some support to the thin slices of marble with which the walls were then covered. The whole system was excessively weak; and this can nowhere be better seen than in the Fondaco de Turchi, where almost the whole of the marble facing and beautiful medallions, in which it was once so rich, have peeled off, and left nothing but the plain and melancholy substratum of brick. Few architects, I should think,

would like to contemplate their work perishing in this piecemeal manner, nor any more would they enjoy the thought of a west front left, like that of Sta. Anatasia at Verona, unfinished and prepared only for marble with rough, irregular, and unsightly brickwork.

It would be unjust not to say that often, very often, this system of incrustation, even when carried to the extreme limits of what seems to be lawful, wins upon our love by the exquisite delicacy and taste of the sculptured patterns, worked in low-relief, with which it is covered. The men who did this work were, perhaps, more of sculptors than of architects, and certainly it must be confessed that never in buildings in which the construction is mainly thought of, so far as I know, is so much elaborate thought and skill exhibited in the decorative part of the work as in buildings such as these.

Sometimes, too, the sculptured medallions set in the centre of a plain surface of marble are of exquisite taste and beauty; whilst here and there, as *e. g.* in S. Mark's and in one or two spots in the water-front of the Ducal Palace, are examples of great beauty, of medallions formed of marbles of various colours, arranged with great refinement in some kind of geometrical pattern, which show another and equally beautiful mode of relieving plain spaces of walling.

The surfaces of the walls in Venetian work were either entirely inlaid, or else inlaid within a square enclosing border of projecting moulding. The inlaying was composed of a number of rectangular slabs of marble, not by any means always of the same size, supported to some extent by the projections of the enclosing marbles or by those of the archivolt, but always dependent mainly on metal cramps let into the fabric of the wall; and, when possible, these marbles

were slabs cut out of the same block, and put side by side, so as to produce a kind of regular pattern wherever the veining of the marble was at all positively marked.

The other mode of introducing constructional colour in marble commends itself to one's reason as that which is most likely to endure for ages, and as that, therefore, which ought, wherever it may be, to be adopted. The first idea of the architects of these buildings seems to have been to arrange their material with as much regard to strong contrasts of colour as was possible. The first thing they did, therefore, was to alternate the colours of every course of masonry, either simply as in the Broletto at Como[1] and in Sta. Maria Maggiore at Bergamo,[2] or as in the west front of the cathedral at Cremona, where very narrow layers of white marble are laid between each of the other courses, which are of course so much the more defined.

The description which I have already given of these works, as well as of the porch at Bergamo, will show how regular is the way in which this system of counterchanging the colours was carried out by the purely constructional school; this is, in fact, the great mark of difference between the constructional and the encrusting school of Italian architects, the whole arrangement of coloured materials by the two schools being quite different, and producing singularly different results. The most common faults of the Venetian system of incrustation must have been that upon a general surface of plain wall you had here and there a square patch of marble surrounding a window opening; that of the other system would be, in the opinion of many, that you have too stripy an effect of

[1] See plate 34, p. 232. [2] See plate 1, frontispiece.

colour, and that all the divisions, moreover, are horizontal.

The former must certainly have been the case wherever the incrustation did not extend over the whole surface of the walls; and this was very frequent: but the latter is not really a fault; it was only an elaboration in a more beautiful material of the same system which we have seen pursued with such happy results by the builders of Verona in brick and stone,[1] and which we find adopted by the architects of Northern Germany in the frequent alternation of courses of red and black brick, and sometimes by our own forefathers in the coursing of flint-work with stone, or in the counter-charging of red and white stones which we see in some of the Northamptonshire churches. The system was a thoroughly sound one, because it not only proceeded from and depended on the natural arrangement of the material, but afforded the best possible means for displaying the various colours which were to be used.

Probably all these systems are mainly useful now as showing us certain principles which we may work out and apply to our own somewhat different circumstances; and surely one of our first objects ought to be the discovery of the extent of our means and opportunities, which in this matter are at the present day far beyond what is generally imagined.

It must never be forgotten by us that our forefathers had very limited means of obtaining materials from one locality and transporting them to another; and were moreover, to a great extent, unacquainted with the materials which might, if necessary, be ob-

[1] Some of the mediæval buildings in Greece have small patterns carved in low relief all round the walls in occasional courses, which is evidently intended to produce the kind of effect referred to above.

tained. We have not this excuse: we not only know what materials we may obtain, but we have at the same time marvellous facilities for their conveyance between all parts of the country; and we know also how much has been done of old in other countries by using them in a proper way.

No excuse therefore can be found for us if we continue to neglect to avail ourselves of them, as though they were still undiscovered. We have alabaster, which may be wrought at a really trifling expense; large fields of marbles, of which those of Devonshire and Ireland are particularly valuable for architectural decoration, and those of Derbyshire and Purbeck for the formation of shafts and columns; we have, moreover, an exhaustless supply of granites of various colours; of magnificent serpentine; and, lastly, of building-stones of various colours, very effective when contrasted. In addition to these natural materials we have every facility for making the most perfect bricks; and, owing to the excellence already achieved by our manufacturers of pottery,[1] we have no difficulty in making tiles, either for roofing or inlaying, of any degree of beauty either of colour or form.

With such advantages we ought long since to have effected far more than we have ever attempted, or apparently ever thought of. Our buildings should, both outside and inside, have had some of that warmth which colour only can give; they should have enabled the educated eye to revel in bright tints of Nature's own formation, whilst to the uneducated eye they would have afforded the best of all possible lessons, and by familiarizing it with, would have en-

[1] I ought almost to have said manufacturer, for I know no one to whom we owe a tithe of what we owe to Mr. Minton for his admirable works in pottery.

abled it to appreciate, the proper combination of colour and form.

Besides this, if ever the day shall come when our buildings thus do their duty and teach their proper lesson to the eye, we may hope that we shall see a feeling, more general and more natural, for colour of all kinds and for art of every variety in the bulk of our people. At present it is really saddening to converse with the majority of educated men on any question of colour; for them it has no charms and no delight. The puritanical uniformity of our coats, indeed of all our garments, is but a reflection from the prevailing lack of love of art or colour of any kind. A rich colour is thought vulgar, and that only is refined which is neutral, plain, and ugly.

Perhaps in all this there may be something more than art can ever grapple with; it may be ingrain and part of the necessity of the present age; but, if so, Oh! for the days when, as of yore, colour may be appreciated and beloved, when uniformity shall not be considered beauty, nor an ugly plainness be considered a fit substitute for severity! Oh! too, for the days when men shall have cast off their shame-faced dependence on other men's works and the art of other ages, and, like true men and faithful, shall honestly and with energy, each in his own sphere, set to work to do all that in him lies to increase the power of art and to advance its best interests. All these aims and objects are more or less bound up with the best interests of a people, however old and however powerful, because they depend for ultimate and real success upon the thorough belief, on the part of all its votaries, in certain great and eternal principles, which, if always acted upon, would beyond all doubt sometimes make great artists and always good men.

The principle which artists now have mainly to contend for is that of TRUTH; forgotten, trodden under foot, despised, and hated for ages: this must be their watchword. If they be architects, let them remember how vitally necessary it is to any permanent success in even the smallest of their works; or sculptors, let them recollect how vain and unsatisfactory has been their abandonment of truth in their attempted revival among us of what in classic times were—what they no longer are—real representations and natural works of art; if painters, let them remember how all-important a return to first principles and truth in the delineation of nature and natural forms is to them, if they are ever to create a school of art by which they may be remembered in another age.

Finally, I wish that all artists would remember the one great fact which separates by so wide a gap the architects, sculptors, and painters of the best days of the middle ages from us now—their earnestness and their thorough self-sacrifice in the pursuit of art, and in the exaltation of their religion. They were men who had a faith, and hearts earnestly bent on the propagation of that faith; and were it not for this their works would never have had the life, vigour, and freshness which even now they so remarkably retain. Why should we not three centuries hence be equally remembered? Have we less to contend for, less faith to exercise, or less self-sacrifice to offer than they, because we live in later days? Or is it true that the temper of men is so much changed, and that the vocation of art has changed with it? Is it true that the painter must content himself to paint portraits of the rich and noble, and now and then of their dogs and their steeds?—the sculptor to carve busts of his patrons?—and the architect to build palaces wherein

they may indulge in every extreme of unnecessary luxury? Is all this really so, or is it not rather true that the vocation of artists of every kind is, as it always was, to lead and not to follow the stream, to show by their lives and their works that there may still be something of the sublime and the noble about man's works even in the midst of effeminate luxury, and that art, even after the deadliest and longest sleep, can once more buckle on her armour, and, full of the generous spirit of the men of old, breast all difficulties and surmount all opposition with the one thought and one object of doing all that she does in faith, with a strong heart and earnest purpose, truth always before her eyes, and manifest in all she does?

It is truth only, in every line and every detail, which can ever make great architecture,—truth only which one would wish to extract from the works of our forefathers,—and truth only which I have desired to discover in the works of those Italian artists whose labours I have been considering, and whose efforts I have endeavoured to set before my readers; and it is this desire to elucidate the truth from these works of theirs, and to apply it for the benefit of art, which can alone be my excuse for having undertaken the work which I have now brought to a conclusion.

THE END.

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